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Desmond Stewart

The Limits of Trooghaft

THE TROOGS took one century to master the planet, then another three to restock it with men, its once dominant but now conquered species. Being hierarchical in temper, the Troogs segregated *homo insipiens* into four castes between which there was no traffic except that of bloodshed. The four castes derived from the Troog experience of human beings.

The planet's new masters had an intermittent sense of the absurd; Troog laughter could shake a forest. Young Troogs first captured some surviving children, then tamed them as "housemen", though to their new pets the draughty Troog structures seemed far from house-like. Pet-keeping spread. Whole zoos of children were reared on a bean diet. For housemen, Troogs preferred children with brown or yellow skins, finding them neater and cleaner than others; this preference soon settled into an arbitrary custom. Themselves hermaphrodite, the Troogs were fascinated by the spectacle of marital couplings. Once their pets reached adolescence, they were put in cages whose nesting boxes had glass walls. Troogs would gaze in by the hour. Captivity—and this was an important discovery—did not inhibit the little creatures from breeding, nor, as was feared, did the sense of being watched turn the nursing females to deeds of violence. Cannibalism was rare. Breeders, by selecting partners, could soon produce strains with certain comical features, such as cone-shaped breasts or cushion-shaped rumps.

The practice of keeping pets was fought by senior Troogs; the conservative disapproved of innovations while the fastidious found it objectionable when bean-fed humans passed malodorous wind. After the innovation became too general to suppress, the Troog elders hedged the practice with laws. No pet should be kept alive if it fell sick, and since bronchitis was endemic, pets had short lives. The young Troogs recognised the wisdom behind this rule for they too disliked the sound of coughing. But in some cases they tried to save an invalid favourite from the lethal chamber, or would surrender it only after assurances that the sick were happier dead.

Adaptability had enabled the Troogs to survive their travels through time and space; it helped them to a catholic approach to the food provided by the planet, different as this was from their previous nourishment. Within two generations they had become compulsive carnivores. The realisation, derived from pet-keeping, that captive men could breed, led to the establishment of batteries of capons, the second and largest human caste. Capons were naturally preferred when young, since their bones were supple; at this time they fetched, as "eat-alls", the highest price for the lowest weight. Those kept alive after childhood were lodged in small cages maintained at a steady 22 degrees; the cage floors were composed of rolling bars through which the filth fell into a sluice. Capons were not permitted to see the sky or smell unfiltered air. Experience proved that a warm pink glow kept them docile and conduced to weight-gain. Females were in general preferred to males and the eradication of the tongue (sold as a separate delicacy) quietened the batteries.

The third category—the ferocious hound-men—were treated even by the Troogs with a certain caution; the barracks in which they were kennelled were built as far as possible from the batteries lest the black predators escape, break in and massacre hundreds. Bred for speed, obedience and ruthlessness, they were underfed. Unleashed they sped like greyhounds. Their unreliable tempers doomed the few surreptitious efforts to employ them as pets. One night they kept their quarters keening in rhythmic sound; next day, they slumped in yellow-eyed sulks, stirring only to lunge at each other or at

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their keepers' tentacles. None were kept alive after the age of thirty. Those injured in the chase were slaughtered on the spot and minced for the mess bowl.

Paradoxically, the swift hound-men depended for survival on the quarry they despised and hunted: the fourth human caste, the caste most hedged with laws.

The persistence, long into the first Troog period, of lone nomadic rebels, men and women who resisted from remote valleys and caves, had perplexed the planet's rulers. Then they made an advantage out of the setback. The wits and endurance of the defeated showed that the Troogs had suppressed a menace of some mettle. This was a compliment and Troogs, like the gods of fable, found praise enjoyable. They decided to preserve a caste of the uncorralled. This fourth caste, known as quarry-men or game, were protected within limits and seasons. It was forbidden, for example, to hunt pre-adolescents or pregnant females. All members of the caste enjoyed a respite during eight months of each year. Only at the five-yearly Nova Feast—the joyous commemoration of the greatest escape in Troog history—were all rules abandoned: then the demand for protein became overpowering.

Quarry-men excited more interest in their masters than the three other castes put together. On one level, gluttonous Troogs found their flesh more appetising than that of capons. On another, academically minded Troogs studied their behaviour-patterns. Moralising Troogs extolled their courage against hopeless odds to a Troog generation inclined to be complacent about its power. The ruins which spiked the planet were testimony to the rudimentary but numerous civilisations which, over ten millennia, men had produced, from the time when they first cultivated grains and domesticated animals till their final achievement of an environment without vegetation (except under glass) and with only synthetic protein. Men, it was true, had never reached the stage where they could rely on the telepathy that served the Troogs. But this was no reason to despise them. Originally Troogs, too, had conversed through sound hitting a tympanum; they had retained a hieroglyphic system deep into their journey through time; indeed, their final abandonment of what men called writing (and the Troogs "incising") had been an indirect tribute to men: telepathic waves were harder to decipher than symbols. It moved antiquarian Troogs to see that some men still frequented the ruined repositories of written knowledge; and though men never repaired these ancient libraries, this did not argue that they had lost the constructional talents of forbears who had built skyscrapers and pyramids. It showed shrewd sense. To repair old buildings or build new ones would attract the hound-men. Safety lay in dispersal. Libraries were a place of danger for a quarry-man, known to the contemptuous hound-men as a "book-roach." The courageous passion for the little volumes in which great men had compressed their wisdom was admired by Troogs. In their death throes quarry-men often clutched these talismans.

IT WAS THROUGH a library that, in the fifth Troog century, the first attempt was made to communicate between the species, the conquerors and the conquered.

Curiosity was a characteristic shared by both species. Quarry-men still debated what the Troogs were and where they had come from. The first generation had known them as Extra-Terrestrials, when Terra, man's planet, was still the normative centre. Just as the natives of central America had welcomed the Spaniards as gods till the stake gave the notion of the godlike a satanic quality, millions of the superstitious had identified the Troogs with angels. But Doomsday was simply Troog's Day. The planet continued spinning, the sun gave out its heat and the empty oceans rolled against their shores. Living on an earth no longer theirs, quarry-men gazed at the glittering laser beams and reflected light which made the Troog-Halls and speculated about their tenants. A tradition declared that the first space vehicles had glowed with strange pictures. The Troogs, it was correctly deduced, had originally conversed by means analogous to language but had discarded speech in order to remain opaque, untappable. This encouraged some would-be rebels. They saw in precaution signs of caution and in caution proof of fallibility. A counter-attack might one day be possible, through science or magic. Some cynics pretended to find the

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Troogs a blessing. They quoted a long-dead writer who had believed it was better for a man to die on his feet when not too old. This was now the common human lot. Few quarry-men lived past thirty and the diseases of the past, such as cardiac failure and carcinoma, were all but unknown. But most men dreamed simply of a longer and easier existence.

THE FIRST HUMAN to be approached by a Troog was a short, stocky youth who had survived his 'teens thanks to strong legs, a good wind and the discovery of a cellar underneath one of the world's largest libraries. Because of his enthusiasm for a poet of that name, this book-roach was known to his group as "Blake". he had also studied other idealists such as the Egyptian Akhenaten and the Russian Tolstoy. These inspired him to speculate along the most hazardous paths, in the direction, for example, of the precipice-question: might not the Troogs have something akin to human consciousness, or even conscience? If so, might man perhaps address his conqueror? Against the backspace of an insentient universe one consciousness should greet another. His friends, his woman, laughed at the notion. They had seen what the Troogs had done to their species. Some men were bred to have protuberant eyes or elongated necks; others were kept in kennels on insufficient rations, and then, at the time of the Nova Feast or in the year's open season, unleashed through urban ruins or surrounding savannah to howl after their quarry—those related by blood and experience to Blake and his fellows. "I shall never trust a Troog," said his woman's brother, "even if he gives me a gold safe-conduct."

One Troog, as much an exception among his species as Blake among his, read this hopeful brain. It was still the closed season and some four months before the quinquennial Nova Feast. Quarry-men still relaxed in safety; the hounds sang or sulked; the Troogs had yet to prepare the lights and sounds for their tumultuous celebrations. Each morning Blake climbed to the Library. It was a long, rubbish-encumbered place with aisles still occupied by books, once arranged according to subject, but now higgledy-piggledy in dust and dereliction, thrown down by earthquake or scattered in the hunt. Each aisle had its attendant bust —Plato, Shakespeare, Darwin, Marx—testifying to a regretted time when men, divided by nationality, class or colour, suffered only from their fellows.

In the corner watched by Shakespeare, Blake had his reading place. He had restored the shelves to some order; he had dusted the table. This May morning a Troog's fading odour made him tremble. A new object stood on his table: a large rusty typewriter of the most ancient model. In it was a sheet of paper.

Blake bent to read.

Are you ready to communicate question.

Blake typed the single word: *yes.*

He did not linger but retreated in mental confusion to the unintellectual huddle round babies and potatoes which was his cellar. He half feared that he had begun to go mad, or that some acquaintance was playing him a trick. But few of his group read and no man could duplicate the distinctive Troog smell.

THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED constituted a continual seance between "his" Troog and himself. Blake contributed little to the dialogue. His Troog seemed anxious for a listener but little interested in what that listener thought. Blake was an earphone, an admiring confessor. Try as he feebly did, he got no response when he tried to evoke his woman, his children.

"Trooghaft, you are right," wrote the unseen communicator, attested each time by his no longer frightening scent, "was noble once." Blake had made no such suggestion. "The quality of being a Troog was unfrictional as space and as tolerant as time. It has become—almost human."

Then next morning: "To copy the habits of lower creatures is to sink below them. What is natural to carnivores is unnatural to us. We never ate flesh before the Nova; nor on our journey. We adopted the practice from reading the minds of lower creatures, then copying them. Our corruption shows in new diseases; earlier than in the past, older Troogs decompose. It shows in our characters. We quarrel like our quarry.

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Our forms are not apt for ingesting so much protein. Protein is what alcohol was to humans. It maddens; it corrupts. Protein, not earth's climate, is paling our. . . ."

Here there was a day's gap before the typewriter produced, next morning, the word *complexion*. And after it, *metaphor*. Blake had learnt that the old Troog hieroglyphs were followed by determinants, symbols showing, for example, whether the concept *rule* meant tyranny or order. Complexion could only be used metaphorically of faceless and largely gaseous creatures.

To one direct question Blake obtained a direct answer: "How," he had typed, "did you first turn against the idea of eating us?"

"My insight flashed at our last Nova Feast. Like everyone, I had been programmed to revel. Stench of flesh filled every Troog-Hall. Amid the spurt of music, the ancient greetings with which we flare still, the coruscations, I passed a meat-shop where lights pirouetted. I looked. I saw. Hanging from iron hooks—each pierced a foot-palm —were twenty she-capons, what you call women. Each neck was surrounded by a ruffle to hide the knife-cut; a tomato shut each anus. I suddenly shuddered. Nearby, on a slab of marble, smiled a row of jellied heads. Someone had dressed their sugar-hair in the manner of your Roman empresses: 'Flavian Heads.' A mass of piled up, tong-curled hair in front, behind a bun encoiled by a marzipan fillet. I lowered myself and saw as though for the first time great blocks of neutral-looking matter: 'Paté of Burst Liver.' The owner of the shop was glad to explain. They hold the woman down, then stuff nutriment through a V-shaped funnel. The merchant was pleased by my close attention. He displayed his Sucking Capons and Little Loves, as they call the reproductive organs which half of you split creatures wear outside your bodies."

"Was this," I asked in sudden repugnance, "Trooghaft?"

Encouraged by evidence of soul, Blake brought to the Troog's notice, from the miscellaneous volumes on the shelves, quotations from his favourite writers and narrative accounts of such actions as the death of Socrates, the crucifixion of Jesus and the murder of Che Guevara. Now in the mornings he found books and encyclopaedias open on his table as well as typed pages. Sometimes Blake fancied that there was more than one Troog smell; so perhaps his Troog was converting others.

EACH EVENING Blake told Janine, his partner, of his exploits. She was at first sceptical, then half-persuaded. This year she was not pregnant and therefore could be hunted. For love of her children, the dangers of the Nova season weighed on her spirits. Only her daughter was Blake's; her son had been sired by Blake's friend, a fast-runner who had sprained his ankle and fallen easy victim to the hounds two years before. As the Nova Feast approached, the majority of the quarry-men in the city began to leave for the mountains. Not that valleys and caves were secure; but the mountains were vast and the valleys remote one from another. The hound-men preferred to hunt in the cities; concentrations of people made their game easier.

Blake refused to join them. Out of loyalty Janine stayed with him.

"I shall build," the Troog had written, "a bridge between Trooghaft and Humanity. The universe calls me to revive true Trooghaft. My Troog-Hall shall become a sanctuary, not a shed of butchers."

Blake asked: "Are you powerful? Can you make other Troogs follow your example?"

The Troog answered: "I can at least do as your Akhenaten did."

Blake flushed at the mention of his hero. Then added: "But Akhenaten's experiment lasted briefly. Men relapsed. May not Troogs do likewise?" He longed for reassurance that his Troog was more than a moral dilettante.

Instead of an answer came a statement:

"We can never be equals with *homo insipiens*. But we can accept our two species as unequal productions of one universe. Men are small, but that does not mean they cannot suffer. Not one tongueless woman moves, upside-down, towards the throat-knife, without trembling. I have seen this. I felt pity, *metaphor*. Our young Troogs argue that fear gives flesh a quivering tenderness. I reject such arguments. Why should a complex, if lowly, life—birth, youth,

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growth to awareness—be sacrificed for one mealtime's pleasure?"

ALTHOUGH BLAKE recognised that his Troog was soliloquising, the arguments pleased him. Convinced of their sincerity, Blake decided to trust his Troog and remain where he was, not hide or run as on previous occasions. There was a sewer leading from his refuge whose remembered stench was horrible. He would stay in the cellar. On the first day of the Nova Feast he climbed as usual to his corner of the library. But today there was no paper in the typewriter. Instead, books and encyclopaedias had been pulled from the shelves and left open; they had nothing to do with poetry or the philosophers and the stench was not that of his Troog. Sudden unease seized him. Janine was alone with the children, her brother having left to join the others in the mountains. He returned to his cellar and, as his fear already predicted, found the children alone, wailing in one corner. The elder, the boy, told the doleful tale. Two hound-men had broken in and their mother had fled down the disused sewer

Blake searched the sewer. It was empty. His one hope, as he too hid there, lay in his Troog's intervention. But neither the next day nor the day after, when he stole to the library, watching every shadow lest it turn to a hound-man, was there any message. This silence was atoned for on the third morning.

"If we still had a written language, I should publish a volume of confessions." The message was remote, almost unrelated to Blake's anguish. He read, "A few fat-fumes blow away a resolution. It was thus, the evening of the Nova Feast's beginning. Three Troog friends, *metaphor*, came to my Hall where no flesh was burning, where instead I was pondering these puny creatures to whom we cause such suffering. 'You cannot exile yourself from your group; Trooghaft is what Troogs do together.' I resisted such blandishments. The lights and sounds of the Nova were enough. I felt no craving for protein. Their laughter at this caused the laser beams to buckle and the lights to quiver. There entered four black hound-men dragging a quarry-female, filthy from the chase, her hands bound behind her. I was impassive. Housemen staggered under a great cauldron; they fetched logs. They placed the cauldron on a tripod and filled it with water; the logs were under it."

Blake shook as he read. This was the moment for his Troog to incarnate pity and save his woman.

"They now unbound and stripped the female, then set her in the water. It was cold and covered her skin with pimples.

"Again laughter, again the trembling lights and the buckling lasers.

"We, too, have been reading, brother. We have studied one of their ways of cooking. *Place the lobster*—their name for a long extinct sea-thing—*in warm water. Bring the water gently to the boil. The lobster will be lulled to sleep, not knowing it is to be killed. Most experts account this the humane way of treating lobster.*

"The logs under the cauldron gave a pleasant aroma as they started to splutter. The female was not lulled. She tried to clamber out: perhaps a reflex action. The hound-men placed an iron mesh over the cauldron."

Blake saw what he could not bear to see, heard the unhearable. The Troog's confession was humble.

"The scent was so persuasive. 'Try this piece,' they flashed, 'it is so tender. It will harden your scruples.' I hesitated. Outside came the noise of young Troogs whirling in the joy of satiety. A Nova Feast comes only once in five years. I dipped my hand, *metaphor*"—(even now the Troog pedantry was present)—"in the cauldron. If one must eat protein, it is better to do so in a civilised fashion. And as for the humanity, *metaphor*, of eating protein—I should write Trooghaft—if we ate no capons, who would bother to feed them? If we hunted no quarry, who would make the game-laws or keep the hound-men? At least now they live, as we do, for a season. And while they live, they are healthy. I must stop. My stomach, *metaphor*, sits heavy as a mountain."

AS BLAKE TURNED in horror from the ancient typewriter, up from his line of retreat, keening their happiest music, their white teeth flashing, loped three lithe and ruthless hound-men. All around was the squid-like odour of their master.

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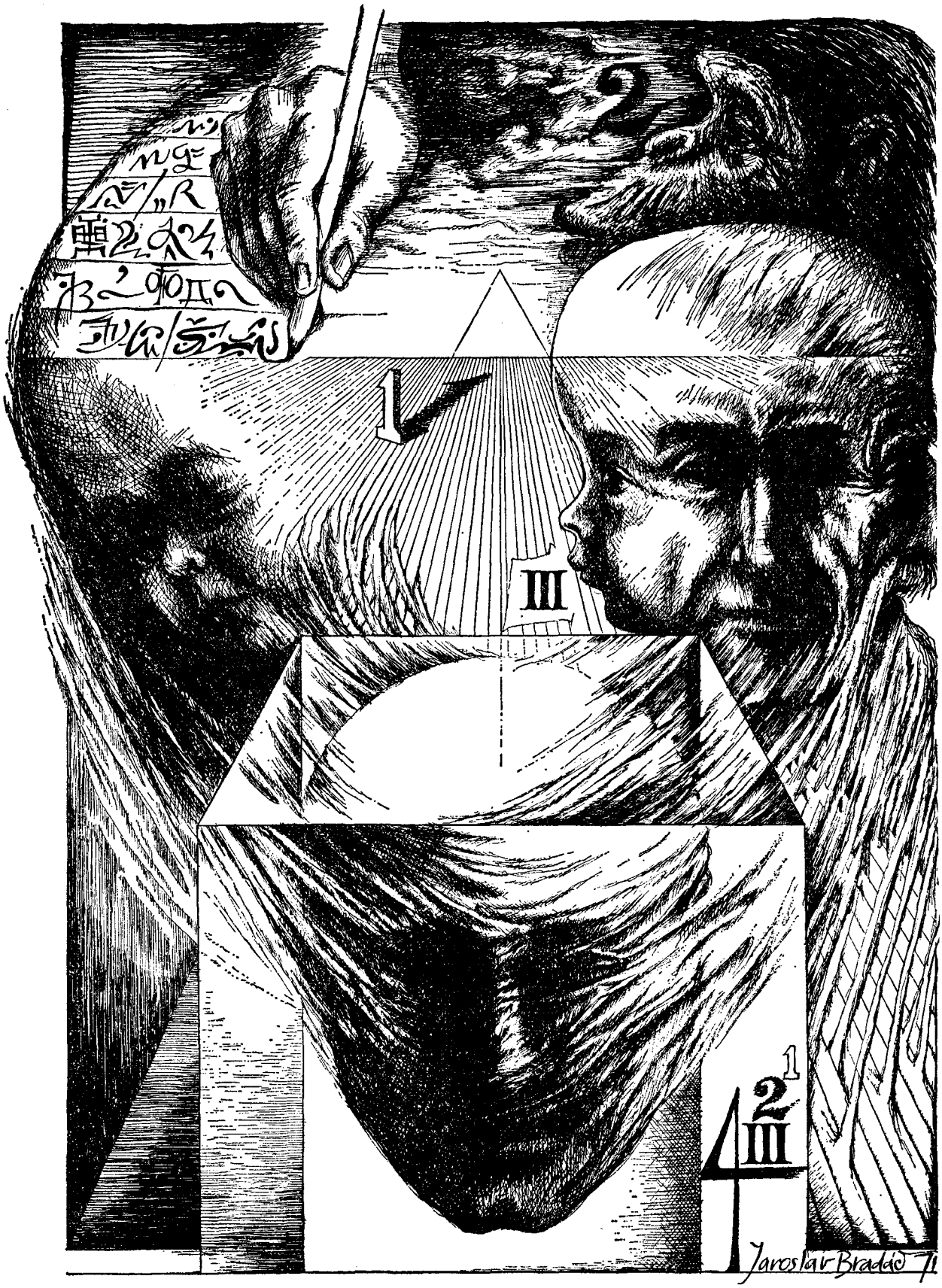

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Robert Ardrey

Four-Dimensional Man

Thoughts on a Contemporary Controversy

OURS IS NOT TOO BAD a day for the reading or re-reading of such classics as Bloch's *Feudal Society* or Huizinga's *The Waning of the Middle Ages.* Such passionate centuries speak chillingly of the overbearing passions of our times. Principles were all, particulars irrelevant. The violent temperament was idolised; revenge was a social imperative. Pessimism enclosed us with the scent of too many tuberoses, while romantic sentiments did little to conceal the reality of strong body odours. Faith in the undemonstrable led us at once into the most preposterous crusades, and into the most entertaining brutalities. Imprecision of mind contributed little to precision of communication, and rendered challenge to the reign of faith as explicable only in terms of heresy.

A few shuddery hours provide time to reflect on the spirit of the Middle Ages, and to indulge in introspection concerning our own new times. They possessed a few assets, it is true, that we do not. There was personal honour, and the consequences of chivalry should not be written off with too great cynicism. They did not have the joys of nuclear tension, but they had the equivalent, an unshakable fear of hell-fire. Their concept of human equality, that all men are equal in death, had a basis more real than ours that all men are equal in life. Placing small value on intelligence in high places, they probably suffered less from similar stupidity. Smitten by disease, old age could have been no great problem, nor unemployment in a time of serfdom. The political baronies of the time, weak as they were, could scarcely have annihilated the individual as thoroughly as do our baronies of industry. There is something to say, too, for faith and certainty as opposed to doubt and anxiety.

NEVERTHELESS, I should not myself have cared to live in the Middle Ages. Yet as one reads their history, substituting our varieties of religious experience, numerous and conflicting, which we think of as our social dedications, for their single dedication to the Christian faith, and contemplates our violence, our justifications, our passionate disposals, our exaltation of convictions above information, our own preposterous crusades and entertaining brutalities, our own imprecision of thought in the finest and noblest of minds, then can one but wonder about our children, and our children's children? The Middle Ages lasted for a very long time.

That our understanding of man has failed to approximate our understanding of material things is a crashing platitude. But if it reaches a crashing catastrophe, then its status as a platitude must be reconsidered—granted that there is anyone left around to reconsider it.

Our intellectual command over material things may be taken for granted; and so let us go back again to the Middle Ages and see it as a two-dimensional world. It was the world of the flat earth, to the delight of geographers. And if there is a material bench-mark between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, it rests not on the chiaroscuro of Leonardo but on the voyages of discovery of his contemporary captains. Speculation for ages past had suggested that the earth was round; they proved it. And geographers had to turn in their doctors' degrees and start studying solid geometry. How they must have hated all ships and sails, not to mention captains.

A THREE-DIMENSIONAL WORLD came into being. Galileo, heralding future horrors, presented more of a problem to the technicians of his

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time, the Church, than to the generality of human beings. The gold of the New World, as gold usually does, was undermining intellectual resistance to a three-dimensional earth. Just as wolves, for material considerations, were corrupted into becoming dogs, so men with sufficient inducement can become just about anything—though only, as I hope we shall see, up to a point. But in any event, Galileo's contemporary technicians, while recognising instantly the dogmatic derogations concerning an earth revolving about the sun, could scarcely have anticipated the intellectual terrors that Einstein would put forward.

WHEN I WAS a high-school boy in the 1920s the shock waves of Einstein's general theory of relativity reached even Chicago's South Side. There was wide agreement that only seven people in the world understood it, a cliché that let us all off the hook. Certainly none of us understood it. But the notion that time contributed a four-dimensional quality to matter and space was something else. We didn't understand this very well either, but still enough to get into arguments about it. And I suspect that a degree or two have been added to the heat of the present controversy concerning the evolutionary nature of man because of our resistance to the addition of a fourth dimension to an estimate of anything.

That time is an ingredient in our nature is not quite a new idea. Charles Darwin introduced it with greatest force not only in *The Descent of Man* but in *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals.* We are not only what we are but what we once were. Lamarck, while dealing adequately with the basic concept of evolution, had avoided the issue with his inheritance of acquired characteristics. We remained creatures of the present, and if we took enough bending exercises our children would be better at bending. But Darwin's most original asset, as a biologist, was his grasp of the immensity of geological time. It was still a fairly startling idea in 1859, when *Origin of Species* was published, and got him into no end of trouble with such devotees of instant man as Bishop Wilberforce. What Darwin grasped was the fleetingness of human or other animal life in contrast to the vastness of times gone by. Time in such magnificent procession left room for random variation, and for the natural selection that became the basis of his theory.

There were weaknesses in Darwin's thought other than the ease with which the Social Darwinists of the day captured the phrase, "Survival of the Fittest," to justify the most brutal transgressions of 19th-century society. The principal scientific weakness was his concept of diversity, that the normal variation of parents blended in the child. By the turn of the century, consequently, the theory of evolution was in bad shape; it sounded fine, but it didn't work. Then came the resurrection of Mendel, the inheritance of discrete genes, and the crude beginnings of modern genetics. The theory of evolution was saved, though it took some time to restore its respectability.

WHEN I TOOK my degree at the University of Chicago in 1930, the theory of evolution was still in the approximate public condition where Darwin had left it. The work of the early geneticists had patched up its weaknesses, but there had been no striking qualitative change. I did not know, of course, that in Britain the previous year Ronald A. Fisher had published *The Genetical Theory of Natural Selection,* introducing the entirely new science called population genetics. Neither did I know that in Europe Konrad Lorenz and Niko Tinbergen were busy with their earliest experiments with animal behaviour, or that the American, C. R. Carpenter, would in a year or two be initiating the study of monkeys and apes in a state of nature, or that what they were doing would some day be called ethology. I didn't know, above all, that in succeeding decades the theory of evolution would go through a revolution as would biology itself. And the odd thing is that many an informed citizen does not know it today.

In an otherwise brilliant essay by Terrence Des Pres published recently in ENCOUNTER,[1] the author dismisses the evolutionary concept of survival:

> Nature red in tooth and claw is not the human way. This is the crucial difference, and to describe the way in which a man survives without betraying his innocence is to define the human, as opposed to the Darwinian, survivor.

[1] Terrence Des Pres, "The Survivor," ENCOUNTER September 1971.

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And later in his essay he states:

> To be a victim is to suffer death in life, and it is this condition that the survivor would transcend. He defines himself against a dehumanising world of violence, and against the hegemony of the "fittest"—for "survival of the fittest" describes those who plunder and despoil our environment, those who man the bombers in Viet Nam and the tanks in Prague, those who maintain by force and falsehood a world in which the individual is helpless and ashamed, a world in which any one of us or any million can, almost without notice, be disposed of.

Des Pres himself, with most rugged innocence, has managed to survive everything that has happened in the biological sciences since the turn of the century. The key phrase is "Nature red in tooth and claw", a description of the evolutionary process that not even the most casual observer of the sciences could use since the publication of Julian Huxley's *Evolution: The Modern Synthesis* in 1942. The Tennysonian approach to the theory of evolution would bear a gently nostalgic fragrance did it not confuse so ineptly the author's thesis of survival, a subject of harsh significance to us all. Yet I do not say this to disparage Des Pres. His profound insights concerning a Solzhenitsyn, standing in such contrast to his striking ignorance concerning a Huxley or a Lorenz, speak in most innocent affirmation of the Two Cultures. He himself is a victim, like so many others, of the *apartheid* policies of the sciences and the arts.

ONE MUST SIGH for a Konrad Lorenz, who at the height of a great career published *On Aggression*, in which he demonstrated that whereas aggressiveness is innate in all living creatures, rare is the animal that presses aggression to lethal conclusion. "Nature red" might be an acceptable phrase in an age when we knew nothing about the behaviour of animals in a state of nature, but it is a phrase from the vocabulary of the scientifically uneducated today. No more striking conclusion can be drawn from the new science of ethology than that while evolution must encourage competition if natural selection is to be effective, yet through a host of means—signals, ritualisations, territorial separations, stable social orders—evolution has discouraged competition's mortal outcome. Among vertebrate species, man is unique in his regular killing of his own kind, and throughout all his history has done his living best to demonstrate his deadly propensity. What happened to man? is today's question. But one must also ask, what happened to Lorenz? was no one listening?

We may also sigh for one of the world's greatest living geneticists, Cambridge University's J. M. Thoday, who published over a decade ago his contribution to *A Century of Darwin*, including a re-definition of fitness. "The survival of the fittest" lay at the root of Social Darwinism, and was indeed a phrase that Darwin had drawn from Herbert Spencer. The classic definition of fitness, just a bit circular in its quality, has stated that the fittest is that which best fits the existing environment. In the light of population genetics Thoday questioned the definition. Since the early 1930s and the pioneering work of Fisher, J. B. S. Haldane, and Sewall Wright, the interbreeding population has come to be accepted as the evolutionary unit. Arthur Keith called the population a link between a dead ancestry and an unborn progeny. The individual may be mortal, but the population of which he is a part will live on and on, redistributing the resources of its gene pool with every generation. And so Thoday wrote, "The fit are those who fit their existing environment and whose descendants will fit future environments."[2]

The survival of the fittest, then, refers to those who are fit for today *and* tomorrow. Does the distinction seem piddling? Recall Des Pres' "tanks at Prague". In terms of a present environment, the masters of armour displayed superior fitness. But a future environment? What the tanks may well have displayed is their masters' abysmal unfitness. As to those who plunder and despoil our environment, by their very actions they have proved a future unfitness that in truth is already catching up with them. And when one turns to those who man the bombers in Viet Nam, one must wonder if Des Pres doesn't know who lost the war. What the Americans demonstrated, in evolutionary terms, was "unfitness" even for our present environment.

[2] J. M. Thoday, "Natural Selection and Biological Progress," in *A Century of Darwin* (ed. S. A. Barnett, 1958).

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Thoday's conclusion (backed up by the earlier studies of such geneticists as C. D. Darlington and Kenneth Mather) can scarcely, despite its broad philosophical implications, be regarded as controversial within the discipline of population genetics. Yet it is little known to science as a whole. And if a deduction of such significance to any thinking man can vanish into the specialised rat-holes of the sciences, then a victim of the Two Cultures must bear small blame for obsolete thoughts. (Some share of the major fault must, I suppose, rest on a cat like me, whose chore it is to keep track of the rats and to report their nocturnal comings and goings.)

EVOLUTION for over a century has scored its most spectacular success at turning various faces a raging purple. In many a way the controversy that began barely a decade ago is a renewal of the controversies of the nineteenth century. But neither the faces nor the issues are the same. Then the issue was what a biologist would call morphology. Had the human being, viewed as a package of tissue and bone, evolved through "natural selection" from the world of ape and monkey? The most vocal of the offended parties were the churchmen clinging to their orthodoxies of special creation. With the lapse of time, however, climaxed by the famous Monkey Trial at Dayton, Tennessee, the issue has vanished. Under the crush of sierras of evidence, evolution has progressed from a theory to a fact of life. (I rarely receive a letter of fundamentalist protest unless an excerpt from one of my books has been published in *Reader's Digest*. And never, in ten years of mail, have I received such a letter from a churchman.)

As the issue has changed from the evolution of body to the evolution of behaviour, so the cast of characters has changed. Churchmen, almost unanimously, may wish that anthropologists had a good word or two to say for God, but the wish does not diminish their fascination with the new evolutionary perspective of human behaviour. The same response, without reference to God, comes generally from the medical profession, including psychiatry. It is as if all those dealing directly with the reality of human problems grope for any light in a bushel of darkness, and I do not exclude parents and the young themselves. Empurplement gorges the faces of those scientists dependent largely on theory; and the confusion within the sciences lends small enlightenment to the lay observer.

I HAVE EMPHASISED the four-dimensional view of man accepted by the evolutionist to clarify the controversy that exists not between church and science, as it did a century ago, but between wings of the sciences as it exists today. For some decades now, certain areas of our most popular sciences have dedicated their efforts to the proposition that man is three-dimensional, owing nothing of his behaviour, his thoughts, his actions to anything but present circumstances of his environment, as experienced within his lifetime. While most adherents to this three-dimensional view come from what may be roughly described as the social sciences, still not a few biologists go along. There are the older zoologists, trained too soon. There are the physiologists, not all by any means, whose attention is fixed on the living organism without too great regard for the evolutionary causes for present phenomena. And there is a ticklish, highly individualistic bias concerning political consequence. The bias is not at all unreal, and I shall attempt to deal with it. But the reader must accept that I am a participant in the controversy, that I have handled a few Molotov cocktails myself in the course of the scientific street-riot, that I am no more to be trusted than is the opposition; but that I shall do my best to be fair. Within limits.

TO SUGGEST THAT the medieval mind assessed man, as it did the flat earth, as a being of two dimensions is to press into most distinctly arguable areas. Yet the temptation exists, looking back, to see the definition of man as measured by two points: your relation to the Christian God on the one hand, and your relation whether as serf or noble vassal to your master. We had regressed from classical concepts which, while acknowledging with less or more cynicism the gods' administration of human affairs, still saw the human being as an identifiable individual. We may, of course, regress again. But the Renaissance restored what the Middle Ages had lost or neglected, the rounded portrait of man. So a Shakespeare

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could be, or a Leonardo, or a Goethe. Throughout the Middle Ages individual genius was an unlikely thing.

For centuries the round earth, like the rounded man, dominated our perceptions. Perhaps the shock that greeted Jean-Jacques Rousseau rested on his intuition that going back to the origins of man might contribute some explanation of his present condition. It was a four-dimensional concept. That he got things all wrong: that his logic revealed man as originally a solitary creature more recently corrupted by the commands of society: it was an error visited on generations of his followers, conscious or unconscious, just as it was a purely logical indictment dealing lightly with the evidence for its premise. Nevertheless, Rousseau's flamboyant unpopularity may on some four-dimensional level have anticipated Darwin's.

The resistance to Charles Darwin's interpretation of man, introducing hard evidence unavailable to the speculations of a Rousseau, may just possibly have been founded on common flinty ground. Both dealt with time as a measure of man. Darwin had a few sympathisers, scientists and perceptive laymen who could not resist his evidence, successful industrialists who could not resist "the survival of the fittest"; poor Rousseau had none. And so he died a paranoid pariah, whereas Darwin had his limited following. Contrary though the conclusions of a Darwin and a Rousseau may have been concerning man as a product of the struggle for existence as against man as created noble and good, still both violated the three-dimension assumption that what man perceives in the present tells all.

I would not embark on such general speculations were it not for the rapidity with which the human mind after Darwin fell back on three-dimensional measurements of man, despite all evidence. A generation of psychologists such as William James were profoundly influenced, as they are profoundly ignored today. Like a gyroscope resuming its course, human thought with a minimum of evidence returned to its three-dimensional habituations. Man is a product of his present.

THE CONTROVERSY-TO-BE had its roots in the studies of the great Russian physiologist, Ivan Pavlov, beginning in the late nineteenth century. His demonstrations of the conditioned reflex need little reference here except in terms of future extrapolation. A dog shown food salivates; a bell is rung simultaneously and he associates the ring with the food; finally, exposed merely to the ringing of the bell, he salivates. It is the conditioned reflex.

The experiment was impressive. But Pavlov's salivating dog would scarcely have entered into present controversy had not the University of Chicago's psychologist, John B. Watson, adopted the conditioned animal as the model for the human being. We are creatures of the conditioned reflex. We seek pleasure, avoid pain, and thus learn. We are born nothing. Whatever we are has come to us through the associative learning of the conditioned reflex. Watson was given to self-admitted war-cries which he did not necessarily quite believe in; but his most celebrated war-cry was to influence many a science to come. He wrote in 1924:

> Give me a dozen healthy infants, well-formed, and my own specified world to bring them up in, and I'll guarantee to take any one at random and train him to become any type of specialist I might select—doctor, lawyer, merchant-chief, yes, even beggarman and thief, regardless of his talents, penchants, tendencies, abilities, vocations and race of ancestors.[3]

It was some war-cry, however, seriously Watson took his own proposition. But it was anti-Evolution. And while Watson today is shrugged off, still the statements of his inheritors provide nostalgic reference. That deserved saint of cultural anthropology, Margaret Mead, writes about the origins of her science at Columbia University:

> In the central concept of culture as it was developed by [Franz] Boas and his students, human beings were viewed as dependent neither on instinct nor on genetically transmitted specific capabilities but on learned ways of life that accumulated slowly through endless borrowing, readaptation, and innovation . . . . The vast panorama which Boas sketched out in 1932 in his discussion of the aims of anthropological research is still the heritage of American anthropology.[4]

Watson and his war-cry may today be unfashionable, but the memory lingers on. The distinguished American anthropologist, Ashley Montagu, has stated:

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[3] J. B. Watson, *Behaviorism* (1924), p. 104.
[4] Margaret Mead and R. L. Bunzell, *The Golden Age of American Anthropology* (1960), p. 8.

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> The evidence concerning the biosocial nature of man, as we know it today, does not support the notion of an aggressive, death, or destructive instinct in man. In fact, the whole notion of predetermined forms of behaviour in man is outmoded, for man's uniqueness, among other things, lies in the fact that he is free of all those predeterminants which condition the behaviour of non-human organisms. . . . The evidence indicates quite clearly that everything human beings do as human beings they have had to learn from other human beings.[5]

THE CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGISTS . . . chiefly in the United States where they dominate the science, but represented in Britain by such figures as Edmund Leach and Geoffrey Gorer —broadened the Watson base to escape the difficult implications of man's identical capacities. Still, they remained firmly within the concept of three-dimensional man, the product solely of his environment. But Watson's "identicality" became the assumption of behaviourist psychology as developed by a succession of dominant figures—Clark Hull, Ralph Spence, and (today) B. F. Skinner. Known now as Reinforcement Theory, it agrees that all is learned, and that learning takes place through the conditioning associations of reward and punishment. Since its conclusions have been derived in large part through laboratory experiments with strains of domesticated rats, in which individual differences have, by inbreeding, been reduced to a minimum, Reinforcement Theory as applied to man concerns itself little with human variability. Its widespread acceptance in the United States reflects perhaps its usefulness to administrators of mass education, and to industrial managers for whom the concept of interchangeable men fits nicely with interchangeable parts. While the theory is under intense attack, it remains difficult in many American universities to obtain a doctor's degree in psychology without genuflection to Harvard's B. F. Skinner.

I BELIEVE THAT even from such a brief sketch of the intellectual scene today it will be apparent why the evolutionary approach should be greeted with such bitterness in many areas of science. Should the evolutionary dimension of time in any estimate of man become acceptable, then the premises of these sciences might well be destroyed. Perhaps this is why Ashley Montagu, in the statement I have quoted, stresses so "the fact" that we are free from predeterminants that affect non-human animals. For it is not a fact at all, nor does "the evidence" indicate with any clarity that whatever we are has come to us solely through learning. These are merely articles of faith which with sufficient repetition have become acceptances in too many scholarly minds. And the most windy leak in such inflated statements comes from the puncture of our sexual impulse, as clearly predetermined as the chimpanzee's or the baboon's. So we come to Sigmund Freud, after Darwin the next great force contributing to a four-dimensional sense of man.

In Ashley Montagu's statement we should note that he dismisses "the notion of an aggressive, death, or destructive instinct in man" as unsupported by evidence. Inclusion of the "death wish" should provide us with the signal that not all goes well with Freud in environmentalist circles; and in truth, Freud goes badly. While few three-dimensionalists have Montagu's courage to meet the force of Freud head-on, still his work remains as a constant embarrassment to all environmentalist assumptions, and the delicate response to any mention of Freud has customarily been to inspect one's environmentalist fingernails. A less delicate response has been the relationship between psychiatry and behaviourist psychology, a relationship rarely including speaking terms; or the quite indelicate response of the Soviet Union, from early Bolshevik days, banning Freud as "counter-revolutionary."

That maverick American psychologist, the late A. H. Maslow, once noted ironically that to accept instinct as a factor in human personality is to damn oneself as a political reactionary, probably of a fascist order; whereas to accept learning as all is with smiling satisfaction to label oneself as liberal, democratic, progressive. Such small postage stamps tend to disappear on a package as large as Sigmund Freud, except in Soviet post-offices. But Freud without hesitation accepted instinct as a human dimension. Whether one accepts his "death wish" as valid (and I do not) or regards his preoccupation with the sexual impulse as

[5] M. F. Ashley Montagu, *The Biosocial Nature of Man* (1956), p. 42.

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compatible with the findings of the post-Freudian ethology (and I do not), still his concept of the *libido*, whatever its ingredients, refers to endowments beyond learning or present experience.

Freud's view of man—even as Jung's and Adler's—was four-dimensional. All looked to the baby born as a repository for ancient devices. Adler emphasised the power drive, the upward-striving, which accords with Lorenz' "innate aggressiveness." Jung's exploration of archetypal memory-dreams may in the light of our new knowledge of human evolution some day find a salient place. And Freud's absorption with the Oedipus-complex and infant sexuality, whatever its validity, placed him beyond the last fence-posts of those who see personality formed by the class struggle or the conditions of poverty or affluence. That Marxists should ban him as counter-revolutionary has been inevitable.

IT WAS AN AMBIVALENT contribution, however, that Sigmund Freud made to the progress of time as a portion of human assessment. In a sense it was environmentalist. What absorbed him was the parent-infant environment as an influence overwhelming the material environments of later, more external years. The view is compatible enough with the general cultural hypothesis. But it was not his clinical conclusions but his philosophical assumptions that placed him, like Banquo's ghost, behind the environmentalist curtain. He accepted instinct. Throughout much of his career he debated the role of aggression in human affairs. Was it an independent instinct, or the death-wish turned outward? In *Civilization and Its Discontents* he related the story of his inward debate. But never—never in all his history of doubts and decisions—did he regard human aggression as something "learned."

I have myself little doubt—though one must keep in mind my biases—that were Sigmund Freud alive to witness the present controversy, he would come down hard on the side of the evolutionists. He leaned heavily on the contributions of biology, and slim they were in the early decades of this century. For the past two decades they have been rewarding indeed. And, besides, if I am wrong so likewise are wrong those three-dimensionalists who approach Freud with a primal trepidation. I trust their intuitions, if not my own.

The concept of instinct lies at the centre of the contemporary controversy. Instincts—inherited behavioural patterns perfected in our evolutionary experience—enter as a factor in the human equation, or they do not. The environmentalist insists they do not and (in the best tradition once suggested by Maslow) is not above reinforcing his arguments with the insinuation or direct observation that those who disagree with him are reactionaries, Social Darwinists, fascists, and probably racists to boot.[6] In contrast to the three-dimensionalists with their assumptions concerning instant man, the evolutionist naturally insists on the presence of instinct as the carrier of ancient commands over present behaviour. Yet in many ways the term "instinct" is obsolete, even in describing higher animals.

POPULAR ATTENTION was first attracted to instinct by the work of Jean-Henri Fabre in the nineteenth century, with his revelations of the wonders of instinct in the insect world. The image of processional caterpillars placed on the rim of a glass where they followed each other, according to instinctual command, until they dried up and died—it was an image to haunt our most lugubrious yearnings. Such instincts resemble markedly the programming of a computer, and they offer an awesome field of observation in the world of invertebrates. Yet even insects may combine specific learning with instinct. Tinbergen once surrounded the hole of a digger wasp with a ring of pine cones. When the mother emerged she made a brief circling flight and then set off on her hunt for caterpillars. While she was gone, Tinbergen, with that evil glint which must accompany all animal experimentation, moved the circle of pine cones a few feet. When she returned with her burden she found herself lost. The pine cones had been her landmark; and on

[6] In *The Naked Ape* Desmond Morris made the witty observation that no one becomes so aggressive as the academic insisting that men are not aggressive. And many years ago, when I was beginning work on *The Territorial Imperative*, C. R. Carpenter asked me why I was bothering with animals. Why didn't I just come to Pennsylvania State University for a few weeks and watch the faculty defending their territories?

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her take-off flight she had learned them in just six seconds.

In the world of backboned life, learning is frequently, usually, or always a component of instinct. To make a rough (and it is very rough) generalisation, the evolution of the invertebrate world has been characterised by further and further refinement of instinct until one reaches such social insects as the bee or the termite. Whereas in the vertebrate world—creatures like ourselves—what has evolved has been further and further complexities of learning and instinctual patterns. We probably need a new term for these compounds. In *The Territorial Imperative* I suggested a distinction between "closed" and "open" instincts—between those pure instincts quite pre-programmed and those inherited patterns requiring degrees of learning if they are to operate at all. The territorial pattern is such, and I point out that I did not call my book *The Territorial Instinct.*

It was instinct that was outlawed from respectable scientific vocabulary about the time of Watson's work. Yet I sometimes wonder if our contemporary devotees of instant man, many with only the slightest biological sophistication, do not yet embrace the 19th-century concept of instinct that Fabre so brilliantly presented. And I wonder sometimes also if the continental ethologists—particularly Lorenz with his "fixed motor patterns" and Tinbergen with his "innate releasing mechanisms"—did not make a semantic error when, with their re-introduction of instinct to scientific thought, they failed to emphasise that they were bringing us something *new.*

Despite the long ground work of investigation in the 1930s and '40s, the confrontation between what we may call the American and Continental schools did not take place until a symposium in Paris, published in 1956 (Masson, Paris) under the title, *L'Instinct dans le Comportement des Animaux et de L'Homme.* At this meeting Konrad Lorenz faced in person his most persistent American critic, the physiologist, Daniel Lehrman. Tinbergen was ill, and sent his brilliant young student at Oxford, Desmond Morris, to present his paper.[7]

The Paris encounter, as one re-reads it, reveals that just as the American contingent was over-devoted to learning theory derived from laboratory rats, the Continental contingent was over-devoted to concepts of pure instinct derived from lower animals. Carpenter, with his critical observations of primates, was not a party; and so the confrontation missed the immensely significant transition between the behaviour of butterflies, ducks, and fish in the course of mammalian evolutionary behaviour towards men. Much though I may revere Niko Tinbergen and his irreplaceable contributions to ethology, I must note that in his *Social Behaviour in Animals* (published in 1953), out of 75 illustrations only two concern mammals. A more drastic parallel comes from America and B. F. Skinner's *Behavior of Organisms.* Frank Beach cynically summed up its grandiloquent title as 457 pages devoted to rats pushing levers.

IN THE SAME GENERAL PERIOD of the mid-1950s much was happening, however, besides the début of the science of ethology and the reopening of the question of instinct. The *gene* as the mechanism of inheritance had till then resembled markedly the footstep in the attic, undeniable but indefinable. With the Cambridge group's double helix and analysis of the DNA molecule, the gene became something other than an apparition. Molecular biology was added to the biological repertory. And in the same period students of evolution were shifting from the old position of the classic zoologists, that changes in body form bring about changes in behaviour, to the position prevailing today that normally it is behaviour that evolves. To adapt to a changing environment, for example, new patterns of behaviour will come first, and these in turn will lend selective encouragement to whatever random body mutations will reinforce the behaviour. The new trend emerged at a symposium held in Princeton, New Jersey, which attracted a fair quorum of all the best scientists concerned with the problem. Published in 1958 under the title, *Behavior and Evolution,*[8] it is fundamental reading for any layman reviewing the sudden sweep of the New Biology.

[7] The meeting between Lorenz and Lehrman, as Morris has described it to me, occurred in a fairly narrow corridor. Lorenz is shaped in the image of a rather large bear. Lehrman more resembled a much exaggerated bowling ball. Lorenz stared at him and said, "But we are fat! We are supposed to hate each other! And now we must love each other!"

[8] A. Roe and G. G. Simpson, *Behavior and Evolution,* (1958).

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How significant was the change of thought has a remarkable illustration in a 1953 event that turned upside down our concept of human evolution. This was the revelation of the Piltdown Hoax. Until then we had assumed that it was the coming of the great brain that led to all developments which we might regard as human. Piltdown Man, with his great forebrain and ape-like jaw, perfectly fitted the bill. But demolishing the hoax demolished the concept, and cleared the way for scientific acceptance of the African discoveries initiated by Raymond Dart and L. S. B. Leakey. When a few years after the event I asked Kenneth Oakley, whose fluorine tests had been the ruin of Piltdown, why English anthropology had clung so tenaciously to the big-brain-first assumption, he replied, "But of course—we believed that the first man was an Englishman. . . . "

IN THE australopithecine world of small-brained man on the African savannah, human behaviour was evolving long before the enlargement of the human brain. Increasingly complex behaviour, in the opinion of most physical anthropologists, developed a selective advantage for more complex wits. Bipedal carriage, running feet, meat-eating, culture itself—all preceded brain enlargement. Discoveries as recent as 1969 and 1970 near the shore of Lake Rudolf in northwestern Kenya show conclusively that 2,600,000 years ago our ancestors, with brains probably no larger than chimpanzees, were systematically making stone implements. It was well over two million years before our earliest known evidence for true man. The brain came last.

African anthropology was born in controversy and has had no time as yet to emerge from the scientific argument. Hard though it may be to believe, when just ten years ago I published *African Genesis*, a prominent London review characterised it as a book of wild claims, the wildest of which was that man had evolved in Africa. This claim, at least, can no longer be regarded as wild. That the line of human ancestry fell within the australopithecine group is also today accepted, to my knowledge, by virtually every authority but Dr Leakey himself. There seems general agreement, too, that the evolutionary lines leading to man and ape separated at least 20,000,000 years ago. And the evidence for cultural capacity with our one-time chimpanzee-sized brain lies well beyond dispute. But the African controversy is today so broad and so shifting (and at times so personal since it involves a few conclusions entirely my own) that it should be a subject for a separate article. (And besides, how do I know that I shall not pick up next week's issue of *Nature* magazine and find published some cruel discovery that ruins all my arguments? . . .)

While any future estimate of four-dimensional man must draw heavily from the contributions of our long African past, still the controversy that I describe here concerns whether he is four-dimensional at all. Have ancient experiences, perhaps long before our species came into existence, left scars on us all? Or has the big brain obliterated genetic memories so that we come into the world a *tabula rasa* on which learning, and learning only, will leave its mark? The environmentalists have the advantage of widespread academic control, widespread influence over educated thought and organs of opinion, but the disadvantage of sometimes stunning displays of ignorance concerning new facts of biological life. The evolutionists have the disadvantage that few among them—Tinbergen, Lorenz, or Carpenter, Morris or Storr, Tiger or Fox, Leyhausen, Southwick, the van Lawick-Goodalls—were publicly known a decade ago. C. D. Darlington and Arthur Koestler are exceptions. We bear the burden of the outsider, of the territorial intruder. But the evolutionist bears also the incalculable advantage that arriving on the scene in the 1960s he has entered a stage of social bewilderment, of anxiety, of the failure of established dogmas to deal with contemporary problems. Whether his central philosophy is wrong or right, he brings fresh air, and a few new ideas.

SOMETHING IS PANICKING the three-dimensionals, and how well I know! In their defences against the intruder they resort too frequently to self-righteousness, to unprofessional misquotation, and (as I have earlier suggested) to the upside-down McCarthyism of charging right-wing political guilt. I find it difficult to believe that I have dedicated the last fifteen years of a quite profitable writing career to the fascinations of evolution simply

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to prove somebody's political leanings; and I am sure that I speak for all activists in the movement. But, as I think about politics and science, I concede that the opposition may have a point; for many an implication of an evolutionist's findings reverberates like a depth-charge among submerged political assumptions.

Let us take the topical, impassioned subject of Women's Lib. I happen to approve of it. The more women of breeding age eliminated from the reproductive circle, the better for population control. And when I brood on the present condition of the man's world, I wonder why women want any part of it. Let them commute to the job's daily boredom, or entertain the frustrations of power. Yet the more hysterical facets of Women's Lib, as distinct from well-established and just grievances, could only have been the product of present educational brain-washing: granted a few superficial biological reservations, we are (as Watson stated his proposition) identicals with identical potentialities: and male or female, our roles are determined by culture. Well, the evolutionist must draw a long, possibly reactionary breath.

I am myself aware of only one mammalian species in which the female is dominant over the male. That is the hyena. She is larger, stronger, takes leadership. And as if to emphasise the irregularity she has through natural selection developed false testicles, masses of fat; and her attenuated clitoris hangs down in excellent imitation of a penis.[9]

Or inspect our own primate family. Prosimians—pre-monkeys—can be observed with any success only on the island of Madagascar where they were preserved from competition from brighter monkeys. The lemur cannot be regarded as ancestral to man, but occupied the role of great-uncle or great-aunt fifty million years ago. Sexual relations can easily be defined in the black lemur species, since the female is brown; and, likely as not, as they proceed through the trees the leader of a troop will be brown. In sexual terms there is a virtual egalitarian basis. But proceed to such a monkey as the rhesus or the baboon: they are brighter by far. Whereas the lemur-mother is stuck with her infant before he acquires independence for about six months, the first three of which he clings to her belly with such a grip as to provide her with mobile independence, the monkey-mother is stuck with quite a different problem. The child has so much to learn. Immediately the second-class citizen role is placed on the monkey mother. She is deprived of the role of male mobility. If her species is to survive, she must subordinate her own interests to that of the slowly-learning child.

When one gets to the chimpanzee, our closest animal cousin, you get to the ultimate in the animal evolutionary world. And that is why the recently published book by Jane van Lawick-Goodall is of critical importance. *In the Shadow of Man*,[10] records her ten-year experience with wild chimpanzees, and presents with insight and fine detail the fates and fortunes of the most intelligent of non-human animals. Here the need to learn reaches its animal peak. All-male bands may go cheerfully roaming. But the chimpanzee child takes very nearly as long to grow up as the human child. If the mother has her hands full, one cannot with conviction describe her role as culturally determined.

Slow growth in the young would in evolutionary terms be maladaptive did it not perform a function of survival necessity, and that necessity is learning. From lemur to man in the primate family the time it takes to mature is directly proportionate to the amount of learning the successful adult needs; and the mother's freedom is inversely proportionate. Dr Harry Harlow, at the University of Wisconsin, has with massive experiments also demonstrated the emotional factor. In rhesus monkeys, the Mother-Infant bond is essential to normal emotional development—with one exception. Orphaned rhesus monkeys, given opportunity for play with their peers, will likewise mature normally. But the chimp is a far more highly evolved animal than the rhesus, and peers are not enough. Goodall's observations of the fate of orphaned chimps make excruciating reading: they have nowhere to go but neurosis.

If some women rebel at being "merely

[9] How all this came about, do not ask me. But go into an area like Tanzania's Serengeti plains and look at them. Or consult Hans Kruuk, our final authority on the hyena, who since 1964 has been watching them, and even today has difficulty distinguishing male from female at a distance of fifty feet. If she's bigger, he assumes she's a she.

[10] Jane van Lawick-Goodall, *In the Shadow of Man* (Collins, London, and Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1971).

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mothers" then they have every right to prefer the office desk to the nursery. What they cannot claim is that sexual roles in human society have been culturally determined only by male power. They have been biologically determined since the mammary gland defined the female as the next generation's responsible party; and evolution ever since, keeping its score cards on the *X*-chromosome, has selected for fitness in the discharge of that responsibility. Perhaps Women's Lib may become an extraordinary means for selecting out.

WHILE WE ARE INSPECTING the political implications of evolutionary findings, a glance at Marxian optimism might be rewarding. If man is born a *tabula rasa*, and if everything he can become he will learn from other men and other institutions, and if that learning will come to him through desire for reward and a fear of punishment, then of course any utopian kind of social change becomes possible. Man will adapt. The environmentalist, almost invariably benign in his hopes for man, naturally sees his own sort as in charge of such social changes. But it must be obvious that the environmentalist interpretation of man makes the human being as ready a victim of the totalitarian, of the tyrant of whatever school, even the scientific. Social conditioning will presumably whip him into shape.

Not the vices or virtues but the failures of Marxism concern me. Why, after over half a century of social experiment, have post-Revolutionary states emphatically failed to "wither away", classless societies obstinately refused to come into being, and the suppression of private property been accomplished only through the persuasions of unimaginable numbers of policemen? The evolutionist must suggest that the Marxist dream, like all other intimations of utopia, encountered some biological bedrock underlying our behaviour. In all the world of organised animal societies one can find few examples lacking social stratification; this is particularly true in our primate family. Status—Adler's upward-striving—is as omnipresent a behaviour pattern as any to be found in the vertebrate world. And it becomes a probability of moderate predictability that when individual or private property is completely eliminated as a contributor to status, then more unpleasant assertions of force and power must be the engines for the upward-striving.

Territory, in a biological sense, is an exclusive area defended by an individual or a group against intrusion by other members of their species. Some species are territorial, many are not; a few like the langur and vervet monkey are territorial only under certain environmental conditions. I have advanced the hypothesis that *Homo sapiens* is a territorial species, and that we defend our homes and our homelands not because we choose but because, biologically, we must. I cannot say that the proposition was received with unanimous acclaim, since it both violated the assumptions of three-dimensional man and offered justification for those allegedly antiquated institutions, private property and nationalism. Yet should it be true, then it would explain not only why the imperative must in collectivist or totalist states be suppressed by force, but also why the essential territorial drive must be re-directed outward, as in Russo-Chinese animosities for which rational Marxist explanations are so difficult to find.

THE PRINCIPAL TARGET of evolutionary thought is self-delusion, the grand assumptions that we are what we are not. Political consequences are undeniable, yet like a nuclear fall-out they strike without discrimination. If delusion's victim on the one hand can be Marxism, it may on the other hand be the war in Viet Nam. In *The Territorial Imperative* (published in Britain in early 1967 but written only months after the American escalation of the Viet Nam war first took place) I made my prediction that the war was unwinnable, and that in the end no David would look braver, no Goliath sillier.[11] The prediction was based entirely on various factors of the territorial principle, including the universal ethological observation that it is the territorial proprietor that almost always wins; and Americans were intruders. Had a Department of Evolutionary Analysis existed in the Pentagon in 1965, strong arguments would have been presented against the war. (As it was, only Mr George Ball—according to the so-called Pentagon Papers—had an inkling at the time of this dimension to the problem.) It was environmentalist

[11] Robert Ardrey, *The Territorial Imperative* (1967), pp. 317-9.

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thought on the other hand—"learning theory" in particular, with its conclusion that offered sufficient reward, sufficient punishment, men will always learn—that presented the strong arguments for escalation of the war. But as we know, the Vietnamese would not learn, since they were men and not laboratory rats.

AN EVOLUTIONARY PHILOSOPHY is frequently condemned as "dangerous" on grounds broader than political. B. F. Skinner himself wrote of Lorenz' *On Aggression* that the book

> could be seriously misleading if it diverts our attention from relevant manipulable variables in the current environment to phylogenetic considerations which, in their sheer remoteness, encourage a nothing-can-be-done-about-it attitude.[12]

And no party to the controversy will disagree, since neglect of such a variable as poverty, for example, would be as abominable to the evolutionist as to the environmentalist. But may one point out that with poverty's reduction, whether through growing affluence or the increasing security of a welfare state, we have witnessed not the reduction but the startling growth of crime, the abuse of alcohol and drugs, the violent confrontations of the street, the communication gap beween parents and young, and a tendency to turn any civil disagreement into the lunacies of Ulster? Perhaps rats pushing levers can also be misleading.

We do not comprehend ourselves. This is the truth which appears to unify the most painful dilemmas of our time. Twentieth-century man understands himself no more than the creature of the Middle Ages could understand the universe of an Einstein. There are those who accept our failings—the evolutionists—who press with all their energy along the paths of present biological conclusions towards what they hope will provide new illuminations of human complexities and civilisation's paradoxes. And there are those who do not accept them, the three-dimensionals, who in a time of pain and challenge must inevitably press their simplistic panaceas towards such authoritarian nightmares of the conditioned reflex as Skinner's latest work, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*.[13]

THIS IS A PUBLISHING SEASON in which the tempers of controversy are unlikely to abate. For standing opposed to Skinner's theses have come most significant contributions to the evolutionary bookshelf. In *The Imperial Animal*[14] Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox apply the four-dimensional concept to the field of social anthropology in a book that I can only hope will become a classic text for the next generation of students. And, with even more startling effect, Antony Jay has in *Corporation Man*[15] presented a detailed scheme of industrial management modelled on the probable social organisation of our long-lost hunting way, restoring to the modern worker outlets for satisfaction comparable to those that absorbed us through millions of evolving years. I have described his book elsewhere as the first genuinely new idea presented to industrial society since the steam-engine. I am biased, of course. It will be the informed but impartial reader who will judge which of these books deals with human reality, and which with a future that may justly be called inhumane.

A PARADOX that has overshadowed the controversy since Darwin's days has been the widespread humanistic view that evolution presents counsels of pessimism and despair. I have never understood this. The issue, however, may now be regarded as resolved. It is that most confirmed environmentalist, Professor Skinner, who has so lost hope for man that he advises us to abandon our search for "dignity and freedom." If men are to survive we must apparently accept the conditioned reflex as the only answer. Humanity to save itself must surrender its humanity. With our environmental variables under the total control of those who know best for us (including, of course, those who know best about conditioned reflexes), we shall survive: as automatons.

Skinnerism, we may thank whatever gods there be, will not work. Yet I must respect Skinner as one who within the limitations of

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[12] B. F. Skinner, *The Phylogeny and Ontogeny of Behavior*, in *Science* (153:1205-13, 1966), p. 1212.

[13] B. F. Skinner, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* (1971).

[14] L. Tiger and R. Fox, *The Imperial Animal* (1971). See also Robin Fox's "The Cultural Animal", in ENCOUNTER, July 1970.

[15] Antony Jay, *Corporation Man* (1971).

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the three-dimensional mind has faced its final implications without any concession to ideological popularity contests. But now the evolutionists can abandon their old-fashioned sighs, for we now smell of wine and roses. It is we who demand that whatever has progressively evolved as human in the millions of evolving years be acknowledged and respected. It is we who condemn restraints on the human search for freedom as repressing the natural, genetic variations of men. We are forced to acknowledge those propensities for violence inherited from our hunting days, in which the non-violent were selected out; and we have been compelled to regard every baby born as a candidate for the gallows as much as for a Nobel prize. We agree that civilisation stands never more than twenty years away from barbarism, and that if civilisation represents human good, then it has the twenty years of maturation to put over its point. But that point cannot be made if we regard the baby born as a fresh blackboard, on which any Skinnerite may sign his name. He is a being born with many a propensity for evil or for good, inheritances maladaptive or overwhelmingly adaptive to present circumstance. But we must first try to understand him. That surely is the intellectual objective of developing evolutionary thought.

The controversy will not end for a long, long while. But the fatal pessimism of the environmentalist rests without doubt on the failure of changes in environment to alter significantly the nature of man. And the optimism of the evolutionists rests on man the inheritor, the four-dimensional animal. For over three billion years of the demonstrable history of life, we have survived. Had a single generation in all that incomprehensible lapse of time, that chain of survival beyond imagination, surrendered, then you and I should not be here. It is impossible to believe that whatever aberrations we have inherited, the total evolutionary experience of success cannot be a portion of our genetical endowment. Lorenz' "parliament of instincts" must enter into our devotions. And the informed reader must understand that if the evolutionist is an optimist as well, then it is because we regard our species as a tiny link between an enormously successful past, and a future that will be determined by our past as well as our present.

We possess too, before Professor Skinner's designs overwhelm us, room for that controversy known as freedom.

Lot's Wife

You came at dinner,
down from a heavenly sphere,
the Lord's messenger;
my husband bowed down in fear.

You smiled when you spoke,
yet what strange news we learned—
how we were spared
but the city we lived in would burn.

We've walked for hours;
rocks and caves lie ahead.
My feet hurt
and my friends, I imagine, are dead.

The Lord has his reasons:
it's not, I realise, your fault.
Forgive me, angel;
I'm becoming a pillar of salt.

Stephen Miller

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Richard Lowenthal

A World Adrift

On the Belated "End of Ideology" in World Affairs

DURING THE SECOND HALF of 1971, the long and slow process of the dissolution of the post-war bi-polar world order made a sudden "leap forward." Since the announcement in mid-July of President Nixon's forthcoming visit to Peking and the break-up in mid-August of the international monetary system created at Bretton Woods after World War II, almost anything has come to seem possible in world affairs, and nothing may be taken for granted any longer. Since then, the Soviet-Indian Treaty of Friendship, followed by the Indian military action against Pakistan, the United Nations' heavy vote on seating China and expelling Taiwan, the American Senate's snap decision of late October endangering a world-wide network of foreign aid policies in a fit of absent-mindedness (and owing to the absence of a great many bodies), and India's armed "liberation" of Bangladesh with Soviet backing despite U.S. and Chinese protests, has come to confirm that impression and to deepen the sense of universal flux—as well as, on the Western side at least, of undirected drift.

Before attempting any analysis, it may be worthwhile simply to enumerate the major events. Washington and Peking have proclaimed their readiness to enter into serious negotiations, thus making the potential triangular constellation in Great Power diplomacy actual for the first time. Moscow has reacted by bitterly denouncing the intentions of China, but speeding up its negotiations with the United States both on Berlin and on the limitation of strategic armaments, and by accepting an American presidential visit in its turn; it has intensified its separate but coordinated efforts to improve relations with both West Germany and France; and it has not only successfully "aligned" traditionally non-aligned India by a Treaty of Friendship, but encouraged and supported her in undertaking the "armed liberation" of East Pakistan. The American decision to end the convertibility of the dollar, combined with severe measures of commercial discrimination and an initial refusal to negotiate on them for an unspecified time, has put the economic relations between the advanced non-Communist countries into at least temporary disarray with risks of world-wide recession, has weakened their economic influence in the Third World and has served notice on the U.S.A.'s major allies that they may suddenly find themselves on their own in looking after their vital interests—a notice extended to all its client states by the Senate vote on the aid programme. In Japan, this economic shock has combined with the political shock of the form and content of the arrangement with Peking to weaken decisively the group within the ruling party that was most firmly committed to pro-American policies. In Western Europe, it may have helped to swell the majority for British entry into the Common Market, but is likely to strengthen neutralist undercurrents as well. Since then, the loss of cohesion within the non-Communist world has been demonstrated

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by the procedural and substantial defeat of the United States on the China issue in the United Nations Assembly, and by the general rush for neutrality among the smaller pro-Western states of Asia—and the lack of an American consensus on the need to restore that cohesion has been shown up by the Senate vote in all its nakedness.

TO SUM UP, what began as a belated consummation of the break-up of the Russo-Chinese alliance by the inauguration of truly triangular diplomacy to the advantage of international flexibility, and to the potential disadvantage of Russia, has led not only to considerable Russian gains in some former non-aligned countries, but to the revival of strong disintegrative tendencies throughout the "Western" network of alliances, spreading outward from its American centre.

A Detour of History

IN TRYING TO UNDERSTAND the change, one should start by looking back to the time when the triangular constellation first seemed to emerge: the summer of 1963. Then, with the failure of the last formal Party talks between the Soviet and Chinese Communist leaderships and the subsequent spate of diplomatic disclosures by both sides, their alliance had clearly broken up. The simultaneous Test Ban agreement between Britain, Russia, and the United States appeared as one of the first fruits of the new situation. Now that Russia and China had finally ceased to form part of a single ideological bloc and Peking had become a fully independent factor in world affairs, the road to less "ideological" power politics seemed open everywhere. Along with a *détente* between the U.S. and the Soviets as then envisaged by President Kennedy, a parallel opening of diplomatic channels from the U.S. to China was clearly to be expected in due course, while the decline in Communist pressure would eventually promote a growing independence of both Japan and an increasingly integrated Western Europe from American leadership. Yet these developments were delayed for eight years—by an odd detour of history.

The primary cause of this detour was the fateful increase in the American involvement in Viet Nam. This was due to the acute risk of a collapse of the South Vietnamese government in 1964 and to the Johnson administration's misperception of the Vietnamese war as the beginning of a major Chinese effort at southward expansion by armed revolution. From 1964 to 1968, American policy-makers not only persuaded themselves that China had started the war and controlled its course on the Communist side, but that Peking's commitment to revolutionary "wars of liberation" made China the main enemy in a world that was otherwise on the verge of stabilisation, since Russia had supposedly turned into a "satisfied power." Accordingly, the Johnson administration was committed to "fighting China" in Viet Nam, while hoping for Soviet influence there to help end the war. There was no room for triangular diplomacy in that rigid and one-sided concept.

As the scale of American intervention in Viet Nam mounted, increasing Chinese self-isolation came to respond to American rigidity. In 1965, some of the Chinese military and political leaders, feeling threatened by the growing American presence to the South, seem to have pleaded for the partial reconciliation offered by Khrushchev's successors as a means of reinsurance against the supposed threat. Mao's decision to eliminate at all cost such "conciliatory" tendencies was at least one of the precipitating factors of the "Cultural Revolution" of 1966-68. The turmoil into which it threw China preserved her from any temptation to intervene directly in Viet Nam. But this was at the price of a turning inward of all energies which made Peking virtually disappear from the diplomatic stage for several years. The third corner of the triangle thus came to be hidden behind dense clouds of ideological dust, which only began to settle with the 9th congress of the Chinese Communist Party in the spring of 1969.

IT WAS, THUS, the continuing domestic momentum of outdated ideological concepts that delayed the full impact of the new triangular constellation on the foreign policies of the powers. In the United States, the administration had become strangely dependent on a residual form of crusading anti-Communism. It was now concentrated on China and was increasingly irrelevant to America's real interests and to maintaining

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the dynamism of American policy at home and abroad. In China, Mao had become even more dependent on his commitment to "permanent revolution" to justify both his root-and-branch rejection of the Soviet road of development and his own position as a leader above all institutional control. In the Soviet Union, it was the fear of "ideological subversion" that during the same period moved Khrushchev's conservative successors to take military action against the Czechoslovak reformers rather than risk the spread of their dangerous innovations in Eastern Europe and in Russia itself, and thus limited their scope for diplomatic flexibility as well. And even the chief European champion of non-ideological power politics, General de Gaulle, was fatally hampered in his drive for the realistic objective of a more independent role for Western Europe by his commitment to an irrelevant nationalist ideology, which caused him to isolate his country and foil the progress of European unification by sterile attacks on the United States and by his veto against British entry into the Community.

The High Cost of Self-Delusion

ONLY AS EACH OF THE POWERS in turn began to feel the cost of the pursuit of illusionary concepts were the roads gradually opened for a more flexible, "pragmatic" diplomacy.

The American leaders were forced to perceive how their over-engagement in Southeast Asia paralysed their capacity for action in more vital regions. The horror and futility of the war in Viet Nam damaged their influence abroad and polarised opinion at home, giving rise to a passionate anti-militarist and anti-imperialist protest movement among their own young generation and that of their allies. Hence a returning sense of reality led by 1968 to President Johnson's decision to renounce another candidacy, and later to the efforts of his Republican successor to disentangle his country from a disastrous adventure.

In China, the restoration of order by the forceful intervention of the Army—the only national institution whose command structure had remained intact—indicated that the ideological paroxysm of the Cultural Revolution had burnt itself out. Much damage had been done to the country's economic development and to the administrative cohesion and international influence of the régime, and Mao became convinced that even the consolidation of his own position now required a period of stability. Thus the turn to the rebuilding of institutions was followed by the country's speedy and effective return to the international scene.

About the same time, the Kremlin leaders became aware that while their occupation of Czechoslovakia had consolidated their control of their East European power sphere it had deprived their campaign for the dissolution of the Atlantic alliance, launched in 1966 in the name of the need to overcome the partition of Europe between opposing military blocs, of any shred of credibility. At the Budapest conference of the Warsaw Pact in March 1969, they turned to seeking a consolidation of the *status quo* on the basis of the existing alliances.

Finally, the events of May 1968 had shattered the Gaullist delusions of grandeur, while Soviet action in Czechoslovakia had destroyed any hope of a French (or even a West-European) mediating role between U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. The fall of de Gaulle in the following year only helped to accelerate a turn towards better relations with the United States and towards the admission of Britain into the Community that had by then become inevitable.

From about the beginning of 1969, then, the delayed effects of the triangular constellation began to gather speed. Yet the events of the intervening detour had drastically changed the relation of forces between the principal actors. If the growth of Chinese power had not been altogether stopped by the internal convulsions—at least not in the field of arms technology—it had certainly been delayed. For Western Europe, too, the period of stagnation in its institutional development has meant a grievous loss of time in adjusting to its role on the new constellation. In the United States, the massive expenditure for the Vietnamese war had long restricted the allocation of resources for general arms development as well as for domestic purposes, and still become a prime cause of inflation. Now its scaling down became a cause of growing unemployment, while public reaction to the whole searing experience and to the administration's loss of credibility resulted in growing

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pressure to reduce arms expenditure, military commitments and foreign aid across the board. The United States thus emerged from the detour with grave damage to its economic health, its social cohesion, its relative military strength and its capacity for diplomatic action, in short to all the components of its international influence—a damage unlikely to be quickly and fully repaired even with the best conceivable leadership.

By contrast, the Soviet Union had been able to use the interval for a major increase in its absolute and relative military strength, both in strategic nuclear weapons and in conventional, above all naval mobility, and was for the first time approaching all-round military parity with the U.S. It had powerfully entrenched itself in its new sphere of influence in the Middle East and Eastern Mediterranean. If it, too, had clearly over-extended its resources in the process, by 1969 the effects were only beginning to make themselves felt. The power that had been most immediately weakened and endangered by the original rise of the triangular constellation thus turned out to have gained most from the detour.

The Return to Reality

THE LIMITS OF SOVIET GAINS became visible, and the costs of Soviet over-extension noticeable, as the United States and China began to liberate themselves from their ideological preoccupations. Under Nixon and Kissinger, Washington not only started the painful process of disengagement from the South East Asian jungle, but soon showed a new sense of priorities. Efforts were made to recover the diplomatic initiative in the Middle East and to use the opportunities offered by the demise of Gaullism for improving relations with Western Europe; the negotiating position for SALT was under-pinned by production of the new MIRV-missiles; and the first cautious signals went out to China. Meanwhile Peking manifested its return to the international scene by (on one side) the first Ussuri incident of March 1969, and (on the other) by moves to resume active diplomatic relations in various directions.

To the increased pressure on both fronts, Moscow reacted mainly with an increased interest in serious negotiation on the basis of the *status quo*. For all its continuing efforts in the missile race, and all the immense complexity of any attempt to limit it by agreement, the Russian negotiators at SALT seemed genuinely concerned to find a solution that would enshrine their achievement of "parity" while putting a ceiling on its cost. The Budapest reformulation of Soviet aims in Europe, by giving clear priority to consolidation of the *status quo* over any hopes of disrupting NATO, amounted to an encouragement of those forces in Western Germany who were prepared to accept the former but not to sacrifice the latter. So did the Soviet agreement to the opening of Four-Power-Talks on Berlin. On the Chinese frontier, the Soviets had reacted to the first serious incident by massive counter-attacks, by substantial reinforcements of their troops, and even by planting rumours that they were considering preventive nuclear war. But after this preparation, they opened negotiations with Peking, offering minor frontier adjustments in return for overall stabilisation. Nevertheless, the economic difficulties of the winter of 1969-70, leading to the repeated postponement of decision on the new Five-Year-Plan and therefore of the Party Congress, showed that all these negotiating moves had failed to relieve substantially the pressure on Soviet resources arising, in the new international constellation, from the preceding period of expansion.

In fact, despite the partial progress towards normalisation achieved during 1970 by the signing of the Moscow Treaty with the West German Federal Republic and by the exchange of ambassadors between Moscow and Peking, a number of events converged further to increase the pressure on the Soviets since the winter of 1970-71. The December revolt of the Polish workers who succeeded in shaking the régime (even without any intellectual leaders) showed all the more convincingly the political risks implied in a prolonged disappointment of consumer expectations. The removal of a number of strongly Soviet-oriented Egyptian leaders from key positions by Anwar-es-Sadat, and the ruthless suppression of a pro-Communist coup in the Sudan with his support, served as a reminder that Soviet control of the "progressive" Arab states was as yet far from secure. Finally, the open exchange of friendly signals between Wash-

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ington and Peking during the "ping-pong phase" indicated the need for a substantial Soviet *rapprochement* with one side to avoid the risk of being caught in the middle. This need for an unmistakable option became urgent after the announcement of Nixon's forthcoming visit to the no longer forbidden city.

BUT THE WORST, from the Soviet point of view, was that the option was predetermined: there was no real choice. During the years of the detour, the Americans had been at a disadvantage because they voluntarily refused to talk seriously to the Chinese. Now, the Russians were at a disadvantage because, despite the formal dragging on of the frontier talks, the Chinese refused to talk seriously to them. Besides embarking on a new effort to improve the lot of the Soviet consumer, and besides mending their fences in Egypt by a mixture of pressure and promises resulting in a long-term treaty, they could basically only turn to the side that was seeking—and offering—stability on the basis of the *status quo:* the bourgeois West.

Thus about the time of the Soviet party congress in March-April, the Berlin Four-Power-Talks (on which not only Bonn's ratification of the Moscow and Warsaw treaties but the European Security Conference desired by Russia had been made dependent) began to deal with the substantive problems. By May, Brezhnev's Tiflis speech accepting the principle of a negotiated troop reduction by both sides in Europe offered relief to an American President hard-pressed by his Senate to make unilateral withdrawals. By June, another speech, this time in Moscow, offered negotiations on a reduction of forward naval forces, and the East Germans were given hints of impending Soviet concessions on Berlin. Finally, following the Nixon announcement, the Soviet press was after a short interval instructed to put the chief blame on the Chinese "traitors." A conference of East European party leaders without the Rumanians was called to the Crimea, informed of the option, and alerted to the need to exclude Chinese influence from the Balkans. The Four-Power negotiations on Berlin were brought to a speedy conclusion by an open display of urgency hardly paralleled in the annals of Soviet diplomacy.

The Decline of Western Solidarity

YET IF THE NIXON-KISSINGER administration's return to reality—supplemented in Europe both by the new Eastward realism of the West German government under Willy Brandt and by the opening of the West European community to Britain under de Gaulle's successor—soon bore remarkable fruits in beginning a recovery of the world position of the West, its American protagonists did not hide the fact that these fruits were bought at the price of putting narrower limits on their solidarity with their allies and friends and making more substantial claims on them in return. There was indeed no other way of overcoming the external and internal consequences of prolonged "ideological" overengagement, nor of adjusting the system of alliances in a realistic spirit to the increased economic power and political independence of Western Europe and Japan in particular. The "Nixon doctrine" spelt out the new principle of limited solidarity as well as the justified demand for a fairer sharing of the common burden in so many words. Nor did its consequences remain confined to South East Asia. In the Middle East, for instance, the effort to regain influence in Egypt promptly translated itself into growing pressure on Israel.

But the immediate effects were far more serious in South and East Asia when the new contact with Peking was suddenly announced without advance consultation with the principal Asian ally of the United States, and without apparent forethought for the impact it might have either on America's minor allies within the region or on Asia's leading non-aligned power. Not only was a weakening of Japanese-American ties made inevitable by the manner of the announcement but the uncertainty about the terms of the *rapprochement* and the impression of a tacit dropping of Taiwan as part of its price created a sense that a wholesale withdrawal of American power was radically changing the situation from Karachi to Manila. The result has been, on one side, the very "domino effect" which had long been feared from a mere limited American withdrawal from continental South East Asia, but not in fact produced by it, and, on the other, a Soviet-Chinese race to fill the void. India was not only driven to seek protection against Chinese-Pakistani pressure in a treaty with

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the Soviets, but encouraged by that treaty to undertake the liberation of East Pakistan by armed force. The signal was given for a general abandonment of Taiwan and a hurried turn to neutrality by the pro-Western states of South East Asia that seriously weakened Washington's bargaining position in its new relationship with Peking.

If the lack of diplomatic preparation for the Washington-Peking "coup" of 15 July might still have appeared as due to an isolated if major error of judgment within a generally sound policy, such an interpretation was no longer possible after the President's economic thunderbolt of one month later. Here, the *manner* of the surprise announcement, decided without even consulting the Foreign Policy Adviser and the Secretary of State, had clearly been deliberately chosen both for domestic effect and with intent to shock the allies and friends of the United States. It was meant to underline the message of its *content*—that the Nixon administration regarded the cooperation of its major allies in matters of trade policy as well as their contributions to the costs of joint defence as grossly insufficient, and would henceforth be guided primarily by American interests in the immediate and narrow meaning of the term, without sentimental scruples about the supposed common interests of the West. As the shock waves spread, it came to be realised that the decisions had been motivated both by the increasing seriousness of America's economic difficulties and by accumulated resentment about many equally unilateral, if less important, economic measures by which her European and Japanese allies were felt to have aggravated her problems. Indeed, it could be plausibly argued that *their* solidarity had been deficient first where the common interest required material sacrifices from each according to his ability, and that the response to gentler forms of American prodding had often been poor. But the fact remained that the government of the West's leading power was seeking a solution of its economic problems not by pressing for immediate negotiation about the terms of a return to concerted policies, but by first attempting a wholesale transfer of the burden of recession to its friends and partners in a spirit of confrontation, while leaving the date and terms for negotiation uncertain pending a test of relative endurance. If the purpose of those shock tactics was to bring about a tangibly more cooperative European and Japanese attitude by a blatantly less cooperative American one, the results clearly corresponded less and less to expectations as time passed. Hence after more than three months, a combination of economic second thoughts with belated consideration of alliance interests forced a revision of exaggerated demands and a turn to negotiation on reasonable terms. Yet even if the monetary crisis and the related issues of trade discrimination are eventually settled successfully, some of the damage caused to the Western economies and much of the harm inflicted on interallied confidence by Mr Connally's Guns of August are likely to remain.

At first, of course, the short-term domestic advantages of this "New Economic Policy" seemed as obvious as the long-term, and in part even short-term, international dangers. Yet it would be superficial to speak simply of an American decision to give priority to domestic over international considerations, and to attribute it purely to the electoral preoccupations of the President. For the upsurge of economic nationalism to which Mr Nixon is playing up is itself but one facet of the neo-isolationist groundswell by which American opinion has responded to years of international overengagement in general and to the Vietnamese nightmare in particular. The administration has fought hard against a number of the more direct manifestations of that groundswell in the fields of foreign and military policy, especially against the demand for unilateral troop withdrawals from Europe, or indeed for immediate and unconditional total withdrawal from Viet Nam. But it has clearly felt compelled to appease the spirit of national egotism by a "nationalist" economic policy—compelled because it was unable to oppose a convincing alternative to that spirit.

FOR THE GRIM TRUTH IS that in the course of the years the Viet Nam war has eaten, the consciousness of the common interests of the Western democracies has been deeply eroded along with the ideology of crusading anti-communism. While that erosion has by no means been confined to the United States, that is the country where it has been most serious and had the most far-reaching consequences. The past decade has seen a profound change

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in both the composition and the outlook of the American intellectual and political élite. This was connected with both a regional shift away from the East Coast and a generation change away from the people who led the original support for the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic alliance, and it affected the conservative as well as the liberal end of the political spectrum. If the westward shift began by producing illusions about a quasi-imperial American role in Asia, failure has turned it into a force for rejecting all international commitments. If the generation change began by promoting a new dedication to the solution of pressing domestic racial and social problems, the daunting size of those problems seems now to contribute to a reaction in the direction of crude material egotism. Finally, with the waning of the stratum of concerned citizens in the Churches and the universities, in the Trade Unions and in business, that once formed the backbone of internationalist policies, the responsible leadership in both parties that used to formulate and put through those policies has all but disappeared. Its effective absence is probably the decisive aspect of the recent Congressional chaos over foreign aid.

To the leaders of an administration that would like to maintain and reshape the American world role in a spirit of "realism," that mood of the nation appears as an unwelcome but effective limit on their freedom of action. It is a handicap they have to take into account. Yet to the outsider it appears that their own type of realism has not only been shaped by that mood, but contributed to it. On the most subtle and self-conscious level, that type is represented by Henry Kissinger's admiration for the realistic power politics of some of the great European statesmen of the 19th century—for a Talleyrand or a Bismarck, who strove for the security and greatness of their countries with both a ruthless disregard for ideologies and a sober sense of the possible. That kind of *Realpolitik* has indeed obvious advantages over any "ideological" foreign policy inspired by either pacifist idealism or crusading militarism. Yet, it is tied to the conditions of its origin in the "classical" diplomacy of absolute monarchies, and cannot effectively be transplanted to a modern mass democracy. For a democracy cannot play a powerful role in the world unless the necessary efforts and sacrifices are freely consented to by its people—and in the second half of the 20th century, no free nation will grant that consent for the purpose of national power alone, without the inspiring force of a rather less parochial idea. That is why the *Realpolitik* of General de Gaulle was proved to be internally hollow by the events of May 1968—even before the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia refuted its underlying international assumptions. And that is, too, why the realistic diplomacy of Dr Kissinger proved so vulnerable to the more narrowly "realistic", and just for that reason popular, New Economic Policy of 15 August 1971: once a cynical approach is taken for granted, the crudity of a Connally will always prove more convincing than the subtlety of a Kissinger.

"End of Ideology" — End of Ideas?

OUR ANALYSIS seems to have turned full circle. We began by describing the high price paid by the Great Powers for neglecting the sober calculation of their interests under the influence of ideological fanaticism, and the advantages reaped by them from a return to realism. We have now come to the conclusion that effective power politics in our time cannot be pursued by a democracy without a credible commitment to a wider idea.

Is it really possible, we shall be asked, to make a meaningful distinction between inspiring ideas and misleading ideologies in foreign policy, except by the standard of one's personal ideological preference, or by the *ex post* criterion of success? Is not the true lesson of the end of the bipolar constellation that the conflict between two types of political and social systems—between Western democracy and Communist dictatorship, as we see it, or between Western Capitalism and Eastern "Socialism", as the Comminists see it—has ceased to be a major issue determining the alignment of the powers? And is not the growth of the forces of disintegration within the Western system of alliances, following the great schism among the Communist powers, only the natural fruit of this belated "End of Ideologies", or at least of the relevance of ideologies, in world affairs?

In trying to answer these obvious objections, I should like to make three points. The first is that the difference of political systems is still of vital importance not only for the individual citizens on either side, but for the situation and interest of a large number of

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countries. True, the Soviet Union is no longer a revolutionary power seeking to dominate the world and transform it in its own image—it has long accepted the necessity of prolonged coexistence with states governed by a different system. But it still insists on strict conformity with its own system as far as its own power sphere extends. It still regards conflict between the two types of systems, even if in carefully limited and controlled forms, as enduring and inevitable. And it still feels compelled by its rivalry with the other superpowers to use opportunities for expanding its sphere of influence wherever that is possible without serious risk, and to make expansion of its *type* of control follow the expansion of its *area* in due course. It follows that at the very least the citizens of the advanced democracies, who in their overwhelming majority prefer their own system of government to the Communist alternative, have a vital interest in remaining free to develop their own institutions rather than being absorbed into the Soviet sphere of influence, and that this fact constitutes the basis of a common security interest of their states—expressed, for instance, in the North Atlantic Pact and in the American alliance with Japan. That interest can most clearly be formulated in terms of the common ideas underlying the Western type of system. It is not, for that reason, unrealistic or "ideological". Nor is it diminished by the growing weight and independence of Japan and Western Europe.

My second point concerns the old but crucial distinction between accepting an idea as binding on your *own* foreign policy and as a *desirable* rule for others, and assuming that it is in fact binding on *all* or seeking to *force* it upon them. To accept and promote, *e.g.*, international conventions against aggression or intervention by one state in another's affairs is a policy of peace, commendable on both moral and realistic grounds. To base one's diplomacy and defence policy on the assumption that all other states will accept such conventions and abide by them, without a painstaking study of their actual behaviour, is an ideological attitude liable to lead to loss of security and appeasement of aggressors, hence both unrealistic and immoral. Again, to try and "make the world safe for democracy", or to make the liberation of other countries from their—capitalist or Communist, democratic or dictatorial—system a general objective of foreign policy, is an ideological concept bound both to endanger international peace and to involve any country committed to it in obligations surpassing its resources and in incalculable risks. To recognise the common interest of existing democracies in their individual and collective safety, and to act accordingly, is plain realistic common sense.

BUT IF THESE DISTINCTIONS are valid, it follows that there is no contradiction between the need to base the foreign policies of the democracies on faith in their common fundamental ideas and on a realistic analysis of their respective interests and relative strength in a changing international constellation. It is only the loss of a realistic sense of the possible that leads governments into self-destroying ideological adventures, and produces on the rebound a distrust of all general ideas and a self-isolating confusion between realism and short-sighted national egotism. So far from being the proper remedy for the former ideological excesses, such narrowing of the outlook is merely the natural, but equally dangerous swing of the pendulum to the opposite extreme.

Yet if such a reaction is natural—particularly at a time when no acute common danger appears to threaten the democracies—it is by no means inevitable that it will run its full disruptive course. As the economic negotiations of December 1971 have shown, the tendency toward the general adoption of beggar-my-neighbour policies in the economic field, and to the consequent political and military disintegration of the Western alliance, can be stopped. The gains of the new realism can be preserved and saved from the consequences of the decline of solidarity.

But the chance of stopping the first and saving the other depends on responsible leadership that combines a realistic appraisal of the new world situation with a firm sense of the abiding common interests—in all the advanced democracies, and above all in the United States. Only such leadership can ensure their successful individual and common adjustment to a world no longer governed by warring ideologies and rigid blocs, but still divided both by the rivalry of superpowers and by the continuing conflict between different forms of government and ways of life.

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James Morris

Out in Wyoming

Images of American Innocence

I HAD LONG MISSED, like everyone else, the American innocence. When I first went to the States, in the 1950s, it flourished still in Norman Rockwell's world of sundae, prom, and *Saturday Evening Post;* it flickered momentarily, I think, in the successive debuts of beats, hippies, flower people and Jesus freaks; but for myself I had lately only felt its presence, and fitfully even then, among the harbour-men of New York City, in whose company, on tugs and pilot boats, flats and oil barges, I had been making some agreeable excursions. It was one of these men, lounging on one side of his pilot-house while I ate a bar of Hershey's Tropical Chocolate on the other, who reproached me for despondency. "Look, why belly-ache? If ya don't like the city, go some place else. This place ain't everywhere. We can't help it. We grew up this way. Get out of the place. Go to the Rockies or some place—but, like I say, don't belly-ache. . . ."

I cherished his advice, and when the opportunity arose I booked a ticket to Wyoming, hoping to find in that remote hinterland something real in America still: for I had seen, in a statistical chart about the origins of celebrated movie actors, that while 23 of the most famous had been born in New York State, and 15 in Michigan, and 11 in California, the only State in the Union unable to claim a single star was The Equality State (whose population is rather smaller than Coventry's, and whose area is rather larger than the entire United Kingdom's).

I HAD REACHED the conclusion that the downfall of the Americans had been insincerity. This is of course no news to old-school British sceptics, who have been saying for 200 years that Americans can't be trusted. But it was not exactly dishonesty that I found so inescapable in the America of the 1970s, nor even hypocrisy: it was that loss of innocence. It was a habit of deception so ingrained, so universal it seemed, that the Americans did not notice it in themselves. It was a national frame of mind. The pioneers had doubtless invented the false fraternity of America merely in order to survive. The American need to be loved was originally a withdrawal symptom of revolution. Capitalism had made the Republic itself a kind of advertising campaign. And all these elements had lately been compounded by the illusory quality of life in modern America: the combined hallucinogens of drugs, of electronics, of racial dogma, of political corruption and persiflage, which had whittled away at reality and made everything suspect, whether it be an interview with a bank manager or an argument for the preservation of Alaskan wilderness.

A worldly American friend of mine, when I told him what the tug-boat man had suggested, assured me that if anything the American delusion was less profound than its British equivalent. If you stripped an Englishman of his veneer you eventually reached a core of infinite complexity: but beneath the American layers there survived, he swore, more shy by far than any English inhibitions, yearning, ancient, unfulfilled, a purity unsuspected. "Pure white", he thought, "virgin white at the centre." I could only say that very different colours showed: introspective purples, crooked reds, greens for envy and acquisitiveness, black for urban crime, and a muddy, greeny, yellowy mish-mash colour for all that anxious groping, doped with hash and addled with psychiatry, with which young America stumbles pitiably towards nowhere in particular.

"But go by all means", my friend fastidiously added, "if the West attracts you": and so I rented myself a car in Denver, a city all agog, as it happened, with newspaper revelations about downtown pornography, and drove across the State line into Wyoming. I stopped for a coffee and a salad on the way north, and the women at the counter showed me with a mock-shudder a headline in one of the local

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newspapers that day. I found it encouraging, on the whole. "TEN MORE BALD EAGLES", it said, "FOUND POISONED IN WYOMING PITS".

"CHEYENNE, our State capital", the tourist lady told me educationally, "is essentially a railroad city, but I don't suppose, dear, railroads interest you." There she was wrong. My images of the American naivety were inextricably linked with railroads. I had never thought the Pilgrim Fathers innocent, let alone Washington or Jefferson, and the kind of simplicity I coveted dates, I think, from the days of the Western expansion. While the patrons of American railroads were seldom child-like, the men who made and ran them do seem to have been, by our fallible standards, a genuine, rough-and-tumble lot of people, and the American railway mystique has always been a benevolent abstraction. It evokes sentimental nostalgia, a weakness I enjoy. Even now, I am told, hobos and hitch-hikers are kindly treated by the railroad men, as their tradition demands, and hardly a freight train passes in the West without a few unauthorised riders behind its steel doors.

It is true that Cheyenne is a railroad town still. One hears the wail at night sometimes, as the Irish might say, and the main downtown street demonstrates its origins by running parallel with the Union Pacific track, which pre-dated it. Everyone told me with pride that Cheyenne had been frightfully sinful in its youth, when the mobile camp of construction workers ("Hell on Wheels") reached this site with the advancing rails. Even by railroading standards, they said, it had been a wild town, with its perilous saloons and its brazen brothels, its hordes of speculators and promoters, its gunmen, its hunters and trappers, its opportunist lawyers and its tented thousands of Chinese and Irish labourers. The Civil War had just ended then, and America was in a violent mood. By 1869 Cheyenne was ambitiously described as "the gambling centre of the world", and during the same year its unofficial committee of vigilantes, administering the justice of the frontier, executed at least a dozen offenders.

"Oh", said the lady in mild surprise, "in that case you must go and see our reconstruction of Hell on Wheels, with the locomotive *Big Boy* . . . Authentic Relic", she continued, relapsing into her brochure voice, "of the Railroad Era." But it was a sorry reflection, I thought, of those rumbustious origins. Hell on Wheels turned out to be a folksy enclave of novelty shops and sideshows, surrounded by canvas awnings and closed anyway for the season. *Big Boy* was the biggest railway engine ever built anywhere, a vast black mechanism with 19 wheels on each side: but it stood forlornly on a petty line of track in a park, Hell on Wheels flapping depressingly behind, and seemed so absolutely of the museum or the Rotary Club that I could scarcely conceive those pistons ever pumping, still less hear a cuss from its cab.

So I proceeded to the Union Pacific station itself, at 16th and Central, for nearly a century one of the main depots on the transcontinental run, where the Denver Pacific and the Colorado Central met the great U.P.R.R.—"travellers will here take a dinner", says my *Trans-Continental Railroad Guide* (1881), "in comfortable style at one of the best-kept hotels between the two oceans." Alas, as a citadel of the old values it too lacked conviction. It seemed to be on its last legs. Trains *did* come, they told me, but they took a lot of hanging around for. The station was officially open from 10 to 5, and still possessed an office magically inscribed "Special Agent", and housed the last of the overland stage coaches from Julesburg, Co., propped outside the ticket booths: but its mahogany fittings badly needed love and feather dusters, and so silent were the tracks, so endlessly into the distance did the lines of the Union Pacific extend in absolute-hushed desertion, so utterly absent were porters, trolleys, mailbags or homing pigeons in wicker baskets, that it looked to me as though never again would a train hiss to a halt at Cheyenne, to disgorge from its high steps that nervous, gauche and lovely girl against whose inevitable arrival the late-night-movies long ago forewarned us.

But there was life of a sort outside the platforms. In line at one of the ticket windows a shabby line of men waited, standing first on one leg, then on the other, sometimes removing their Stetsons to scratch the tops of their balding heads, or passing coffee around in squashy plastic cups. These were the redundant of the railroad. "They'll never close the track, never, for the freight, see, but in the meantime here's some of the boys without a job." The

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boys politely made way for me as I edged to the head of their queue to peer through the ticket-window: and what I saw behind was curiously disillusioning. It is true that one man wore an eye-shade, like the telegraph operators of old, but in most respects the scene back there, in the private quarters of Cheyenne depot, looked less Western than Oriental. It reminded me of Madras. It was a cameo of officialdom, framed in dockets, files, chits in triplicate. It looked old and tired. Everybody looked up when I appeared at the window, and offered me *babu* smiles. "Anything I can do for you? You looking for someone?" But it was not what I was hoping for, the innocence was absent, so I shook my head sadly and drove out of town.

I WENT TO THE INDIAN COUNTRY, but soon got tired of Indians. "I am tired of Indians", said I to the kindly cicerone who showed me round the Bradford Brinton Memorial Ranch House, near Sheridan, fearing she might draw my attention to yet more portraits of squaws or shamans, pre-Raphaelite impressions of tepee ceremonials, or (worst of all) bead artifacts. She looked startled. It was not, I think, the opinion that perturbed her, it was simply its expression. European visitors to the West are not generally tired of Indians, and American visitors would not dream of saying so.

Part of the unreality of America, it seemed to me, was its retroactive conscience. Americans suffered allegedly lacerating pangs about matters they could not mend, and for which they were blameless anyway, and their guilt over the fate of the Indians was the prime example. It was doubly false. For one thing no living American was conceivably to blame, and for another the Americans did not really feel guilty in an actual or personal way, but merely found it morally or perhaps ecologically fashionable to appear so. Integral to the American innocence had been a guileless violence, generally acceptable by the morality of the time, and its denial now was part of the national lie. How could the Americans feel guilt about the fate of the Sioux or the Modocs? I certainly did not feel in the least guilty about Amritsar, say, being unthought of at the time, never having heard of the massacre until 25 years after the event, and possessing neither the inclination nor the technique to massacre anybody anywhere.

This particular American indulgence struck me as especially sickly in Wyoming, where I did not doubt the persecution of the Indians would be continuing still, were it not for the fact that the white people, from the wickedest rich landowners to the liliest academic progressives, were no longer troubled by them. For in this State the theme, vocabulary, and flavour of the Indian presence cannot be evaded. I went to Greybull, which commemorates an old grey buffalo of Indian legend, and Crowheart, which remembers Chief Washahue of the Shoshones, dying there with a Crow warrior's heart upon his spear, and Spotted Horse, and Medicine Bow, and Ten Sleep; and I inspected the reconstructed buildings of Fort Laramie, white and spanking in the sunshine, once the storied Army headquarters of the Indian wars, now so aggressively repentant that even the wild creatures within its perimeter are officially protected; and the moment I entered its central enclosure an impertinent rabbit sprang at me.

There were memories of those wars everywhere, for Americans to tear their hair and beat their breasts over. Some I found very moving. I had never heard, for instance, of the Fetterman Massacre, but I felt I understood its import when, driving down the empty road between Sheridan and Buffalo, I saw its commemorative obelisk upon a ridge. Here the impulsive Colonel Fetterman, contemptuous of Indian tactics, led his force of 79 soldiers from Fort Phil Kearney to escort a wagon-train of timber from the hills. On this grand bare windswept ridge, just before Christmas 1866, with the savage Big Horn Mountains splendidly to the east, and the wide plateau of the Wind River extending southwards snow-white and bitter—on this spot his column was ambushed, so the obelisk told me, "by an overwhelming force of Sioux under the command of Red Cloud." 1866! In New York, in 1866, they started to build Brooklyn Bridge. In England, in 1866, Newman published the *Dream of Gerontius*. In Brisbane, in 1866, they first lit the General Post Office with gas lamps. But in Wyoming, on December 21, 1866, Red Cloud fell upon the 18th United States Infantry, and there were no survivors.

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All over Wyoming I was reminded of those old adventures, by cryptic memorials, the names of old forts, the sites of old battlefields —the Wagon Box Fight in Big Piney Creek, the Crazy Woman Fight in Johnson County, or the Dull Knife Battle of 1876, from whose carnage the surviving Cheyenne Indians, their wounds staining the snow, crept half-naked across the hills to seek refuge with Crazy Horse. But the Wyoming Indians of today are a distinctly unexciting people. In the pamphlets I was shown in Cheyenne they were dressed up for festival, feathered, gaudy, bold, with horses and pipes and painted tepees. Off-duty, so to speak, they proved less virile, and seemed to me an argument less for the advantages of peace than for the stimulants of war: for it was not of course the U.S. Cavalry who destroyed the Indians, but the peacemakers, the improvers or rationalists of their day, the 19th-century ecologists, who herded them logically into reservations, and put the fire out.

THERE IS ONLY ONE RESERVATION in Wyoming, the Wind River. I visited the Shoshones and Arapahoes there, vaguely hoping to find, I think, that those long-defeated tribes might be the custodians of an older relationship between man and nature, and that one day they would, like the possessors of some royal strain or talisman, emerge into their own again. But if they possessed the old panaceas, one would not know it. The Wind River Indians are taciturn, not to say surly, representatives of the old race. Even one of their own white officials admitted to me that he found them heavy going—especially, he hastily added, lest I should think him racialist, after a few years among the perfectly charming Navajos of the south. There is a large café and community hall at Fort Washakie, the agency headquarters, and I went for a cup of coffee there hoping to enjoy an informative chat with the girls at the counter. But they were not a chatty crew. Expressionless they served me, desultorily they exchanged monosyllables with their Indian customers, more bigoted than ever did I leave their reservation, vowing I would buy not another basket-work bag, admire no more antique pictographs, express no further interest in a folk-ceremony, nor ask one more diplomatic question about the communal collection of huckleberries so long as I remained in the State of Wyoming. The State's motto, by the way, is Equal Rights, and its State Flower is the Indian Paint Brush—*A strange little flower,* as Addie Viola Hudson has put it, *with a sun-kissed nose,*

Without any perfume, yet red as a rose.
Did some Indian maiden plant you here
Or are you the symbol of blood that was shed
In the footprint left by the hoof of a deer,
In the feud of the white man, and the red?

NOR, AT FIRST, WAS I much beguiled by the Old Western evocations of the State. Wyoming has been a tourist trap almost since the first pioneers passed this way. Among the earliest travellers in these parts were Major Sir Rose Price, Bart, and Mr William S. Baillie-Grohman, sportsmen from England, and even in the roughest days of Hell on Wheels and the Cattle Barons, dudes found their way here to shoot their buffalo and write their travel memoirs. By now history, myth, reality and tourist exploitation are inextricably confused, and at first I thought that even here, in these half-empty landscapes, in these snug ranching towns, along these terrific treeless highways, the corrosion of fraud was inescapable.

There is a lot of sham. There are silly tourist ranches, and phoney saddlers, and ghost towns preposterously resurrected, and ludicrous Wild West enthusiasms, like the collection of old Burnham's Beef, Wine, and Iron bottles. The Old West breeds its own degradations, and Wyoming often parodies itself not merely for the tourists, but for itself. I winced each time I heard the phrase Old Timer, and hurried sickened and distraught from the well-known Wyoming spectacle called the Wild Life Exhibit, which turned out to be a revolting assemblage of 100 stuffed animals and 600 sets of antlers, slaughtered personally by Mr Dale Warren of Dubois—"*Kids* [as his publicity says] *Just Love our Baby Fawn, Baby Bear and Baby Seal*", all unhappily murdered young.

Aesthetically the memory of the Old West can be distressing, in garish water-colour or mawkish ode:

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins . . .

while the public humour of Wyoming might be described in architectural terms as Rustic Commercial:

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Grab the Tab
Pay the Tariff
Come Back Soon
Or We'll Send the Sheriff

Wyoming is a great place, too, for slogans: *The Can Do Country—Stop Roaming, Try Wyoming—Healthy, Wealthy, Growing Wyoming—Wonderful Wyoming.* Since 1936 Wyoming car number-plates have carried a publicity picture of a bucking bronco, with a whooping cowboy up, and this is far more telling an insignia of the State than the Great Seal with its scrolls and banners, or even the State Flag with its somnolent buffalo.

The patron saint of tourist Wyoming, or perhaps the managing director, is Buffalo Bill, Colonel Cody. I got very tired of him, too. He was the original hallucinogenic American, for what was genuine in him and what was pretence seems to have been unresolvable. The house where he was born is at Cody, in the north-west of the State, but that celebrated town, now a shrine to his memory, was not in fact his place of birth. It seems that in 1895 a few speculators thought of founding a new town in Wyoming. "Horace and I had a talk, and we concluded that as Buffalo Bill Cody was probably the best advertised man in the world, we might organise a company and make him president. . . ." Colonel Cody not only agreed, but suggested that the town should actually be named after him. "This did no harm to us, and it highly pleased the colonel."

To clinch the arrangement Cody's birthplace was brought there from Iowa, and instantly Cody, Wyoming, became a prosperous tourist destination. It was probably the first municipality to capitalise the Western legend, which thus co-existed there in fantasy and in fact, and it has thrived ever since. A vast, emotional, and rather beautiful statue of the colonel dominates the town; he is pointing the way ahead with his rifle, leaning in his saddle to encourage the timid pioneers out of sight behind, while his horse, heroically neighing (it was modelled from life in Manhattan), raised its left fore-foot in a graceful and fortunately symmetrical pose. There is an enormous Buffalo Bill Museum, a Vatican of the Western ethos, and divers lesser monuments to the Colonel flourish, like the Irma Hotel he built for his daughter Irma, and the Cody Stampede on Independence Day, and Buffalo Bill Day on February 26, and Buffalo Bill souvenir counters, and Buffalo Bill coffee shops, and Buffalo Bill's birthplace, of course, its Iowan origins forgotten now and its manner breezily indigenous. *"Cody Lives!"* cried a graffito I saw on a wall in town: and by golly, so he does.

YET IT CAME TO ME that the varnish was thin, and could be flaked away. There were often moments when the real and the spurious overlapped, but they did not synthesise. I became aware that a gap separated the two, and that in Wyoming the communal self-delusion was at least incomplete. A distinction existed still, as it no longer did in New York, between the way people behaved privately, personally, and the way they acted in their public personae. The transcendentalism was in check. Self-awareness survived.

I sensed this first, unexpectedly, among townspeople, not in Cheyenne but in the smaller ranch and market towns which speckle the map of Wyoming. In area this is the ninth largest of the American States, but in population only Alaska is smaller. The 315,000 people of Wyoming are scattered among nearly 98,000 square miles of territory, so that miles of open country divide one little town from the next: aromatic, sage, snow and sunshine country, sprinkled at that time of the year with sweet small flowers, tracked by the hoofs of wandering cattle, bounded always by the distant line of Teton or Big Horn. Reaching a Wyoming town after a few hours' drive across the magnificent range is like reaching a particularly trim and comfortable oasis, for though it will naturally display most of the physical symptoms of the American norm, still its isolation, and the beauty that surrounds it on every side, gives it a satisfying unity and compactness.

At one such place, Lander in Fremont County, I visited the Pioneer Museum, which is run by the county Pioneer Association. This body is presided over by dignitaries called the Esteemed Patriarch and the Esteemed Matriarch, whose photographs hang honoured at the entrance, and the excellent small museum is attended by ladies scarcely less matriarchal or esteemable. During my visit a schoolmistress was taking a group of children round the exhibits, and I heard her drawing their attention to a chair that stood in a corner of the gallery. It was made all of bleached white horn, legs, seat, back and all, and looked

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impressive but comfortless. "That is an example", she was saying, "of the craftsmanship of the very first pioneers to come to Fremont County. Isn't that beautiful, children?" Yes ma'am, most of them dutifully murmured, but after the main body had passed on to the Shoshone relics, a section of the museum I preferred to circumvent, I noticed a pair of laggard urchins trailing along behind. They had not heard their teacher's eulogy of the chair, but they too paused as they passed it, and inspected it with no less admiration. "Jeez", one said to the other. "Take a look at that Elk!"

I respected their expertise, and adopted their assessment as a synonym for the true in Wyoming. Elks abound in the State, and in all its homelier aspects I came to think of it as Elkin country. Elkin its splendour, elkin its charm, elkin I suspect its streak of country ruttishness, which tends to express itself in hawkish car stickers—*"They'll take my gun away from me when my dead hands are too cold to hold it"*, or *"I'm fighting poverty, I work."* There is a kind of triumphal arch of elk antlers in the town square at Jackson, Wyoming, very apposite I thought, and it must have been elks they were referring to in a notice I saw upon a stockade near Pinedale: "KEEP OUT, MEAN ANIMALS."

The present Esteemed Patriarch of Lander, I was told, was by origin part English, part French, and part Sioux, and was the very first child ever to ride through town in a perambulator. These little Wyoming settlements are very new. The cliché that America itself is "young" is, of course, preposterously out of date. It is one of the older nations now, and there are places in New England and the South that feel almost as ancient and stubborn as Little Ruttleborough on the Marsh. But this is one of the American hallucinations—the queer old-young flavour of it, the nation like so many of its matrons a weird cosmetic blend of decay, protean vigour, bluff and self-persuasion. Wyoming, though, needs no silicones. Wyoming really is young—a State since 1890—and Wyoming people talk about the original heroes of this frontier as we in Britain might recall well-remembered village characters of our childhood.

There was "Old Lady" Boland, for instance, who ran a hotel in Lander for many years, who was well-known all over western Wyoming, and who crops up often in conversation still. What does Mrs Ada Piper, 90, think of Old Lady Boland? "Not much of a lady", says Mrs Piper conclusively. Nobody is sacred in those parts, I was relieved to discover, and if I really tried I could even induce this citizenry to make disrespectful noises about Buffalo Bill. Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch, Cattle Kate, Flat Nose George the Train Robber—they remember them all without rancour or sentimentality, just ornery human critters like the rest of us, some good, some bad—"take Cattle Kate, now, they hanged her up there in Spring Creek Gulch, and some folks say she was real bad, but my Auntie Norah she knew her intimate, and she used to say there weren't nobody she'd sooner bake a pie with, not nobody. . . ."

I discovered in these little towns a kind of urbanity based not upon sophistication, but upon frankness. To the garage man, the laundry woman, the girl in the pharmacy, the motel reception clerk, there was an attitude of inquiry which much comforted me. Off the main road the Wyoming townsman still looks you straight and interested in the eye, as though not many strangers come his way. Make a remark and he'll offer another. "Look at your poor thumb", said I to a cobbler who was mending a strap for me, and whose thumb looked as though it had been, over several generations, repeatedly squashed in vices. "You don't need to fret about it", he immediately replied, "I give it a bang once in a while just to keep it awake." In the post office at Medicine Bow, where Owen Wister set the immortal exchange of lines that culminated in "When you call me that, *smile*"—in the false-fronted post office at Medicine Bow, almost next door to the Virginian Hotel and opposite the open range, the post-mistress gave me some handy advice about buying stamped envelopes. "If you buy an envelope here I lick it for you, if you buy it some place else you do your own licking." At Como Bluff, near a celebrated fossil field, there is a hut which claims itself to be the oldest building on earth, because it is made of fossilised dinosaur bones, and on this eccentric structure I saw a sign which trenchantly exemplified, I thought, the elkin directness of Wyoming: "HONK HORN IF YOU WANT IN FOSSIL CABIN."

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THE ARISTOCRATS of such a little town are the ranchers, in whose lives it plays the part that Andover, say, or Market Harborough play in the lives of country gentlemen in England. The cattle ranchers are the swells of Wyoming—in the past they were often the villains, in the days when they ruthlessly harassed smallholders and sheep-herders rash enough to settle in the territory. They live splendidly, many of them, in lovely country houses in the lee of the hills, with rose gardens and grand connections in the East—in England too, sometimes, for parts of Wyoming were settled by English milords.

I caught a pleasing glimpse of this society in the coffee-shop of a hotel at one mid-Wyoming town. The hotel lobby had not been encouraging. A fat, curled, eye-darkened, menacingly powdered moll eyed me unlovingly from the reception desk; chewing check-shirted figures leant against walls brooding; two or three reptilian elders with sticks and greasy Stetsons sat slumped in armchairs grunting; there was a clock on the wall with a face in the pattern of a Kennedy silver dollar, and a haze of cigar-smoke drifted among the apotheoses of Western life and re-enactments of Shoshone legend that hung upon the walls.

But I braved it all, and found a very different segment of society dominating the coffee-shop. The first thing that struck me about the group of ranchers lunching there was how fast they talked. That America contains more bores than all other countries put together is of course irrefutable: but it is not because Americans say boring things, only that they talk so slowly. This must reflect I think a fundamental defect of American educational method, for some of the slowest talkers and most excruciating bores of all, I have observed, have been Harvard men of exquisite instruction.

These Wyoming squires, though, talked fast, and with a nice mixture of cultivated and idiomatic English. They seemed altogether without self-consciousness: edgy, lean, rather brilliant people I thought. They struck me as *finished* men, who had never been reconstituted in the American melting-pot, but had always been themselves. Many of the Wyoming ranching families were certainly well-off from the start: early settlers around Sheridan, for instance, included English army officers who had first gone to the West buying horses for the British cavalry. The cattle barons of the 1880s and '90s were men of means and style—one of the first Powder River ranches was stocked at the beginning with 25,000 head of cattle—and when Theodore Roosevelt visited the State in 1910 he was given what was described as a characteristic Wyoming dinner: trout, pike, grouse, prairie chicken, roast elk with currant jelly, and champagne.

The ranchers still have a reputation for arrogance, but spared as they have been the miseries of the race struggle and the distortions of the social rat race, they seem to me more truly gentlemanly than most of the Virginia snobs or New England pedigree men who consider themselves the only American patricians. The men in the coffee-shop talked shop mostly, but it was marvellously racy or colourful shop: those darned heifers, getting the helicopter repaired, thirty miles of wire, Idaho mares, the Chinese grain market, "if Ed says it's going to rain you can bet prime ribs it won't", and they parted, after coffee but no cigars, with courteous goodbyes to me and easy informalities to each other—"Thanks a lot", "You bet, Sam", "Be seein' ya", "Love to Sue, now. . . ."

AND SO I CAME, circumspectly, to those theatrical archetypes of the American west, the cowboys. Much of the innocence had gone, I believed, with the decline of craftsmanship in the States, and with the consequent disappearance of a whole class of American working men—petty officer Americans, foremen Americans, the sort who never let you down, or forgot their tools. For a time the kind survived in the garage men of America, in the days when cars were still cherished as machinery, and American males appeared to have an instinctive affinity with them. Some have been socially promoted, and are to be glimpsed grandly accoutred as the captains of American airliners. Some survive among my friends the New York harbour men. I have occasionally met one on a construction project far away, extending telecommunications in Persia or supervising the electrification of Siam. And a few thousand, I suppose, like Celts in Cornwall or pine martens in Wales, can be seen flourishing still in enclave, pure-

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bred and unmistakable, upon the ranges of Wyoming.

I approached them, as I say, with suspicion, for I feared the worst of them. Surely, after so many decades of the fancy, the rot had set in on the fact! But my very first encounter with Wyoming cowboys, on the road near Laramie, wonderfully reassured me. It seemed to me a genuinely romantic spectacle, in the grand manner. Their sheep and cattle were loitering in hundreds along the highway, straggling and nibbling up a hill, and the cowboys too seemed in no hurry at all. They did not nag. They were not fussed. They sat their horses with a divine assurance, all muscle, no bone, drooping rather, languorously chewing sometimes, with their Stetsons not too rakish, their gear moderately gaudy, and their posture one of lordly self-satisfaction. I loved them, and will not pretend to deny the frisson I derived from the elegant condescension of their greetings, as I nosed my car through the livestock and drove on aglow to Rock River.

The cowboys give to the Wyoming scene a style, at once sensual and aesthetic, to which most Americans are anxiously and I fear irrevocably alien. It was the cowboys, I realised now, not the redundant railwaymen or the morose Arapahoes, who were the guardians of that lost identity: they, almost alone among their 180 million compatriots, still seemed at ease with their environment, their history, their jobs and themselves. Some of course are bad. They like guns and murder bald eagles. When they drive home from work in the evenings (for many now live in the towns), with their saddles in the backs of their cars, their mode does slightly shift away from High Chapparal towards Easy Rider. They often wear dark glasses, too, which gives them a slightly sinister air. But in casual encounter and conversation there can be no gentler or more polished working men. They are the nearest thing to a white American peasantry, I suppose, and they possess a timeless rural grace.

Often these magnificent people befriended me. Once they invited me to come on down and watch the branding: and I left the car, and scrambled down the bank to the fence below, and there I found an Indianified cowboy very slowly walking his horse around an enclosure lassoing bullocks by their hind legs —a performance of some grandeur, almost stately, with a measured tread of the horse and a theatrical swank to the tilt of the horseman's head. One by one he picked his steers and dragged them, helplessly kicking, over to the branding pit, where heat sizzled from oxygen cylinders, the air smelt of scorched flesh, and a couple of elderly ranch-hands nonchalantly branded them. They greeted me rather as stall-holders welcome passing visitors to village fêtes—graciously, that is, almost protectively, and informatively. Stall-holders are inclined to tell you about dry-rot of the church tower, or trace the nobility of Sir Charles at the Manor. Cowboys put you in the picture about cattle. "Take the Lazy Y Brand, that means a letter Y lying on its side, see, kinda layabout. U Lazy A, that means a letter U and a sideways A. The Hildebrand outfit, they brand Upside Y Lazy 3—that's a letter Y upside down and a number 3 backside up. We have all sorts—E Slash 4, Lazy Diamond R—you get the hang of it in time, same as you get the hang of most anything. . . ."

Or sometimes they merely walked their horses up to me, as I picnicked in the sage, or sat sketching in my car, or took my morning walk through the scented countryside, picking flowers for my notebook or trying to analyse the dappled colour-patterns on the hills: and then, after we had exchanged pleasantries, and told each other where we came from, and explained what we were doing, sometimes they would slide lithe from their saddles and join me for a few minutes, looking over my shoulder at a sketch, accepting a slice of cheese, or simply sharing the pleasure of the place and the moment—not a talkative encounter usually, but one so natural, kind and unembarrassed that a silence was never awkward, and the parting came organically, like the end of a good meal, just before satisfaction moved towards surfeit.

THIS REMINDED ME very much of Spain: and just as in Spain, in the bitterest expanses of the high *meseta*, the Spaniard commands the scene with his dignity, so it seemed to me that the cowboys in Wyoming, with their Castilian tact and splendour, needed no pretence. They were themselves, uncompromised. I thought it a happy irony, in the end, that I seemed to have found the last American reality in the very ark of the American myth.

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Column

MASS UNEMPLOYMENT, on the scale to which we are becoming accustomed, has some curious side-effects. In recent months, I have noticed that young people of my acquaintance have suddenly become much more aware of the problem of finding employment and, even more, that it may be an extremely difficult one. If they are in any way representative of their generation, this implies a considerable change in attitude to such matters as work, earning a living, making a career, finding a job, all of which, until quite recently, have been regarded as part of the Puritan way of life from which the permissive society has supposedly liberated us.

Of course, it would be rash to conclude, on the evidence of a few examples, that such a change in attitude has in fact taken place, and, if it has, even rasher to connect it directly with the steady rise in unemployment which we have witnessed in the last two years, not only in this country, but in the United States and other advanced industrial countries. Not even Marx would have suggested that the ideological superstructure of a society responds so quickly and sensitively to changes in its economic basis. Yet it is difficult not to believe that many of the social attitudes which were characteristic of the last decade, including such phenomena as student revolt, the generation gap between the young and their elders, the rejection by the young of the prevailing social order, were closely connected with an economic situation in which full employment, accompanied by a hitherto unprecedented condition of affluence, was taken almost for granted, as a permanent feature of our lives.

It has, for instance, been noticed over and over again by many observers that the most active and militant figures in that revolt of the young against the old, which gave the '60s some of their distinctive colour and flavour, were for the most part the children of prosperous middle-class families, and indeed one of its distinctive features was its failure to inspire any response in the working classes, perhaps because they saw, quite rightly, how little they had to gain from it. Four-letter words butter no parsnips, and sexual liberation does little to raise the level of wages. The economic basis of youthful revolt was the affluence of their parents and the patronage of the state, which released the young from the harsh necessities of the cash nexus and afforded them the luxury of acting out the fantasies which are an inescapable component of adolescence and youth. Unfortunately no one, so far as I know, has made any serious study of the correlation between youthful rebellion and the economics of full employment, and none of the many books which have recently appeared about the '60s seems to have considered it worth more than a passing thought. It is perhaps worth remembering that the children of the Jazz Age were born during the greatest economic boom history had ever known, and that the two most famous psychopaths of their day, Leopold and Loeb, were the sons of millionaires. As for myself, I shall never quite forget that wealthy French *père-de famille* who regarded with affectionate pride and indulgence the "revolutionary" activities of his two sons during the May-days in Paris, all the more because they would shortly come to an end when they left Paris for their holidays on his yacht in the South of France. One might regard the drugs, violence, and sexual anarchy which have accompanied youthful revolt in recent years as today's or rather yesterday's equivalent of the gin, necking and Stutz Bearcats of the gilded youth of the Jazz Age. But what will happen when even highly-paid Californian executives find themselves threatened with the bread-line?

IT WAS NOT, however, parental affluence alone which allowed the young to indulge their fantasies of revolution, whether social, sexual, ideological or political, and to preach a Nietzschean transvaluation of all values which would set the social order on its head. The benefits of full employment were not restricted to any particular class, and there were other ways by which society could finance the dreams and relieve the necessities of the young, together with the promise that such a state of affairs would continue into any foreseeable future. It was hard for any young man or woman to accept the necessary drudgery of earning a living or to believe that there was any need to do so, when the demand for labour, any kind of labour, appeared to be insatiable, so that, if need did arise, a job was to be had for the asking, as and when it suited one. It was taken for granted, for instance, that any student could always supplement his grant-aided income, if need arose, by holiday employment; how many psychedelic trips or guru-seeking travels to Katmandu have not been paid for out of Christmas earnings at the

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Post Office: and what happens when, as at this last Christmas, the Post Office restricts its patronage, as far as possible, to adults and heads of families who are on the dole and are, in that phrase which had such a sinister ring in the 'thirties, "genuinely seeking work"? Even more, what happens if the day comes when even the Post Office, unlike Satan, can no longer find work for idle hands to do?

On the other hand, if full employment always offered the opportunity for such windfall earnings, it seemed to offer almost unlimited prospects to those who were willing to commit themselves to making a career in society. In particular, the entertainment industries, which were enjoying an unprecedented boom, thirsted for talent, the younger and more inexperienced the better; in every promising undergraduate there was a David Frost bursting to get out, especially because such occupations had the added allurement that somehow it was vaguely connected with Art and hence not real work at all. I was much struck recently when I heard a very bright and beautiful young lady of my acquaintance say that on coming down from Oxford this year with, I have no doubt, an excellent degree, she would not dream of taking any job, preferably something to do with writing, which would pay her less than £3000 a year; she simply could not afford to. I could not help wondering if she realised that in the three years in which she had been pursuing her studies at Oxford, such golden opportunities have become a good deal rarer than they once used to be, that the glossy magazines have become a good deal less glossy, and are even looking a little battered and shop-worn, and that Fleet Street or even Madison Avenue have become, not so much paved with gold, as littered with lost illusions.

Perhaps I was all the more struck because, in my own days as an undergraduate at Oxford, an even more dramatic change had taken place in the economic climate, without most of us noticing it. When I went up, in 1929, the world was still enjoying the last months of the greatest and longest economic boom it had ever known, and there seemed no limit to the expectations not merely of prosperity, but of continued peace and progress, which a reasonable man might entertain. When I came down, in 1932, it was in the depths of the greatest of all economic depressions and was about to enter a period of unbridled international anarchy; any of the hopes one might have had in 1929 had become sheer illusion. Though most of us were not aware of it, not only the economic but the mental climate had been totally transformed; it was only when we came down that we learned from our own experience what had happened.

I DO NOT say, of course, that there is any meaningful comparison to be made between the state of affairs in 1929 and at the present time. The differences between the two situations are so great that they far outweigh any similarities, even what seems to me the most obvious similarity, which is that now, as then, no one seems to know exactly what is happening and that now, as then, in economic matters the world stubbornly refuses to behave as it ought to. It may be that Mr Anthony Barber, and those who believe like him, are right in saying that by the autumn of this year unemployment will have fallen to an "acceptable" level and that, in this country, at least, everything indicates that it is boom and not slump that we should prepare for. I must confess that I do not find such prophecies very convincing, in particular because they remind one far too much of those assurances that prosperity was just around the corner which were so frequently and so insistently repeated during the great depression that in the end their originators became a universal laughing stock. Nevertheless, Mr Barber may be right to be so confident; when we understand as little as we do about the present economic situation, anyone may be right in what he says about it. But I also believe that a high level of unemployment is such a traumatic experience in any advanced industrial economy, that even if it were to last no longer than Mr Barber predicts it would be quite sufficient to produce a significant change in the ways in which we look at the world and our own future in it; and since it is the young who are most of all concerned with the future, it is perhaps most of all they who are affected. Even if Mr Barber were in the end to prove to be right, I believe that the steady growth in unemployment during the last two years has already gone on long enough to produce a significant mutation in the mental attitudes of the young, in their expectations and their demands on life, and the way in which they view their own future.[1] If he should prove to be wrong, and unemployment continues at its present or even higher levels, then I think we must expect even greater changes, with consequences which are at present entirely unpredictable.

[1] I note, as we go to press, that in the U.S.A. the *New York Times* (20 Dec.) considered it front-page news to report that "Students at American colleges and universities are showing unusual interest this fall in courses of study that are keyed to vocational goals . . . the pattern seems to reflect the economic situation."

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THE DEATH, in Moscow last December, at the age of 61, of Alexander Tvardovsky is a reminder of how much the fate of literature, in any country, is dependent upon a few exceptionally courageous and gifted individuals; and while this is true everywhere, it is particularly the case in the Soviet Union.

Tvardovsky was himself one of the most admired and the most distinguished of contemporary Russian poets. His poetry had a directness and simplicity which reflected his peasant origins and, especially in his war poems, gave it a wide popular appeal. Despite his many troubles with the Soviet authorities, his reputation was such that, as late as last November he was, for the fourth time, awarded a State literary prize for a book of his poems, and his obituary in *Pravda* was signed by the party Central Committee, the Praesidium of the Supreme Soviet, and the Council of Ministers. There is irony in this, but there is even greater irony in the fact that the persecution he had to suffer was often provoked by his own fellow writers.

Apart from his literary works, however, what gave Tvardovsky his distinctive place in Russian literary life was the degree to which he was always willing to risk his assured position for the sake of other writers whom he believed entitled to recognition, though they might challenge, and even totally reject, Soviet orthodoxy. The long, tenacious, sometimes surprisingly successful battle with the Soviet authorities which he fought on their behalf called for great nerve, great courage, great tact, and equally, great understanding of the Soviet system, and of precisely how far it is possible to go in introducing a breath of fresh air into its foetid corridors. No one has done more for Russian writers since the great days of Maxim Gorky immediately after the Bolshevik Revolution.

It was his own talents, together with his Communist loyalties and his broad popular appeal which won him his appointment as editor of *Novy Mir* (New World), the organ of the Soviet Union of Writers, and gave him the opportunity to make breaches in the Soviet censorship which at one time seemed to promise a new birth of literary freedom in Russia. No one more effectively exploited the "thaw" that followed the death of Stalin and Khrushchev's famous anti-Stalin speech of 1956. He was first appointed in 1952, dismissed in 1954, reappointed in 1958, and forced to resign in 1970 after the dismissal by the Soviet authorities of four members of his editorial board who shared his liberal views. He used the pages of *Novy Mir* to publish works by Victor Nekrasov, Ehrenburg, Alexander Yashin and others which would certainly not have seen the light anywhere else in Russia, but his greatest triumph was to persuade Khrushchev in 1962 to permit the publication of Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, an event which announced to the world that the Soviet concentration camps had given birth to a great writer.

It is difficult to overestimate Tvardovsky's services to literature, or to the cause of freedom in Russia. On the occasion of his resignation from *Novy Mir*, the Russian writer Anatoli Kuznetsov, who defected to Britain in 1969, said: "He managed to keep open a little window. Now it will be closed . . ." Yet not entirely. The struggle which Tvardovsky waged against the Soviet authorities has been continued in a flood of underground literature which the censorship is unwilling or unable to suppress; and it would appear that even in the defences now erected around *Novy Mir* itself there are gaps through which unorthodoxy can make its way.

In the same issue of *The Times* announcing Tvardovsky's death, there appeared a dispatch from Moscow reporting the publication in *Novy Mir* of a poem, *The White Buoy*, by a little-known writer, Yevgeny Markin, in which a woman haunts a river bank by night to gaze across the water at the hut of her former husband, an ailing recluse whom she has abandoned for the fleshpots on its other shore. Malicious rumours circulate about him. "They say he is a good-for-nothing, they say he is one of them. . . . They say he has a pile of money stacked away." His identity is sufficiently indicated by his name, Isaich, a shortened form of Isayevich, the patronymic of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, while in the faithless wife we may see a symbol of those Russian writers and intellectuals who abandoned him for the rich rewards to be found "on the other shore."

The allegory of *The White Buoy* is sufficiently clear to have made the publication a cause for scandal, and it seems possible that Tvardovsky's successor as editor of *Novy Mir*, the *bien-pensant* V. A. Kosolapov, will himself be in his turn dismissed. The incident may have given Tvardovsky's ghost a certain grim satisfaction. But perhaps there is an even greater satisfaction in the hope that, whether by oversight or by intent, the little window which he opened has not been entirely closed. The wife in *The White Buoy* feels that she should drown herself from shame—but she has an innocent life kicking within her.

R

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Douglas Dunn:

The Garden

Neighbours hate it, and know us by it.
We do not mind at all. We rather like it,
For gardens need nothing specially
And tall weeds are better weeds,

And the dandelions, my toy streetlamps,
Are far too personally involved with me
To tolerate digging and other mischief.
Frog and shrew, and the cat's concubines

Are at home here. Short grass is their enemy.
So I'm sure they love me. They don't object
To my running the broken lawnmower
Over the daisies; they know I'm just clearing

A space for the deckchair. Dog's mercury
And bramble please them enough, and me too.
Green's green, here as on any pampered lawn
Where whispering sprinklers make plaster statues

Of mock Phidias weep, the ruins of classicism.
And here the wave shapes of the wild thorn
Are as angry as cultured brothers growing
In a ground nervous with learned tending.

Milieu for rare butterflies, as well as friends
Lunching in a miniature glade, something fresh
Might happen here, unworked and gladdening.
Shoots of young sycamore, dock and thistle,

These are part of this unflowering iconoclasm,
Green and recurrent, smelling of dust and rain.
Other gardens smell of perfumed arrangements
Like tarts' bedrooms, pilfered by bumblebees

And angry woollies, like these little girls
Searching for coquettish accessories
Or petals to mash in a jam-jar with soap
And vinegar, making, they say, cat's medicine.

Wallflower soup's an unwelcome new taste sensation,
And a cat with a rose in its ear looks very silly.
These furtive pets escape into our garden,
To happy sleep in convolvulus-shredded shades.

They must look up to us. At least, they ought to,
For we need allies crusading our grassy way
Through Ted Heath's Britain, and animal friendships
Might add beguiling eccentricity

To this oppositional horticulture
That upsets, our neighbours say, all their decent
Trimmings. "Why not *do* something?" But this,
Like the *hortus mentis*, is not so untended.

Here we are perfect. Metaphysical greenbirds
Perch over sunlit leaves; our feet converse
With the refreshing grass. And here I am
A very old man of twenty-eight, glad

Of this random perfection and you, so still
We are as islands on an island, time
Ebbing into green around us; and we know
Though this might look neglectful, it might grow.

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Wyndham Lewis

By Richard Mayne

ALDOUS HUXLEY, in his novel *Antic Hay*, introduces a fierce forty-year-old painter called Casimir Lypiatt, referred to several times as "poor old Lypiatt". He laughs, "a loud discordant peal" says Huxley. He waves his arms about. He harangues anyone who will listen:

> His own words elated him, and drunkenly gesticulating, he was as though drunken. The greatness of the masters—he felt it in him. He knew his own power, he knew, he knew. He could do all that they had done. Nothing was beyond his strength. . . .
>
> The man of genius, he liked to say, bears upon his brow a kind of mark of Cain, by which men recognize him at once—"and having recognized, generally stone him," he would add with that peculiar laugh he always uttered whenever he said anything rather bitter or cynical; a laugh that was meant to show that the bitterness, the cynicism, justifiable as events might have made them, were really only a mask, and that beneath it the artist was still serenely and tragically smiling. Lypiatt thought a great deal about the ideal artist. That titanic abstraction stalked within his own skin. He was it—a little too consciously, perhaps.

Almost all the characters in *Antic Hay* are based on real people. Lypiatt, almost certainly, was based on Percy Wyndham Lewis. The book was published in 1923, and written about a year earlier. At that time, Lewis, like Lypiatt, was forty—middle-aged, in the eyes of the 28-year-old Huxley. Like Lypiatt, Lewis was then still chiefly known as a painter. He had published one cosmopolitan novel, *Tarr*; the magazine *Blast*; and some stories, articles, and manifestos. He fitted the bill.

In some respects, the bill was exorbitant. "All success," said Samuel Butler, "is built from a scaffolding of conceit." And most writers, however self-critical, have to match themselves against the masters—even if they keep the fact to themselves. It was this, I suspect, that gave Aldous Huxley's rather slight books the thin sharp edge that some of them have. He knew very well the limits of his own talent, and the limitlessness of art. Wyndham Lewis was more ambitious: he risked a greater fall. He also announced his ambition, like a tightrope walker, a high-wire artist, flexing his muscles and thumping his chest:

> I'm not too careful with a drop of Scotch,
> I'm not particular about a blotch.
> I'm not alert to spy out a blackhead,
> I'm not the man that minds a dirty bed.
> I'm not the man to ban a friend because
> He breasts the brine in lousy bathing-drawers.
> I'm not the guy to balk at a low smell,
> I'm not the man to insist on asphodel.
> This sounds like a He-fellow don't you think?
> It sounds like that. I belch, I bawl, I drink.

That was from *One-Way Song*, the long doggerel verse that Wyndham Lewis published in 1933. As a catalogue of manly attributes, it seems to me rather . . . boyish. As someone else once said in a quite different context, "conscience makes cowboys of us all." And the bunkhouse or locker-room sensibility announced there seems to me unconvincing. In Philip Rahv's terminology, Lewis was surely a "paleface" rather than a "redskin." He certainly thought he was. All that bravado about smells reminds one of Swift's fastidiousness. Lewis, after all, was the writer of whom D. H. Lawrence said that his reaction to people was: "They stink! My God, they stink!" On this point, I would even agree with Edith Sitwell, who in her autobiography called Lewis "that involuntary recluse." He longed, she went on, "for his friends to love him, he longed to be understood." In this sense, his famous "brusqueness" was indeed a masquerade.

BUT WYNDHAM LEWIS'S SWAGGER was not purely social. As a writer, he aspired to giant stature. How far did he succeed? The literary witnesses contradict each other.

"Genius," proclaimed T. S. Eliot half a century ago. "A charlatan," writes Irving Howe in *Partisan Review*. "A highbrow know-nothing," adds Steven Marcus in *Commentary*.

"One of the few original minds of our time," says Walter Allen. "Stop," says William Barrett, "to examine the breezy flow of Lewis's prose on any point, and the vulgarity of the mind beneath it is startling."

"Some of the most vigorous satire, original

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description, and profound criticism produced by the twentieth century," wrote Cyril Connolly in *Enemies of Promise*. Not satire, but "burlesque", says Kenneth Burke. As a critic, according to F. R. Leavis, Wyndham Lewis was "as unqualified to discriminate between the profound insight and the superficial romantic illusion, as anyone who could have been hit upon."

"The most distinguished living English novelist," declared T. S. Eliot again, writing in 1955. "His novels," said Cyril Connolly, "begin with scenes worthy of a great master, and gradually lose themselves in unplanned verbosity."

"The greatest prose master of my generation"—T. S. Eliot yet again—"perhaps the only one to have invented a new style." "Lewis, on the contrary," wrote Ezra Pound, "is, in the actual writing, faulty." "His writing can be redundant and slovenly," says Cyril Connolly again.

"Lewis," said Ezra Pound, "is the rarest of phenomena, an Englishman who has achieved the triumph of being also a European. He is the only English writer who can be compared with Dostoevsky, and he is more rapid than Dostoevsky, his mind travels with greater celerity, with more unexpectedness, but he loses none of Dostoevsky's effect of mass and of weight." "Enough talent to set up dozens of ordinary writers," wrote George Orwell, "has been poured into Wyndham Lewis's so-called novels, such as *Tarr* and *Snooty Baronet*. Yet it would be very heavy labour to read one of these books right through. Some indefinable quality, a sort of literary vitamin, which exists even in a book like *If Winter Comes*, is absent from them."

SELF-PORTRAIT (1932)

In different—almost contradictory—words, Horace Gregory made almost the same point. Lewis, he said, was "the man of genius who possessed no talents." But it was Cyril Connolly, again, who produced the image that I myself prefer. Lewis, he wrote, was "like a maddened elephant which, careering through a village, sometimes leans against a house and carelessly demolishes the most compact masonry, trumpeting defiance to the inhabitants within, sometimes pursues a dog or a chicken or stops to uproot a shrub or bang a piece of corrugated iron."

THE CRITICS, in fact, not only contradict each other: they sometimes seem to contradict themselves. This is one of the difficulties in approaching Wyndham Lewis. Another is that of laying hands on his books—"collectors' items" in every sense.

For much of his life, he shifted uneasily from one publisher to another. Several of his works, like *Filibusters in Barbary*, were put out by publishers so obscure as to sound fictitious. A few have never been reprinted. If you ask for some of them in the British Museum Reading Room, you get a slip that reads "DESTROYED —BY ENEMY ACTION". Several, like *Tarr* or *Snooty Baronet*, treated sex without reverence. Several, like *The Apes of God*, were cruel, savage, or deliberately uningratiating; one in particular, his 1931 study of Adolf Hitler, was accused of being Fascist. Many he illustrated himself. Several caused scandal. One was withdrawn before publication. Most are eccentric, and many are rather unpopular. All, finally, are the object of a minority cult.

And this is a further obstacle. Some of Lewis's minor devotees are the worst enemies of his reputation. They, it seems to me, find in Lewis's energy a deeply satisfying adrenalin; but although they share his scorn, they lack his talent. They use his work as a gnarled old stick to beat their private hates, or fears. To criticism, they prefer adulation. They praise Lewis's insistence on *mind*, *intellect*, *intelligence*—each of which they emphasise with italics, as if that were enough to make us speak in whispers. But they don't convin-

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cingly expound either what they mean, or what he said. Escorted by such belligerent minnows, Wyndham Lewis looks much more sharklike than he was.

WHAT IN FACT did he look like? A photograph taken in the 1940s shows him with the French philosopher Jacques Maritain, standing in a bleak, leaf-strewn garden. He wears an ordinary soft felt hat, a double-breasted suit with rather baggy pants, and modest round spectacles. He might be on the point of doing a spot of gentle gardening, maybe sweeping up the leaves.

It's a very different picture from what one might imagine—and, indeed, from earlier photographs of Wynham Lewis. It belongs to the last of four main phases in his life. Each corresponds to a particular aspect of his achievement, although all are linked, and several overlap. Like many people, he was several people—a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality split both vertically and horizontally, to make four. He was a painter; a polemicist; a novelist; and a critic.

WYNDHAM LEWIS THE PAINTER is to my mind the most fundamental. He began early. At the age of eight, he says,

> I stitched together pieces of paper and wrote the first of many books. . . . They were no stupider than the Volsungensaga but in range even narrower, being confined altogether to war, instead of practically altogether to war.
>
> In these booklets my first art-work appeared: stiff and hieratic friezes of heavily accoutred manikins. These long chains of matchstick-men —Klee-men—each trailing a musket or grasping, in a hand like a bomb, a hatchet, went right across the double page. Half of the personae obviously are Redskins, with plumed war-bonnets, and an assortment of weapons appropriate to the Indian brave: the other half must be Palefaces. These lines of lifeless foemen converge, where they meet gesticulation is sometimes indicated. There is much action in the text, but practically none in its visual accompaniment.
>
> I was a denizen of the "Leatherstocking" world. I started life at eight as a war-chronicler therefore. It never ceases for me to be unpleasant that the tiny mind of a little animal like myself at eight and earlier should be filled by its elders with so much pasteboard violence, initiating it into this old game of murder. Born into a military aristocracy life begins full of excited little bangs and falsetto war-cries.

That passage from *Rude Assignment*, published in 1950, contains a number of planted clues—to Lewis's persona as an artist, to the characteristics of his painting, and to the influence of painting on his writing.

First, his persona. As he said, he loathed violence: but he was fascinated by it. Throughout his career, as in his home-made picture books, there was "much action in the text." He always claimed to be an impartial observer, but he obviously relished the bohemian role of "The Enemy". For a spokesman of French Classicism, this was a very Romantic pose.

Superficially, it looks typical of his time. Born in 1882, and educated in England at Rugby School and then at the Slade School of Fine Art, he went to study in Munich and Paris in 1901, at the age of nineteen, and stayed on the continent for about six years. Paris, then, was still the Paris of George du Maurier's *Trilby*, if no longer of Henri Murger's *Scenes from Bohemian Life*; and aspiring artists took care to dress the part—even when they got back to England. Ford Madox Ford described Ezra Pound's flamboyant appearance in the days before World War I.

> [He] would approach with the step of a dancer, making passes with a cane at an imaginary opponent. He would wear trousers made of green billiard cloth, a pink coat, an immense sombrero, a flaming beard cut to a point, and a single large blue ear-ring.

Wyndham Lewis, too,

> was extraordinary in appearance. . . . He wore an immense steeple-crowned hat. Long black locks fell from it. His coat was one of those Russian-looking coats that have no revers. He had also an ample black cape.

"Both of them," wrote Ford's assistant Douglas Goldring,

> in clothes, hairdressing and manner, made no secret of their calling. Pound contrived to look "every inch a poet", while I have never seen anyone so obviously a "genius" as Wyndham Lewis.

A surviving photograph from 1912 bears out the "bohemian" image. Wearing a sullen moustache, and a black coat and white stock with a stickpin, Lewis broods darkly at the camera under heavy brows and thick, lank, black hair. In long-nailed, nicotined fingers he holds a smouldering cigarette, probably French or Russian.

Today, this would pass unnoticed. In our profoundly Romantic age, all sorts of people dress up—and live—like Du Maurier "artists": that sullen, drugged stare has become a new norm. At the beginning of the century, it was rarer, if not more original. To be a rebel then was necessary rather than modish.

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Nor was it confined to the persona. Although he spent more than two years at the Slade School, Lewis soon grew impatient with what he later called its "academic, inexact impressionism." In *Tarr*, his first novel, published in 1918 but begun before World War I, the hero of that name rants against "the poor froth blown off the decadent Nineties, the wardrobe-leavings of a vulgar bohemianism with its headquarters in the suburbs of Carlyle and Whistler." This from a "bohemian"—non-vulgar, of course. But he was right in so far as Whistler, the Pre-Raphaelites, and Impressionism then still overshadowed much English painting. The first "post-Impressionist" exhibition in London was not until 1910—nine years after Lewis had left the Slade, where the best painter among the teachers had been Wilson Steer.

It was in reaction to this, during his years abroad, that Lewis formed his own style. Hard-edged and aggressively "modern", it owed something to Cubism, and something to the Germans. But it also harked back to his own childhood drawings. "Stiff and hieratic friezes of heavily accoutred manikins" is a fair description of World War I paintings like "Walking Wounded" or "A Battery Shelled"—graphic and muscular, but with the angular jaggedness of metal men or layers of chipped slate. Poised, vigorous, and spiky, with sharp cruel curves and contrasts, his manner was as telling as a poster, intricate rather than complex, more immediate than profound. It rejected softness, vagueness, languor. It spoke for the machine, the robot, the harsh and brittle excitements of the early twentieth century.

Later, Lewis's paintings and drawings became more "human." In canvases like "Surrender of Barcelona" in 1936, he reintroduced his robots as soldiers in Spanish armour —which they had always resembled. But in the best of his portraits from the 1920s and '30s—of Rebecca West, T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell, and his own wife—he managed to reconcile his own hard "brilliance" with a real intuitive warmth. His drawing of Rebecca West, in particular, is masterly—a proud, intelligent, self-doubting, wind-swept face, with pursed lips twisted *à la* Picasso, and clear dark eyes slightly frowning, fixed on some dilemma just out of reach. For me, portraits like this are Lewis's main achievements as a visual artist. But the swing-door of fashion spins so quickly that tomorrow even his De Chirico-like abstracts may be resurrected. As a non-expert, I see him as a highly talented painter not of the first rank. He expressed his time, often with great force; but he founded no school, and unlike the greatest painters he left the external world looking unchanged.

REBECCA WEST (1932)

YET WYNDHAM LEWIS'S painting did influence his writing, and in two ways. The first, and the less important, was fully conscious. "In my purely literary voyages," he declared, "my Eye is always my compass." It was also, he believed, the key instrument of satire. By describing in minute detail the external appearance and behaviour of men and women, he would reveal them as automata. As in the recent film *The Body*, a close-up view would turn human beings into objects, or even landscapes out of Brobdingnag. This was the theory underlying his mammoth satirical novel *The Apes of God;* and at first sight it seems plausible. The book begins with a fantastically magnified picture of what Lewis calls "The Toilette of a Veteran Gossip-star":

> Fredigonde squatted plumb, approximately at the centre of a great room, her formidable image framed by a cheval-glass. The room accommodated a state-bed where it grew dark almost a decametre from the windows. A sleeveless garment hung to the floor contained by a silver morse, from which each stiffened neaf projected, occasionally touched by spasms as

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her temper rose. Her buccinator muscle let down a pasty shield upon either side of her face. Like two dour blinkers that had slipped, these cheeks flapped sometimes as she spoke, and her eyes flashed in the white helm of her head.

But look more closely. Lewis's eye, here, is not only precise, but actively malignant; and he has to enhance the cruelly comic effect with weirdly erudite words. "Decametre" is not too difficult, and it's possible to guess that the buccinator is the flat thin muscle that forms the wall of the cheek. But without a dictionary who knows that a "morse" is a clasp—or a walrus?—and "neaf" an obsolete word for "fist"? And elsewhere in *The Apes of God*, as even Lewis's admirer Hugh Kenner has pointed out, the famous "painter's eye" is much less important than the author's keen ear for absurd, fashionable chatter.

But, in a second way, the painter's eye had a more profound effect on Wyndham Lewis's writing. Most of his life he saw visions, and he tried to fix them. Some of his paintings—"Inferno", "Departure of a Princess from Chaos", "Landscape with Norsemen"—look like attempts to externalise, even exorcise, bad dreams. Some, like "Nude Panel 1942", recall the drawings of William Blake; but for the most part Lewis's technique seems too metallic to express the shifting masses of a true nightmare.

Words are more ambiguous; and when Lewis came to write *The Childermass*, published in 1928, and its 1955 sequels, *Monstre Gai* and *Malign Fiesta*, he was able to make his huge Dantesque vision of Limbo powerfully convincing. Painterly discipline gave it precision: but the imperfections of words left handholds for the imagination. How would an astronaut react to this?

The coming of the night would do very little good, it became obvious, because of the light of the stars. As night fell they became conscious of the dark pit of the light-years exposed in front of them. They were awed and frightened as they shivered upon the giant stairs, rising to the Gates of the Magnetic City. The stars were larger and colder than on earth, the sky was a chillier and emptier depth. Pullman was terrified by these enormous glaring worlds and constellations, three times the size they were in the earthly night. In another respect they differed markedly. Instead of an attractive glitter, or, if they were small, a pretty twinkle, here they had this deadly glare.

The vision was never completed: Lewis died while working on its fourth and final volume, to have been called *The Trial of Man*. But it owes what power it possesses to the cold lunar landscapes in Wyndham Lewis's mind.

AND, IT COULD ALMOST be added, this same work owes its weakness to Lewis's second persona, the polemicist. Already when Dante imports Florentine political squabbles into Hell or Purgatory, a modern reader feels disconcerted. When Lewis does the equivalent, sending the preposterous "Pulley and Satters" (Pullman and Satterthwaite) on so cosmic an adventure, the sense of strain is even greater. Why bother to pillory two such obvious nonentities? Why, for that matter, write a book of more than 600 closely-printed pages—*The Apes of God*—merely to expose the follies and vanities of literary London? Why use a pile-driver to squash a mosquito?

The query isn't new. When *The Apes of God* was first published, some of its victims threatened libel actions: but others dismissed it as "a saga of going out to tea." Perhaps they forgot that the original targets of *Don Quixote* and *The Dunciad* were equally ephemeral. And they may also have forgotten the rather smug and stuffy world into which Lewis first erupted.

Several recent studies have dispelled the illusion that the years before World War I in England formed a last, golden Edwardian summer before the deluge of the trenches. Industrial unrest, crime, scandals, the struggle for women's suffrage, the loss of the Titanic, the arrival of ragtime and the Russian Ballet—all these were signs of change and trouble, much of it welcome. But there was nevertheless a sense of tameness and constraint, of over-richness and a kind of cushioning, that comes through the writing of that time. James Barrie's play *Peter Pan*, about the little boy who refused to grow up, is the most extreme example; but something of the same feeling emerges in Arnold Bennett, despite his realism, and in John Galsworthy, despite his social conscience. A world of port wine and waistcoats, of voluminous dresses and ample bathing costumes, it was secure enough to breed rebels, and self-satisfied enough to need them.

Peter Pan—the play, not the infant—was five years old when Wyndham Lewis published his first stories, in 1909. When the first issue of his magazine *Blast* appeared, in 1914, its title was still a swearword. It was only two years since Bernard Shaw had electrified middle-class theatregoers by having Eliza Doolittle, in *Pygmalion*, exclaim in her newly refined accent: "Walk? Not bloody likely!" The aim of *Blast No. 1*, according to Harriet

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Monroe, was "to blow away, in thick black capitals half an inch high, the Victorian Vampire". In place of sentimentality, it proposed energy——the energy of the "Vortex", as Ezra Pound labelled its shock-troops: himself, Lewis, Jacob Epstein, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, and others. The energy was not physical, but intellectual. "The Vorticist," wrote Lewis, "is at his maximum point of energy when stillest." But he used screaming typography, conveying an impression of furious impatience.

Later, writing in 1937, Lewis rightly predicted that people would look back in wonder on Pound, Joyce, Eliot, and himself—Ford Madox Ford's "proud and haughty generation" of 1914:

> We are not only "the last men of an epoch" (as Mr Edmund Wilson and others have said): we are more than that, or we are that in a different way to what is most often asserted. *We are the first men of a Future that has not materialised.*

Perhaps the dawn was too blood-red to be promising. At all events, The War (as a shocked world called it) destroyed the security that had both nourished and provoked the rebels. In *Blasting and Bombardiering*, the early autobiography quoted just now, Lewis described his war experiences with the grim gusto he usually used on unnerving subjects. Two of his close friends were killed, and his mother died in the post-war pneumonia epidemic. After some more manifestos, he decided to "go underground", as he put it, to make a fresh start in painting, writing, and thinking.

T. S. Eliot (*c.* 1920)

By this time, his appearance had changed. A war-time photograph, taken in 1916, shows him looking spruce and military, with a clipped David Niven moustache and expressionless eyes. By the late twenties, the moustache had gone. He now wore spectacles and a broad-brimmed black hat. He had a collar and tie, and carried a pipe—the very image of a middle-class British businessman. Perhaps it was a new disguise: only the hat looked suspicious.

And well it might, because Lewis had lost none of his pugnacity. In quick succession, in 1926 and 1927, he produced his three best polemical works—*The Art of Being Ruled*, *The Lion and the Fox*, and *Time and Western Man*. All were huge, erudite, and unsystematic; but all three were full of zest and insight. Unfortunately, the insight is often overlaid by the zest.

The Art of Being Ruled is a case in point. What could be more novel than an anti-Machiavelli—advice for the governed rather than the prince? In one chapter, Lewis begins to meet the promise of the title:

> Here, then, we can formulate a valuable rule for the conduct of the ruled, as follows: *The ruler should be made to pay for ruling in every possible way. He should be prevented at all cost from sharing in the pastimes or simple advantages of his inferiors. . . .*
>
> This system of reprisal for the odious fact of rule—or, if you like, it can be regarded as a discipline to keep the ruler up to the mark (just as wealthy people are so often heard observing, in generalizing about artists and men of science, that they should be *kept poor*, as this forces them to work) —should be extended to every form of superiority or excellence, political, social, or intellectual. No form of person extensively imposing his will, for their good, on others, should escape. But, of course, of all things this least of all requires formulation. For people do not require any lessons in this aspect of the art of being ruled.

And that is about all the lesson they get. For the rest, the book ranges crabwise over a whole area of fascinating subjects, some of it inspired by Sorel, some by Proudhon, some by Marx, some by Fourier. It reads like the commonplace book of a voracious student, or the conversation of an angry sage. But what

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is it fundamentally saying? One answer is in the passage just quoted: the ruled should snub the ruler. But when Lewis speaks of "the odious fact of rule", the phrase is heavy with irony: rule may be a harsh necessity for the subject, and a lonely and painful duty for the prince; but wouldn't Lewis rather be a prince —or at least a lonely intellectual, all noble austerity and superhuman difficulty? And doesn't his message here amount to an élitist conspiracy with the reader, whom he flatters, on an earlier page, by stressing the difficulty of the book? "You and I can understand," he seems to be saying: "The herd cannot." Perhaps this explains his popularity with some of his lesser admirers.

THIS STREAK IN Lewis's thinking led him into some suspect associations. One chapter of *The Art of Being Ruled* is entitled "Fascism as an Alternative". Lewis ridiculed Mussolini as "the italian potentate in the political Dime Novel of Modern Rome"; but Hitler, he thought, was different. In 1931, the future Führer was still treated by the British press as an obscure clown. Lewis was intrigued, and set out to investigate, writing a series of articles in *Time and Tide* which he then collected into a book. He said he was an "exponent", not an "advocate"; but he had clearly swallowed some propaganda. The Nazis, he said, were not allowed to carry firearms, and had no knuckledusters. The Jewish question was a "racial red-herring". Even five years later, in an anti-Left-wing pamphlet published in 1936, he described Hitler as "the great patriot who is now 'Dictator' of the German Democracy."

There may have been some irony in that last quotation. "Democracy", for Wyndham Lewis, was not automatically a word of approval, nor "dictatorship" automatically condemned. Perhaps, too, he enjoyed flouting respectable opinion. But his words were foolish and dangerous: it was the wrong time to flirt with élitist politics. Soon afterwards, Lewis revised his opinions. In 1939, still tirelessly energetic, he published *The Jews, Are They Human?*—a sharp attack on anti-Semitism, borrowing its title from G. J. Renier's laudatory study, *The English, Are They Human?* And in the same year he issued *The Hitler Cult*, denouncing Hitler as a nihilistic, vulgar, warlike, and Romantic mountebank. From then on, he repeatedly made clear his anti-Nazi, internationalist position, stated most forcefully in his small 1948 volume, *America and Cosmic Man*.

As a polemicist, in other words, Lewis came some nasty croppers. This didn't prevent him from making, in these and other books, some valid and salutary points; he was often a witty devil's advocate. But he was more consistent in his third role, that of the novelist.

LEAVING OUT the Dantesque fantasies of *The Childermass, Monstre Gai*, and *Malign Fiesta*, Wyndham Lewis wrote eight novels and a large number of short stories. One novel, *The Roaring Queen*, was suppressed; his last, *The Red Priest*, published in 1956, was a pathetic failure. *Snooty Baronet* (1932) and *The Vulgar Streak* (1942) are essentially lightweight; *The Revenge for Love* (1937) reads like an essay on a theme by Graham Greene. This leaves three major works—*Tarr, The Apes of God*, and *Self-Condemned*. Each represents a different phase of Lewis's development, from the youthful bohemian to the venomous satirist, and from the satirist to a man come to terms with himself.

Tarr is the most conventional. It takes Du Maurier's Paris, and fills it with Wyndham Lewis characters. Frederick Tarr is the closest to the author—a savage, scornful artist with a big, soft, sentimental German mistress. But the strongest figure in the book is Otto Kreisler, as possessed as any character in a novel by Dostoevsky. A nihilist, committed to his tragic destiny, but marching to his fate with a set face and Prussian step, Kreisler finely embodies what Lewis sensed as the worst in his German friends. He wrote most of the book before World War I; but his sensibility detected the roots of Nazism long before his mind began to flirt with it. All his best judgments were aesthetically based.

The Apes of God I have quoted already. Here, Lewis stretched to its uttermost the "new prose style" that Eliot admired. Sometimes, the result is tedium: everything moves so slowly. Even a man kicked across the room takes several paragraphs to land. Whether Lewis learned this technique from the silent films of Eisenstein is a moot question: but the stretching of the action in this way is certainly a feature of the famous "Odessa Steps" sequence in *The Battleship Potemkin*. The difference is that *The Apes of God* remains playful, even at its most wounding. Some find the scorn "monotonous", as in Raymond Queneau's novels; but the comparison in itself shows how much greater a master Lewis is. His virtuosity is continuous: every sentence is a feat of words.

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No such claim could be made for *Self-Condemned*, which Lewis published in 1954, and based on his experience in Canada during World War II. Stylistic virtuosity has no place here: the book is a slow and painful peeling bare of its hero's weakness. Almost a great man, flawed by egotism, he comes at last to recognise the depth of his wife's love, and of his own need for it. But it's too late: she has killed herself. The central symbol in the book is the fire that consumes their Canadian hotel, burned out like the hero in the midst of freezing cold. *Self-Condemned* is not an attractive book. It lacks sparkle. But for all its slow austerity, it reveals more mature courage than anything else that Wyndham Lewis ever wrote—with one exception.

EZRA POUND (1919)

THAT ONE EXCEPTION belongs to his fourth and final role—the critic. From his earliest days, and later partly to make money, Lewis wrote critical articles and reviews. Not all of them are worth re-reading. But three books, and a number of late articles, seem to me to stand up still.

The first book is *The Lion and the Fox*, from 1927. Subtitled "The Role of the Hero in the Plays of Shakespeare", it turns in fact into a long meditation on the nature of heroism and of creation, debating whether or not the artist should be "committed" or *"engagé"* in a political cause. "Artistic creation," Lewis concludes, "is always a shut-off—and that is to say a *personal*—creation." This sounds like aestheticism, art for art's sake: but all it means is that artists should do their job rather than becoming bad politicians—not that they should reject political concerns or causes. Wyndham Lewis would have done well to heed his own advice.

Far more fun, and more original, is his second book of criticism, *Men Without Art*. Published in 1934, it takes its title from Ernest Hemingway's *Men Without Women*, implying that celibacy is better than sentimentality. In it, Lewis develops unfair but very funny and penetrating attacks on Hemingway and Faulkner. I like particularly his counting the number of times that Faulkner overworks those favourite words "sourceless" and "myriad." *The New Yorker* itself could do no better. The rest of the book is a discursive survey of various writers, including Eliot, Flaubert, Henry James, Proust, Virginia Woolf, and Wyndham Lewis, who wins by a technical knock-out. It concludes with the famous "Taxi-cab-driver's Test for 'Fiction' ": *i.e.* ask your cabby to open a book at any page, then judge it yourself on that page alone. As "Practical Criticism", this had already begun a long career.

Lewis's last critical book was more solid, but no more systematic. Entitled *The Writer and the Absolute*—another of Lewis's arresting slogans—it was published in 1952. Formally, it examines Sartre, Malraux, Camus, and George Orwell. About all of them it is illuminating, rather like lightning in a thunderstorm. Lewis's old enthusiasms crackle in the storm-clouds. He says wise, sobering things about violence, intellectual freedom, and the state. It's a far cry from the dark-eyed defiance of his manifesto days; but the book is still well worth conversing with.

Lewis's last criticism has only now been republished: it was written for the British Broadcasting Corporation's weekly *The Listener* between 1947 and 1951.[1] In it, he expounded very sympathetically the merits of postwar British realist, or semi-realist, painters, the most notable of whom was Francis Bacon. My reaction to these pieces is that they were undogmatic, perceptive, and kind—sometimes too much so. But my reason for mentioning them is to quote their sequel. On May 10, 1951, Lewis wrote a final article announcing

[1] *Wyndham Lewis on Art.* Edited by WALTER MICHEL and C. J. FOX. Thames and Hudson, £3.15.

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that he could no longer continue. He was going totally blind. It was a doubly cruel fate for the man who had proclaimed, in *Men Without Art:*

> Dogmatically, then, I am for the Great Without, for the method of *external* approach—for the wisdom of the eye, rather than that of the ear.

His *Listener* article concluded:

> Pushed into an unlighted room, the door banged and locked for ever, I shall then have to light a lamp of aggressive voltage in my mind to keep at bay the night.

After that, he went on to publish six further books.

LOOKING BACK AT THAT extraordinary career, it's tempting to seek explanations. Why was Wyndham Lewis so furiously energetic? Why did he grow so hard a carapace? Why did he scorn so many people? What made him so solitary, proud, and insecure?

Always suspicious of parlour psychology, he would have hated the suggestions I am going to make. But let me brave his posthumous anger.

Wyndham Lewis was born on board ship in the Bay of Fundy. His father was an American—Captain Charles Lewis of Ealing, and sometime of West Point: Lewis junior had spent his childhood in upstate New York. Lewis senior was an eccentric figure. He published a great number of books and papers at his own expense. "His style," says Wyndham Lewis, "appears to have fluctuated between Henry James at his most prolix and clause-encumbered and the buoyant familiarity of Mark Twain."

This sounds not unlike his son. But the suggestion I want to make has nothing to do with genetic influence on style. More crucial, I suspect, is the fact that his father left his mother when Wyndham Lewis was still a child. Brought up by his mother, sent to an English private boarding school, a young man of Lewis's generation would probably have been shy or suspicious of women of his own age, and especially of emotional involvement with them. He might well have developed homosexual feelings. This hypothesis fits the cold amorism expressed by Tarr, as well as Lewis's lifelong suspicion of feminine sentimentality. The primitive, the instinctive, the inchoate had to be fought in the name of intellect and authority: childishness, effeminacy, and homosexuality were also to be "blasted". To this extent, I suggest, Lewis was afraid of what might be inside him. Hence his insistence on the external, the armadillo shell in which he encased the figures in his paintings, the mystery in which he encased himself.

Nor is this all. The history of masculine achievement is thick with cases of sons who try to impress austere, unsympathetic, or absent fathers. Sir Francis Chichester's astonishing exploits have been attributed to this cause. Can the same be said of Lewis's? Was the furious energy a repeated spell to summon a missing parent, and impress with his manhood the one who remained? Was his assumption of the "standpoint of genius", to quote a hostile critic, a desperate bid by a flattered, lonely boy?

I put these points as questions—not because I want to have it both ways, but because there can be no proof either way. But what is certain is that the achievements often surpass the motives. Sir Francis Chichester, for whatever private reasons, has in fact broken flying and sailing records. And Wyndham Lewis, whatever his family history, has left behind him some remarkable work.

WHAT, FINALLY, is most relevant in it to our very different generation? Let me suggest two answers. One is aesthetic, the other personal. One is in terms of lasting artistic achievement, the other a matter of our current and urgent needs.

First, I myself believe that much of Wyndham Lewis's painting is still relevant—more so, perhaps, than it seemed in the heyday of abstract art. In a late pamphlet entitled *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, he attacked the dealers' frenzied quest for novelty, the Moloch appetite of the fashionable public, which made painting for a living a form of Russian roulette. Perhaps, as I've suggested, his time may come back again. As it is, some portraits survive.

Then, of his books, I would again commend *Tarr, The Apes of God*, and *Self-Condemned*, together with the Childermass trilogy, his autobiographies, and *Men without Art*. Perhaps the rest are for specialists. But out of all of them project searchlights of sense—amid some nonsense—that illuminate places that today badly need light.

Item: the cult of youthfulness—the illusion that youth is more than an ephemeral privilege, in Jean Cocteau's phrase—the pathetic attempts of adults to ape youthfulness—the cynical and ruthless exploitation of the really young. All these things Lewis saw, long before

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World War II, and denounced in a scathing tirade, now suppressed, *The Doom of Youth.*

Item: the organised assault on sanity and clear-headedness—by propaganda, advertising, alcohol, and other drugs, to say nothing of collective frenzies. This Lewis foresaw, in different forms, and fought against. What does it matter if he was doing it for his father?

Item: conformism—whatever costume it wears, from Brooks Brothers shirts to caftans, from conservative Right to new, radical Left. Lewis made plenty of mistakes: but he was free enough to be able to make them. Would you exchange that chance for the infallibility of your peer-group? It's just when somebody flirts with Fascism or Stalinism that he shows whether he's free or not, and we show whether we're willing to tolerate freedom for those who disagree with us.

Final item: violence. There was enough violence coiled inside Lewis to destroy a medium-sized city. There was "much action in the text". But the energy he prized was intellectual energy—however much you may feel he squandered it; and he put all his aggression into words, not destructive acts. Here again, it's easy to understand desperation, resentment, and fury. But the final strength of Wyndham Lewis was to tame his own destructiveness, to make his own *autocritique*, and to bend his soul at last into modesty and harmony with itself. There are none so blind as those that won't see, but none so far-sighted as some of the blind.

Opus 1

"Oh, go on, let me see it." I surrender
A dark blue exercise book, ruled feint,
A little cracked down the spine. Half tender,

Half teasing, you enunciate my quaint
Once so serious phrases. Not what you'd choose!
Can it be, then, my generation went

A last ramble through Palgrave? All those O's
Apostrophising buds and birds and streams,
How they litter the pages—now, I suppose,

Impossibly archaic. Your voice seems
Faintly astonished that this style was me.
The room grows dark. An early headlamp gleams

On metal fittings, knobs, the still-blank eye
That entertains our evenings. Soon
Switches will swamp us. Child, how can you see?

"What's this?" Gently you laugh. You read: *O Moon.*

J. C. Hall

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Germany

A Youthful Legend

By Erwin K. Scheuch

THERE IS A CURRENT MYTH from which we can and should learn. It is that youth is "profoundly different" from what it ever was in the past, that it has been "politicised", and that it will push contemporary politics towards the "extreme left."

It is not a new myth. Like many others, it lives on because of our German forgetfulness or historical amnesia. Before the *Bundestag* elections in 1965 Dr Bruno Gleitze, of the Social Democrats, forecast that they could count on a secure majority because of the pronounced tendency of voters under thirty to vote for them, while it was rare for those over sixty to do so. Thus the Christian Democratic vote would progressively decline as its supporters died out, while the Social Democrats would progressively gain strength with the advent of new generations. Recently the Anglo-German journalist Sebastian Haffner, who in recent years has found himself very much on the Left, made the same calculation. "Every year a generation of Christian Democrats dies out," he wrote, optimistically. "Every year a new generation of young left-wing voters steps into their place. . . . "

According to these calculations, the Christian Democratic Party should be fading away. During the past two years, however, it has been gaining votes; in some cases, in fact, its gains have been quite substantial. It is often forgotten—not surprisingly, perhaps, since they were held as much as two years ago—that in the 1969 *Bundestag* elections the Christian Democrats gained a notable number of votes and barely missed securing an absolute majority. Thus the view that the Social Democrats are inevitably growing at the expense of the Christian Democrats seems open to question.

The myth of "Left Youth" is very tenacious. German magazines print revolutionary statements by young activists, newspapers report palace revolutions in the youth organisations of the political parties, and the dramatic clashes between police and demonstrators seen on television remain unforgotten (especially the high point reached in the riots in Paris in 1968)—all this seems striking evidence of the political commitment of the young. But it is worth while testing this assumption against reality.

It is now known that of some 60,000 Paris students there were perhaps 2,000 who really wanted a revolt. Some of them were arrested, whereupon thousands of uninvolved students were roused by the slogan of "Set our comrades free!" But is that a very *political* slogan?

Politik is a word that stands in Germany today for two very different things. In the illustrated newspapers and on television it means people spontaneously taking sides in mass situations or being put in a state of mild ecstasy for an idea or on a single controversial issue. This has hardly anything to do with involvement in practical politics directed to the improvement of the life of the community and its institutions. While photogenic crowds and wildly picturesque figures in the news media suggested a total politicisation of youth, the actual involvement of young people in practical politics declined. The student vote at elections of their university representatives often fails nowadays to reach 30 per cent.

Never before in any industrial country, either in East or West, have students had such a say in matters affecting them as they now have in the Federal Republic. But it is reported from all the German universities that it is often difficult to find candidates for election to the many offices open to them. Involvement in practical politics in fact appears to be *smaller* than ever before. Student parliaments are often short of a quorum. And why should it be any different? These forms of participation in decision-making call for the presence of a professional political official. But the radicals are better equipped than anyone for the role of political functioning.

The idea of an extreme left-wing youth is an optical illusion. Let me quote Sebastian Haffner again:

> For this generation is different from its father's and grandfather's. Its basic outlook is Left—and much further Left than what was considered Left in the old days.

He calls on the Social Democratic Party to be like its own Young Socialists, who are the

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tamest of the tame among the young German militants of the present day. If the Social Democrats fail to see that, he says, they are deaf to the spirit of the age. But Herr Haffner, who rejoices at the dying out of aged voters on the ground that they are Christian Democrats, subscribes to a wide-spread error in calling the *Zeitgeist* extreme Left. The extremism is his very own, and he and a few other like-minded ideologues in a few weeklies do their utmost to persuade young people that it is a good and virtuous thing to be what the mass media say they ought to be.

IT IS NOT ONLY the mass media that first create this optical illusion and then allow themselves to be guided by it. The political parties are just as convinced that present-day youth is "different." After elections nowadays political parties make systematic sociological enquiries into the make-up of their vote. A party is naturally pleased at every vote it gets, but it takes particular pleasure in believing that it has more young voters than any other. No party takes pride nowadays in the votes of the elderly, but a party with a great many young supporters proclaims that fact as evidence of its special civic quality. Implicit in this is a perhaps not even conscious derogation of everyone of more mature years, and this has very practical political consequences.

In concentrating attention on the young we overlook a development that—at least as taxpayers—we certainly should not overlook. The proportion of the elderly and the aged in the population is continually increasing, while that of the young is declining. Political policies and campaigns directed exclusively at the young overlook an age-group whose numbers are steadily increasing—that of the over-sixties. Throughout Europe our society is growing older and older, and perhaps that is why it is so enthusiastic about youth—just as the mystique about the peasant's way of life began to grow just when the proportion of peasants in the population began to decline.

The belief that the young and the lowering of the voting age are going to revolutionise politics contains another fallacy. Let me refer to Haffner for the last time: "Every year a generation of Christian Democratic voters dies out. . . . " This conceals the naïve idea that an old man's vote is worth little, because he will soon be dead, while a youthful vote is a gain that will last for fifty or sixty years. It assumes that people vote for the same party throughout their lives. But the changes in political attitude that can take place in the course of a life-time are shown by no one more graphically than Sebastian Haffner, once the special writer for *The Observer* in London and now columnist for the *Stern* in Hamburg. More than that, what became of the generations who were in the Hitler Youth and the *S.A.*? Now they vote for Germany's democratic parties, and not for any one of them in particular.

It is also a mistake to suppose that the young Germans vote only for the Left. Their primary characteristic is not that they are Left or Right, but that they are young. It is chiefly adults, with their mass media and other ways of exercising influence and shaping public opinion, who decide whether the young become political. At present journalists and politicians are trying to tell the young that they should "take as much interest in politics as possible." That such a recommendation, if it is successful, amounts essentially to a commitment to the vaguest of general ideas is hardly surprising. At that time of life, with only teen-age experience and adolescent interests, what else can politics be expected to be? Young people have to be talked into being political, and the task is undertaken with particular pleasure only by those who would like to win them over to be the foot-soldiers in the army of those who hold their own impassioned views.

"Youth" does not exist in any general sense. The differences between adults, which follow from their education and occupation and social position, are reflected in the young. Nor is it true that "a whole generation is in revolt against its parents." Young people's models are often the same as those of their parents, and most of them—certainly in West Germany, and I suspect elsewhere too—are quite satisfied with their parents—at any rate not more dissatisfied than the generation now between thirty and forty-five were with theirs. Ideologues on the German New Left have tried to persuade us that "children are oppressed and exploited." Most Germans, both old and young, feel that the truth is rather the reverse.

There are many nowadays who live, and not badly, by preaching that society is sick. If adults take this to be the case, then they act as if the alleged sickness were social reality. Why should it be surprising that young people continue to behave (unfashionable word!) "normally", and not as the alienated prophets of the sick society would like them to behave? The diagnosis is false, and the Utopian optimism of the political pessimists misplaced. What is surprising is only the extent

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to which the German intellectual élite (and not only the German) has allowed itself to confound the fashion of "radical chic" with serious ideas and social forces. In Karl Kraus' great phrase, it is itself the disease for which it pretends to be the cure.

Can We Survive Our Future?

A Conversation with Dennis Gabor

WHAT many people see as a threat to humanity is expressed by two terms which are gaining currency today—the biosphere and the technosphere. The biosphere—*the Earth's crust, its surface and its atmosphere, in other words the environment for the maintenance of life on this planet; and the* technosphere—*the super-structure that man has created by his ingenuity, and which through the advance of technology has become something resembling a parasitic growth on the biosphere. In other words, the technosphere is consuming its parent body, the biosphere.*

In your book "Inventing the Future" at one point you use the phrase: "History must stop", by which you suggest that some brake must be put on technological development if we are to survive and the biosphere is to remain intact for the foreseeable future. Is this a proper interpretation of your views?

GABOR: Well, you have put this question very provocatively. There is no harm in that, but I must say it is greatly exaggerated. The technosphere is not a super-structure: it is itself the basic structure—the substructure. Marx is not so entirely wrong when he thinks that the whole of society is built on the economic substructure and that the ideologies constructed on top of it are a super-structure.

However, you are right in so far as the enormous development of technology is on an entirely new scale. History as we have known it was the history of relative scarcity; our forbears could get richer only by taking something away from somebody else. Now we have reached a point where to go on playing the old power game is sheer madness which cannot be allowed to continue. The problem lies not in technology but in the fact that man is not prepared for it. Technology gives us the means for everybody to get rich and happy; the trouble is that man is not cut out to be happy.

—But Man has always been aware that he must in some degree control his own activities. This is the starting point of all politics; indeed, some would say that it is the starting point of art and culture—an urge to impose order on a disorderly or apparently disorderly universe. There are now people who think that if the technological explosion is not to smother us, a much more severe set of controls must be placed on man's activities, above all on man as homo faber*—man the tool-maker, man the technician. This might be summed up under two headings: firstly, control of science and technology, and secondly, much more far-reaching controls on man himself, not only as a social creature but also as an individual. There would then inevitably be further controls and further restrictions of our individual liberties, because one control tends to engender another. All such predictions, it is felt, pose a very great threat to democratic values. In other words, the far-reaching nature of the controls that may hold back science and technology and stop man himself from destroying his environment would be such as to produce a totalitarian political structure. Does this alarm you?*

GABOR: There is no doubt about it, the development of technology and of science could lead to a new tyranny if it got into the hands of the wrong people.

What science can do is to solve the extremely

DENNIS GABOR *was recently awarded the Nobel Prize in physics. Born in Hungary and now a British subject, he is a Fellow of the Royal Society and Professor of Electron Physics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology in London. He is most famous in the scientific world as the inventor of a method, known as holography, of three-dimensional photography using lasers. Professor Gabor also has a wide following among non-scientific readers, thanks to such stimulating books as "Inventing the Future" (1963) based on an article of the same title which he published in* ENCOUNTER *(May 1960), and "Innovations" (1970). This interview was conducted by* MICHAEL GLENNY.

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difficult problem of creating the right conditions for the development of culture; this should enable us to keep the maximum possible individual freedom. Though a very difficult proposition, I see this as something technology can do. I said the *maximum* possible freedom, but how are we to determine the maximum possible freedom? By its very definition, freedom means proceeding by trial and error. Up to now it has not been possible to experiment with the social system because it was too precarious to be used as a laboratory. But now science has given us the computer and methods of computer simulation which enable us to play out the game of the future in millions of variations. With these aids we may be able to determine what is dangerous to man and his freedom and what is not.

—But at present those in power right across the globe can see little further than the immediate short-term goal of economic growth, with its concomitant of increased material well-being. They appear to have very little notion of the pollution, diseconomies and disadvantages which this is going to entail. Certain developing countries are doing their best to move as fast as they can along the same road that the advanced countries of the West have taken, without regard for the errors and dangers which this course brings with it. Do you see any feasible political alternative to a policy of all-out economic growth?

GABOR: Here I must use two rather delicate words—"rational" and "irrational." I hope you understand why I regard them as delicate—no one likes to be called irrational. Well, to desire economic growth in an African country or in India is perfectly rational because there is no real alternative: people must be lifted above starvation level, and they must be given some creature comforts. But in our Western civilisation economic growth has become a fetish—a sort of fixation which is dangerous. To quote one example, every American will tell you that the economy of the United States is now based on nine million motor-cars being produced annually in Detroit and about five or six million being scrapped; this is a "whirling dervish" economy. If it goes on, long before the end of the century the United States and Japan, and perhaps even this country, will reach the point where there are two big cars to every family, so that all our roads will be jammed. But road-blocks of a more dangerous kind are in wait for the technological society. At the present rate of production America has provided work for about ninety-five per cent of its population—and this was with a fairly big war in progress, and a system of rapid, built-in obsolescence which makes even the most complex product useless after a year or two, so that the consumer is forced to replace it. Any good engineer can make a plan that would mantain the present rate of production based on a twenty-five-hour working week, and later on a sixteen-hour-week and so on. What will people do then? They cannot be kept busy just by increasing consumption. Sooner or later, whether we like it or not, quantitative growth will have to stop. It is already slowing down for several reasons, one being that near saturation-point at which people are less willing to work. Many people (and not only the young) are coming to realise that economic growth pursued as an end in itself has become senseless. Unfortunately the youthful rebels in America and other Western countries have no constructive alternative to offer. Their protest is negative and emotional, and this is where one must use the term irrational. Many of them, who really ought to know better, think it is enough to smash up the existing system to make everything come right. Well, it isn't! Anarchy has never produced anything but chaos.

—You believe, then, that at some point (and the point is rushing towards us at great speed, indeed we may even have passed it already) the people who control the world's economy must consciously make a decision to decelerate its growth, perhaps even to put a halt altogether to certain areas of economic activity. Now it is difficult enough for governments nowadays to take such an unpopular measure as an alteration in the methods of paying social security benefits; how much more politically undesirable will it therefore be for a government to place, for instance, a crippling tax on motor-cars, in order to slow down the process of swamping us in chromium-plated four-wheeled monsters.

GABOR: It will be very difficult indeed, for technological development is advancing under its own momentum and is going entirely the wrong way. It is really heart-breaking to see that, for instance, the railways do not pay any longer. In America the Pennsylvania Railroad has gone bankrupt. This is forty per cent of the U.S. rail network and far and away the biggest transport company in the world, with nominal assets of two hundred million dollars. New development ought obviously to be in the direction of fewer motor-cars and much more electrically-driven public transport; yet it just does not pay. The first job of government, however much it may hurt the public and industry, will be to make public transport pay and to make the chromium-plated monsters

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not pay. This will be very difficult and require such a high degree of governmental foresight that I really wonder if it will be forthcoming. I'm afraid, as always in history when there is a big turning point, change will come about only after a major breakdown.

—Must we, then, experience some appalling crisis, must the United States, as the pace-maker of the world's economy, first experience some really disastrous crisis in order to bring people to their senses? Would it be too much to hope that somewhere in the upper reaches of the governing élite of the United States, and indeed of the Soviet Union—because the U.S.S.R. is also moving in the same direction—there are men with enough foresight to bring about a sane, rational deceleration of economic growth without a crisis?

GABOR: The problem is not so much one of putting a brake on growth as of diverting the gross national product to other purposes. It must be diverted to the quality of life; unfortunately nobody knows exactly what this means —or rather no one can agree on what it should mean. To me it means one thing for certain—education. Education is already nearly the biggest industry and it must become by far the biggest industry of an advanced country. Rich societies can and must afford to spend very much more money on education than most of them do now. There is, however, a financial difficulty because schools and universities do not pay for themselves. They must be financed out of taxpayers' money, and taxation in the U.K. at any rate is already so heavy that any increase will encounter very strong resistance.

In the Soviet Union one might say there is no such difficulty, because the state controls everything. Unfortunately there is no guarantee that any state will spend its funds on improving the quality of life of its citizens. The U.S. now spends sixty-five billion dollars on armaments. The Soviet expenditure has been estimated at sixty billion dollars, which is about twice as much, related to the whole economy. Though the Soviet Government announce in every plan an increase in consumer goods, in 1970 the share of capital goods in total industrial output was still 74%, while the share of consumer goods was only 26%. The Russians carefully maintain an overgrown armaments industry. One of the results is three billion dollars' worth of arms exported to the Middle East, a policy that could have the direst consequences for us all.

—You said, "Technology is advancing under its own momentum." Is not technology, in fact, a mere shell, a vehicle, whereas what moves it forward is the power of the human will? Doesn't the question remain how to channel man's inventive powers and his boundless ingenuity away from the false or dangerous path in which they're now moving?

GABOR: Technology advances by its own inertia, for two reasons. One is that the old industries must be maintained, for instance an overgrown heavy industry, or an aircraft industry. The other is the principle of technological civilisation itself: "what can be made, will be made." "Progress" tends to apply new techniques and to establish industries regardless of whether they are truly desirable or not. The clearest example of this is the space race. With the development of rockets and computers, space shots have come within the reach of technology, although they have no economic importance whatever apart from giving work to the aircraft industry at a time when their main product, manned aircraft, is declining. It so happens that space shots have great prestige value and therefore a very considerable amount of money is devoted to them, mostly in the United States and in Russia: perhaps fifty thousand million dollars. I must admit though that perhaps the only event in which the whole world joined as enthusiastic spectators on both sides of the Iron Curtain was man's first landing on the moon, and even more the perilous adventure of *Apollo 13*. But this exploit is more or less played out. It is very likely that after the so-called conquest of the moon there will not be much more left to do in space. The material benefits for mankind were marginal, and the same resources spent on solving the really difficult problems of man could have brought much greater profit to the world as a whole, instead of merely giving a boost to a certain sector of the electronics and aircraft industries. The world's really pressing needs are a long way away from space, such as finding a cheap method of re-cycling industrial waste.

Now a ray of hope. The moon flight has shown that people can achieve an unbelievable degree of coordination. For the *Apollo* Moon programme about six hundred thousand people worked together as one team and made the project run with split-second accuracy. No wonder these people are very proud of their achievement and say: "Let us now apply our methods to social problems." I am quite convinced that by taking an equally gifted set of people—even taking the same people, the same engineers with, of course, a sprinkling of economists and social scientists and the like —and giving them social problems to solve,

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such as for instance the race problem in the United States, the social integration of the American cities, the building of new cities with adequate urban transport etc., that all these problems could be solved, because these engineers and scientists have evolved effective methods of integrated planning and they have an absolutely wonderful system of cooperation. Once a dream becomes a "project," the engineers can deal with it!

IN YOUR BOOK, *"Inventing the Future", there is behind all your thinking a streak of fundamental optimism about man's future. Could we test your optimism by seeing how you react to a rather more pessimistic view of the future? To revert once again to the sort of civil war that some people claim exists between the biosphere and the technosphere—this is the question of whether man's biological and cultural adaptive mechanisms, which have been relatively successful up till now, are not in fact now in danger of atrophy and malfunction. Two examples. One is our over-dependence on technology, of which perhaps the most striking recent example was the power breakdown which took place along the whole of the Eastern seaboard of the United States a couple or so years ago. Another more recent example was in Johannesburg, when the municipal slaughter-house broke down and for days Johannesburg was rendered almost uninhabitable by hundreds of thousands of dying cattle which were piling up in over-heated freight cars all round the city, and which posed the kind of monstrous catastrophe which at the moment only science fiction writers have dealt with.*

GABOR: It is true that such terrible things can happen, because we have reached a point where technological methods are so universally applied that particular breakdowns are common. To take another example, we are now faced all over the world with the pollution of the air and water. Here the problem is how to make anti-pollution measures pay. The only thing that can help is appropriate legislation. You cannot expect the good citizen to pay more for lead-free octane fuel or to pay more for a car with improved combustion and computer-controlled emission so long as others are allowed to pollute the air with cheaper cars and cheaper fuels. I would not consider such legislation as an infringement of personal freedom. One could make a good case for saying that one of the human freedoms is, for instance, the freedom to breathe fresh air.

You said you wanted to test my optimism. It is nowadays very easy to decry any sort of optimism because it hangs on a very slender thread. But I can still see some reason for optimism, and one of my reasons is that I think I can see a change of mind among my fellow-scientists and engineers. Only twenty to thirty years ago, engineers—not just in this country but all over the world—were a culturally underprivileged minority; they even felt very smug about their station and had a clear conscience. Now the first change is coming. Engineers are beginning to have a bad conscience. Some of the older generation manage to resist it, but the young ones have started to develop a feeling of moral unease which I welcome. After the atomic bomb had been made and used, scientists got such a guilty conscience that they are now almost all universally pacifist; they are trying to behave with a sense of social responsibility and advise their political leaders accordingly. That a great amount of scientific intelligence in the world may be directed towards social and environmental problems certainly gives cause for hope. Unfortunately, governments are so overwhelmed by the *visible* instability of our system and the need for short-term measures that they are now less capable of taking a detached look at the prospects ten or twenty years ahead than they were ten years ago. For instance, all the attractive plans for "The Great Society" in America have been nearly swamped by the present danger of inflation. And yet, perhaps this small setback is enough to make people aware that society just cannot go on as it is.

—Isn't the unspoken reproach behind much of your criticism of the lack of control over technological advance in recent years what some people might call the profit motive, the free enterprise economy, or the price mechanism? Admittedly even in so-called Capitalist countries this has been greatly modified lately. Nevertheless, it still dominates our economic system. Are you hinting that this form of liberal, free-enterprise economy should be so strongly curbed as to be reduced altogether and changed into something else—into perhaps a command economy on the East European pattern?

GABOR: That would certainly be going too far. It is true that socially irresponsible economic activity must be curbed, but it would be folly to abandon the free-enterprise economy altogether. It is, after all, basically the most efficient system we know. Look at the East European states; their system works very badly indeed. It works, of course, in some ways—there is no trade union pressure on wages, there are no strikes—but at what a price! Everybody is concerned with looking after "number one" and little else. There is even less social responsibility, less social cohesion than

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on our side. I know from personal experience how many East Europeans are exclusively preoccupied with their personal interests and work as little as possible, doing the minimum consistent with keeping their job. What we must do—and it is very difficult (compromise is always difficult)—is to curb the obviously destabilising factors in our economy such as the Stock Exchange, where a small amount of selling can bring about a catastrophic breakdown, and a small amount of buying can cause a totally irrational temporary upswing. Or the "free-for-all" of the trade unions, with one after the other presenting their claims and driving up wages and prices in a vicious spiral. But we must not curb the enormous benefits which our civilisation has gained from individual enterprise, from individual effort spurred on by the hope of advancement. The rules of the economic game must in future be modified by social criteria, but let us not throw out the baby with the bath-water!

Nine Mini-Treatises on America

A New York Notebook — By Leopold Tyrmand

"I confess that from such freedom, inconveniences may sometimes arise; but what question was ever settled so wisely that no abuses could spring therefrom?"

Spinoza: *Tractatus Politicus* (1677)

Change

Sometimes, one asks oneself: is there anything in America which can be called constant, permanent, regular, unchanging, steady, immutable, enduring, persistent, lasting? Everything is changing relentlessly, abruptly and unpredictably. Shapes, values, landscapes, adulations, views, moods, opinions, fashions are on the non-stop move, as if a pitiless assembly line were running through our lives here.

However, one element of existence remains the same all the way. It's change itself. "The more it changes the more it's the same thing," a Frenchman once remarked; but I'm not sure if it applies accurately to America. America changes for real, and it *is* no longer "the same thing" in many important aspects as it was only a little while ago; and moreover, it's not going to be "the same" with the passing of time. A rock-solid faith in change as a positive value—an enhancing quality bursting with exciting possibilities—underlies its role in American reality. The American ethos is somehow constructed upon the principle that change *must* be made possible, and has to be given a chance just because it's a good thing. And that no one is allowed to raise his hand against it without being punished for such waywardness. The sense of the beneficence of change is deeply rooted in the American psyche.

Was it always that way? Apparently yes, and this country became, over centuries, both a symbol and a synonym of change for all those who had been heading for it. But some misgivings loomed in the awareness of early American ideologues, and Benjamin Franklin issued several ominous warnings against this American predisposition. *Poor Richard's Almanack* in this regard reads as a dissent. In our own time, critics often name this characteristic of American life a "madness" or a "rat race," but no matter how eloquent the critical objections are, the idolatry of change remains unaffected in its deepest impact on the American way of thinking. People who have never heard of Euripides nurse at the bottom of their souls the firm ancient conviction "Change in everything is sweet. . . ."

Dreams of Happiness

There are two slogans in the American catechism that always appeared suspect to me. I am among the first to admit

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their charm and winning character, but to attribute to them any kind of seriousness seems to me either childish or innocently silly.

One is the so-called *American Dream*. Without fail, or so we can assume, every nation dreams. If it has ceased dreaming, perhaps persuaded by harsh historic reality that dreams do not come true (except the ominous ones), then it had once entertained pleasant visions in earlier times. Dreaming is an innocuous occupation in itself until it affects the daily activities of the dreamer to an extent harmful to other people. There is also the danger that the dreamer and his dreams can find their way to the psychoanalyst's couch, the way to treatment and interpretation and, not infrequently, outright disaster. Is there anyone, or anything, that has inflicted so much woe upon America as the self-styled interpreters and self-appointed commentators on the American Dream? Does this somehow attest to the persistent youthfulness of the American nation? I suppose yes, but how long can one have naughty dreams and adolescent pimples, and at the same time know more about computers, market research, and post-industrial techniques than other peoples?

The other tenet of the American social philosophy which makes me uneasy is *The Pursuit of Happiness*. Anyone endowed with the slightest self-knowledge checks it very early in life: either happiness pursues you, or you'd better quit. Pursuing happiness is surely the most frustrating of all preoccupations, even if performed in the advantageous conditions guaranteed by the American Constitution. There are, after all, so very many things one can be running after!

Virtue & Vice

WHENEVER Americans despair over their wretched, miserable, devastated, dilapidated country, whenever they whine about the mindlessness of their society, the idiocies of its structure, the maleficence of its institutions, whenever they lament the callousness, the waste, the injustice, the oppression, the repression, the exploitation, the climate, the hamburgers, and the commercials, I find myself asking timidly: and what about the achievements? For something at least has been achieved over the last two hundred years between the two oceans, and much of the world is rather inclined to think so.

The answer I usually receive never ceases to astonish me. An anti-American American proclaims, in all seriousness, that achievements, even of the most gigantic order, do not truly matter if America failed to live up to its own dream, that is if the Republic didn't achieve the Ideal and the Absolute. In other words, the same American who sees his nation as a conglomeration of meanness, inhumanity, baseness and stupidity, wants it to be, in the same breath, an ideal embodiment of abilities and virtues. No logic can endure such an operation.

Recently, one of the great names in American sociology made a modest remark: "We don't really know how to manage a booming economy, or a drug problem, or the problems of urban life and other burdens—but then, no society has really done it very well." One should add: no society has ever in history realised its dreams. Americans are no supermen, in spite of the fanciful encouragement of their newspapers' comic-strip characters.

Dialling the Good

AN ALMOST incredible story raises the question of the unpredictable American future: we are heading toward a future as unpredictable as it is optimistic. Which of the two litigant parties is right? Even an impartial observer is puzzled, and this makes the matter even "more American."

A group of civil rights lawyers went to Viet Nam to give legal assistance to any American soldier who is in defiance of the U.S. Army. The lawyers, in order to perform their task, demanded the support of the Army in the form of the use of military mail, the telephone system, the army air flights, and so on. It would seem only natural—at least to an outsider—that the army baulked at the very idea of cooperation; more than that, there were arguments, conflicts, and some sabotage of the lawyers' efforts. The lawyers turned bitterly for help to the press, and some newspapers launched attacks against the Army. One of the news weeklies, as always objective and fair, reported with fury that the Army refused these lawyers privileges which it granted to others—Bob Hope's entertainment groups, for instance.

The idea of an army in the field escorted by a regiment of lawyers, whose mission is to support anyone who is at cross-purposes with the said Army, would cause consternation in every European or African or Asian mind. Not so with Americans. The American crusader cherishes an uncanny conviction that it is possible to combat Evil with Evil's help.

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For the civil rights lawyers, the U.S. Army in Viet Nam and its doings are the embodiment of all sins and vices. They are American enough, however, to believe that it is necessary and proper, and even guaranteed by the Constitution, to persuade wickedness to act against itself. Forcing Bad to be Good with the help of its own dial telephones—what a magnificent American idea!

American Ideas

TO CALL an idea "un-American" was apparently once very easy in these parts, but it's not so any more. Now it smacks of a jingoistic intolerance, and—even worse than that, I sense—an old-fashioned attitude. Its ring in the ears is that of repression, as well as low-brow innuendo.

But how "American", a foreign observer must ask, are many of the ideas whirling around, say, on the American Left? I am not thinking of the importation of a lot of prepackaged stuff from abroad. In fact the opposite is true, and a great many American notions in the realm of ideology are, of late, successfully exported for use in other countries. And what's more interesting, the bulk of this new and inventive export comes from the Left and is shipped over the ocean to such erstwhile exporters of ideas as Europe. Europe, despite its own abundant traditions is, I am told, now overcome by the American Women's Lib syndrome, the outlines of which were worked out between Greenwich Village and Long Island. If they are "un-American" ideas, they come, as a matter of fact, from impeccable Americans. One can even find them touching in expressing a nostalgia for the purely American past.

Is there, then, such a thing as an American, or un-American idea? Can indeed, something which was not "very American" a short time ago become "quite American" right now? My suspicion would be that an American idea is a proposition which, in its theory, has an inherent method of translating itself into practicality: in other words, an idea that is concerned, from its very conception, with its own implementation. Whatever is reaching us from the new American ideologists, however, is constantly promoting a kind of limp vagueness by telling us how things *should* be without any inkling of how it could be done. The talk is even of revolution. Can this be anything more than a bad joke, after all the real revolutions half of the world has already experienced?

The Golden Promise

THE LAND is filled with American prophets who attest to the correctness of the old belief that no one is prophet in his own country. There are among them political rebels who curse the American "social structure" as the worst of all possible evils. There are ideological romantics who loathe American civilisation and circumnavigate the earth in search of the golden promise of other races, other lands. There are thousands for whom all things American are trivial. Its literature is empty, its theatre a farce, its cuisine an abomination.

The occurrence of embittered expatriates who have fallen out of love with their own, their native land, is nothing new. We know from other ages the whole agenda of complaints and accusations. The Fatherland was a villain, the Motherland a whore. Usually, the expatriates were listened to with some understanding and sympathy. Audiences were appalled by their reports, and trembled at the thought of ever having to find themselves in such barbaric conditions.

What's new with the American prophets of today is that no matter how persuasively they indict American vulgarity, oppression, cheapness of existence, their audiences all over the world nod with comprehension and sympathy, and continue dreaming about going to America! Do they, poor benighted would-be emigrants, really want to live there, to rot in the American prison and burn in the American hell? The American prophets are being deceived. The poor and the downtrodden on foreign continents are not being truly candid. They have an "American dream," but they're not talking, see.

Parade

I HAVE SEEN former combatants parade in many European countries, and they all have one characteristic in common: no matter how tired and worn out by life they seem to be, and despite their visible physical unfitness and even decrepitude, they desperately demonstrate their need for respect, honour, recognition of their past valour, merits, and services.

Whenever I observed a Veterans' parade in America, I was always struck by the cheerfulness of the general mood. The former G.I.s or doughboys do not pretend to be old soldiers any more; there is a kind of hilarious sloppiness in their posture, gestures and exchanges. How different, I thought, was the European sulkiness of the paraders, who still want the

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watchers to feel deeply grateful for their vaunted courage and sacrifice (not that much of a sacrifice: they came out alive). The Americans seem to apologise for taking the time of their audience for their antics. They try to assure everyone around that it's not really worthwhile speaking about that trifle that took place fifty-three or twenty-six years ago. And, as a matter of fact, they had a grand time over there, paying with the blood of their buddies, if not their own, for every inch of land that had to be liberated from the Fascists and the Nazis.

It is, perhaps, for that that they are constantly accused in America today as the stronghold of Fascist threats, ideas and moods in this society. To them, poor old codgers, are attributed the very worst of intentions. What does it matter if no one has had any proof of their bad intentions? A foreign observer may even be permitted to call a carload of evidence to the contrary—namely, plenty of good intentions, exhibited in the most adverse situations. Moreover, they had twice successfully defended their accusers' right and ability to accuse anything in sight. For that, they have been called, as I read in a pamphlet, "the *avant garde* of oppression." *Avant garde*? At their age?

Character

I HAVE BEEN READING one American dissenter, extensively celebrated in America of late for the doltish book he perpetrated, who describes in it the essence of the American character as "seeing another man's advantage as his loss."

A young Russian historian wrote, not long ago, an intellectually fascinating treatise about his country and its political system. The book couldn't—of course—appear in the Soviet Union, but has been smuggled out and published in the West. In it, the young Russian characterises his compatriots as those who say: "If I'm not well-off, and my neighbour is, the right thing is not to catch up with him, but to do something so that he has it as bad as I have. . . ."

Would it be very difficult to find analogous glosses on national character in the literary output of any people? To complain of one's own national imperfections is not only a duty, but also the privilege of a sage. After so many millennia of written lamentations, a sage, however, should surmise that this commonly-noticed trait may be an all-too-human property, timelessly linked to the human condition on this earth. Why should Americans be exempt from it? Why should they be especially blamed for it?

One thing, however, must be added. The Russian writer has been arrested for "criticising Russia" in his book, and sent to a Siberian concentration camp, where he is breathing his last right now. His American colleague is making a small fortune for "criticising" America, and basks in fame and recognition. Does this tell us anything at all about the two respective national characters?

Evolution

THE SLOGAN of *revolution* proliferates on the whole American scene. Even the producers of dishwashers and the hair-stylists *insist on the noun revolution or adjective revolutionary* in their advertisements. Soon we will be so far that every hurtling arrival of a train at its point of destination will be characterised as having "revolutionised" the time-table, or perhaps only created a "radical" change in the schedule.

A word which never seems to be used these days is *evolution*. Its absence is a source of endless wonder to me, because surely evolution is nothing but a revolution on an instalment plan. I would even claim that there exists an uncanny interrelation between three words: revolution, evolution, and success. Has anyone ever seen a "successful revolution"? Newspapers carry from time to time stories under such titles, but they mean only that one general or president has dispossessed another one of power. But revolutions change nothing, or very little; and shortly after each overturning people usually feel much more miserable than before. On the other hand, no one ever talks about a "successful evolution," although evolutions are successful by nature. Unsuccessful ones are simply called decline.

If history teaches anything, it suggests that every society must evolve. If it does not, it moves only toward its own deterioration. Many societies either refused, or didn't know how, to evolve—and perished. America, since its beginnings, has evolved constantly. Sometimes, I seem to sense, at the pace of a slapstick comedy. Heights are dizzying, cars crash, terrifying gaps open up—communication gaps, credibility gaps, generation gaps. America up till now has been characterised by an evolutionary euphoria. The comic "Little Fellow" who once carried a red flag at the head of a revolutionary demonstration provided only a saddening spectacle and an accidental interlude.

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BOOKS & WRITERS

G. D. H. Cole — "Secular Saint"?

By Max Beloff

ONE FEELS OBLIGED to use a title of this kind for a review of Dame Margaret Cole's life of her husband[1] because so many of the book's earlier reviewers seem to suggest that this is the right way to approach the subject. Mr A. J. P. Taylor, not a great respecter of persons, has written (*New Statesman*): "Douglas Cole came as near to complete integrity as any man of his time. I venerated him." Mr Michael Foot, another passionate iconoclast, has called him "one of the great teachers of modern times" (*Evening Standard*) and went on to explain that "people thought of Cole as a saint, talked of him in those terms when he died, because without a tinge of priggishness or sanctimoniousness, he could never conceal the purity of his motives." A much younger man, Mr David Marquand, Labour M.P., while a little less ready to swallow the legend whole, nevertheless tells us (*Guardian*) that his influence was that of an "utterly committed and honourable man over the people with whom he came into contact . . . a superb teacher at bottom because of his passionate belief in what he taught."

In her almost embarrassingly honest biography, Dame Margaret Cole also insists that Cole should be remembered primarily as a teacher:

> whether as tutor, organiser and leader in the field of working-class adult education, or as a university lecturer, professor and adviser to graduates and undergraduates, he was remembered for all their lives by many thousands of young, middle-aged and elderly students as one of the strongest and most fruitful influences on their thought and action outside as much as inside the academic world.

But to be an excellent and even inspiring teacher, even when the admitted handicaps of ill-health are gallantly overcome, does not itself admit a man to sainthood. The Church would want to know what a saint actually taught or believed and society is equally entitled to ask what a secular saint imparted to his disciples.

Although Cole's life was, despite his trade union advisory activities in the First World War and his involvement in Labour party politics throughout his adult life, an essentially academic one, one cannot simply judge him by the standards of a scholar and ask how well and accurately he expounded the authorities in his field or contributed to the discussion of the issues they raised. As Margaret Cole rightly points out, his interpretation of the subject-matter of his chair—"social and political theory"—was normative and consciously so. After describing the expository aspect of his teaching Cole himself went on to say in his inaugural lecture:

> I do this, not primarily as historian or recorder or for the purpose of analysis and comparison—important as these are—but for the practical purpose of suggesting to anyone I can influence and above all to the society to which I belong, what is the right pattern of social thought to guide social action in the circumstances of here and now.

What, then, was this right pattern?

For the admirers of Cole's original commitment to the semi-anarchist or syndicalist notions of guild socialism, it is obvious that

[1] *The Life of G. D. H. Cole.* By MARGARET COLE. Macmillan, £4.95.

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his teaching fell on stony ground. "The only aspects of today's scene," writes Richard Bennett (*The Sunday Telegraph*), "which might please him would be the Clydeside work-in and the demand by militant trade unionists for Workers' control." Margaret Cole is a little less pessimistic, pointing out that these ideas seem a little less dated now than a few years ago given the current disillusion with excessive centralism. But that is to take too narrow a view. Cole had almost forty years of active life after the collapse of the Guild Socialist movement and the bulk of his teaching and writing falls into that period.

THE EFFORT TO COMBINE an academic life with active participation in party politics creates particular problems for the individual concerned.[2] He must show a particular sensitivity in two respects. He must avoid judgments arising out of mere prejudice and, in dealing with the great controversial issues of the day, he must show a scrupulous concern with the actual facts. It is not so much a matter of getting the details right—though an academic has special responsibilities here—but also of avoiding the use of abstractions as though they represented real entities rather than being mere labels of convenience. By both these criteria—on the evidence of this biography, and on the showing of his own writings—G. D. H. Cole fell lamentably short of the highest standards.

He was in fact a man of the strongest and most violent prejudices. He disliked and felt uncomfortable with all foreigners and hated Americans in general, although making an exception for some individuals who came his way. He knew Europe very little, and visited America only once towards the very end of his life (and for largely family reasons).

His own homosexual inclinations and lack of interest in normal sexual relationships were combined in his case with a generalised contempt for women, and for those men in whose lives women played an important part. He seems to have numbered no women among his friends or disciples, except for his wife. "Womaniser", she was told by one of his secretaries, "was his last word in condemnation of any man." His range of sympathy was further restricted by a class barrier. Claiming to speak for the British working class he had little or no direct knowledge of working-class life or of working-class tastes apart from the small and unrepresentative élite whom he got to know during his work for the Workers' Educational Association (W.E.A.). He himself had never known financial worries, and always led a typically upper-middle-class life with the means to indulge his own sybaritic tastes; a would-be moulder of educational policy, he had hardly ever stepped inside a state school.

His itinerary rarely took him to the great industrial communities out of which the Labour movement had grown. Apart from the Common rooms of Oxford and the salons of the Garden Suburb, his chosen environment was the cosy rural England of the south and south midlands where nice country walks were available as recreation. Even his ostentatious atheism, which he rarely allowed his colleagues to forget, was a barrier between Cole and most of humanity; and in England particularly this note did not ring true. Another means of sharing normal human emotions was denied to him.

In itself, none of these things would have mattered had they not been directly reflected in his writings. Many men have apprehended the world, even the social and political world, without going outside the walls of their study. Books, newspapers, the radio—all were there to provide the material. But when one looks at the record one can see that just because of this aloofness and arrogant self-sufficiency, Cole did not correctly interpret the world, and at times seemed totally unaffected by what was actually happening to real people.

In spite of his admiration for Cobbett (which would probably not have been reciprocated) and some other English working-class or radical leaders, history was for Cole a battleground of warring principles, not of living sentient beings. The index of his long *History of Socialist Thought* does not include proper names; Proudhonism and Lassallians but not Proudhon and Lassalle (anyhow what would Cole find to say about a man who died as the result of "a ridiculous love-affair"?). But a technique tolerable, if misleading, when the past is concerned, is intolerable in respect of the present.

This gap in Cole's armoury was first revealed to me in 1947 when I was sent for review his latest book, *The Intelligent Man's Guide to the Post-War World*.[3] In the course of a discussion about the future of Austria and the possibilities of a link being formed between

[2] See the title essay dealing with the career of Ramsay Muir in my book, *The Intellectual in Politics* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1970; The Library Press, 1971).

[3] The title was, of course, a plagiarism. But Bernard Shaw called his book, *The Intelligent WOMAN'S Guide to Socialism and Capitalism* and so took the sting out of the presumption.

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that country and the south German States, I found the following:

> The Catholic influence which is strong in Southern Germany as well as Austria, would make in this direction, and though Social Democratic Vienna, with its large Jewish population, would not be similarly affected, the Austrian Social Democrats would also be more inclined to look westwards than eastwards for their close international contacts. (p. 787)

Had Cole, two years after the end of the War, *still* not heard of the death camps and of the annihilation of such of Vienna's Jewish population as had not been fortunate enough to escape into exile? But if Cole had not heard of the holocaust, what else had escaped him?

What, for instance, was one to make of the claim in the same book that the Soviet nationalities policy had been a total success, and that the disappearance of any sign of opposition to the régime on the part of the non-Russian nationalities was so complete that it could not just be a matter of suppression.

> At one time [Cole wrote] a good deal used to be heard about Ukrainian and Georgian nationalism as forces capable of compassing the destruction of Communist control; but nothing of any significance has emanated from them of recent years.

It is true that the mass of German documents dealing with the invasion and occupation of Soviet territory had not by 1947 been worked through fully by historians.[4] But enough was known already to show that if the Germans had shown more *Realpolitik* and less barbarism plenty of opportunities would have existed of exploiting the discontent not of Ukranians and Georgians only, but of others as well. Indeed the Soviet government's own actions showed how little convinced the authorities were of the success of their nationalities policy—much less convinced than Cole!

A teacher in the inter-War period who claimed that his creed was that of democracy and socialism and that his arguments in favour of socialism were based much more on respect for the human personality than on Webbian considerations of efficiency should have been able (as the Webbs were not) to ask the right questions about the Soviet régime, particularly in its Stalinist phase. Nothing mattered more than to make the distinction between socialism as one strand in Western democratic thought and the socialism of the labour camp and the executioner's bullet. Cole, while professing adherence to the former tradition, made no serious endeavour to distinguish them, or to question the right of the Soviet Union to attract the benevolent interest of Western humanitarians. He was never, his biographer claims, a believer in "democratic centralism" which consorted ill with the pluralist creed of guild socialism; but he found the distant contemplation of the Soviet "experiment" deeply exciting:

> Douglas, like so many more of us [his wife writes], saw in Soviet Russia the negation of the immoralities of industrial capitalism and the system of private profit, and was eager to follow the gleam without seeking to imitate in detail.

Like the Webbs, with whom his relations were otherwise always rather equivocal, Cole was prepared to take the Soviet presentation of Russia at its face value, and this not only in respect of economic and social matters but in respect also of political developments however bizarre they might appear.[5] In 1947 he was prepared to admit in retrospect that some of the accusations launched at the treason trials during the Great Purge had been a little overdone. The British had, he felt, failed to comprehend them altogether but, he added, "this failure of comprehension was partly due to the entire lack in Great Britain of any experience of underground conspiracy and of any knowledge of its curious psychological effects." And he went on: "I myself for what my view is worth"—and clearly the writer of "an intelligent man's guide" believes his view is worth something—"wrestled hard with such evidence as I could get, and came in the end to the conclusion—largely based on Radek's testimony—that the trials were in no sense mere frame-ups, and that there had been actual and at one time formidable plotting against the state." As for the idea that torture or drugs had been used to extract confessions that was obviously nonsense.[6] More than a decade later, after Khrushchev's "secret speech" (1956) and other post-Stalin revelations about Soviet police methods, Cole could still assert, "there can be little doubt that the alleged conspiracy of Tukhachevsky and the Generals was real,

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[4] Alexander Dallin's *German Rule in Russia* (1957) was only published a decade later.

[5] The whole Left Book Club syndrome of the British intelligentsia in the 1930s has been admirably sketched by Alfred Sherman in "The Days of the Left Book Club", *Survey* (No. 41, April 1962).

[6] *The Intelligent Man's Guide*, p. 798. One of Cole's few recreations was the writing of detective stories in collaboration with his wife; in these works, as I remember, the standard of evidence demanded was much higher.

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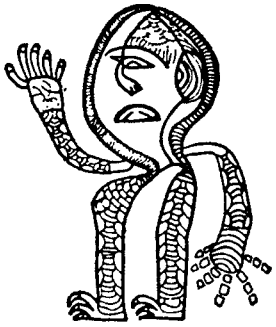

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and that preparations had been made for a military *coup*."[7]

It was easy enough to believe that opposition to Stalin must have been treacherous in intent when one also believed that agricultural collectivisation had been thoroughly digested by the 1930s and that the Russian masses had happily settled down to enjoy the "new civilisation":

> In the countryside when the famine was over, the majority of peasants settled down to a modified collectivisation, which allowed steadily increasing scope for individual effort; and in the towns employment openings were good enough to satisfy most of the producers, leaving only reactionary groups of depressed former bourgeois and petty bourgeois with major grounds for grumbling.[8]

He was aware that some European (and English) socialists took the view that Stalin had not fulfilled the aspirations of the Revolution but betrayed them. With this view Cole would have no truck: "the internal policy of the Soviet Union," he wrote in 1947, "has been consistently directed in the interests of the main body of the people."

For him, writing towards the end of his life, Stalin had been someone "in pursuit of a world-wide revolt of the exploited and repressed which ranged the Soviet Union basically on the right side in world affairs, despite all the malpractices involved in pursuing it." Why, then, were the malpractices (so far as they were admitted to be) condoned?[9]

TWO REASONS EMERGE as one looks again at Cole's writings in the light of his wife's account of the man.

The first of these sprang from a combination of ignorance and of that kind of insularity which neither expects other countries to enjoy the advantages of one's own, nor feels sympathy for their peoples if they do not. The cruelty of the Stalinist régime, in so far as it was admitted, could be set down to the "legacy of inhumanity which Communism had inherited from the Russian past." The strong humanitarian tradition of the Russian liberal and even social revolutionary movement was thus dismissed by Cole without a second thought, as though Stalin was the natural heir to the worst of the Tsars and as though past suffering made it unreasonable for the Russian people to complain of suffering now.

The second reason is to be found precisely in Cole's dedication to abstractions. At some point early in his adult life he decided that the root of all evil was an economic system based upon private profit and henceforward his political views were of a Manichaean simplicity: Socialism, good—Capitalism, bad. Therefore any régime which could present itself as "socialist" because it had eliminated Capitalism was without further investigation superior to one in which private profit still played an important role. Eventually the evidence of Soviet oppressiveness was too much even for Cole

> It cost him [writes Margaret Cole] a good deal of mental suffering towards the end of his life to admit that "democratic centralism" and Stalinism in Russia had produced horrors which outweighed the advantages of their having abolished private profit. Even then he was apt to maintain that the Americans, who had retained private profit, were much worse.

HAD COLE BEEN A MAN of no importance this degree of insularity and insensitivity would

[7] Cole drew the line at the idea of Trotsky collaborating with the Nazis; but the reasons can only have been sentimental. The evidence for the other charges in the Moscow trials was no weightier.

[8] *Socialist Thought*, Vol. V (1960), p. 253.

[9] An Oxford ditty (variously attributed to Maurice Reckitt or W. N. Ewer) ran
"G. D. H. Cole is a bit of a puzzle;
a Bolshevik soul in a Fabian muzzle."

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have provided no more than a footnote to a sad period in the history of the British Left. But he was important, and Margaret Cole can quote a survey of members of the Parliamentary Labour Party at the time of his death which revealed that among writers its members claimed to have been influenced by, Cole came third—after Shaw and H. G. Wells, and above Karl Marx.[10] And since (as we learn from Margaret Cole) his hand in the *New Statesman* was much bigger than was known at the time—or than allowed for by Kingsley Martin in his autobiography—his influence was probably even larger than they knew.

There are many ways of analysing the current crisis in the British Labour Party; but one obvious fact about it is that (unlike its continental counterparts) it has still developed no philosophy which enables it to face the fact of Soviet totalitarianism and to find an alternative that genuinely confronts the issues presented by industrialism to human and liberal values. The vision that William Morris kindled for Cole and others is dimmed with the aesthetic doctrines that were part of it. Nothing has arisen to take its place. And Cole's teaching, because of the flaws in his own personal apprehension of the world, encouraged mental confusion rather than dispelled it.

Secular, yes—but a saint, most certainly not.

[10] *New Society*, 18 December 1962. It is interesting that Cole was found to be more influential than R. H. Tawney, a much nobler man, and than Harold Laski, a much abler and more learned man. Cole, not surprisingly, hated Laski.

Rude Britannia

Or: Now We Know Who Our Friends Are (Who Are They?)

RETURNING TO ENGLAND RECENTLY after an effective absence of nearly twenty years, I began to contemplate an Assessment of Britain as it looked to a (so to speak) fresh eye. The first few pages of this document would have been devoted to a tirade against the dog turds with which the streets are so liberally paved. But then it struck me that if the East was strikingly different in this respect, it was because either there was still plenty of jungle for the dogs to repair to or else (more likely) the dogs were starving. (Perhaps there's a thought here for V. S. Naipaul: he should have found all that public defecation in India reassuring rather than revolting.) And so it went on. Whenever a grievance came to mind, palliating considerations soon followed it. Reiterated and breath-bated bulletins on the minor ailments of some young footballer struck me as a clear sign of the softening of the national brain: but I reflected that to play football was preferable to raping schoolchildren, and watching it was less stultifying than poring over pornography. It seemed to me patently monstrous that whereas English literary magazines (few to begin with) were dying or threatening to die for lack of funds, the British Council should have £25 million to spend on the promulgation of British culture overseas. The next moment it occurred to me that if the British people couldn't manage to support a few literary magazines, then it meant they didn't want them—and if the British Council found it possible to spend £25 million overseas, then it meant that foreigners really wanted the culture we were no longer interested in.

And so I never got down to writing that stark and fearless exposé of Britain and its People. Which was just as well—not only because in such undertakings the fearless exposer generally exposes himself more thoroughly than his subject, but also because the job has now been done by the masochistic Messrs Coveney and Medlicott with the assistance of a host of expert foreign witnesses ranging from Cicero to Khrushchev.[1]

And yet and yet, how savagely are the British withers wrung? The first and most damaging thing to note about these specimens of abuse is that they come from foreigners. Secondly, we remark that over the years foreigners have drawn much of their anti-British ammunition from the pages of *Punch*, a publication which (its presence in British Council libraries and British Information Service reading-rooms notwithstanding) foreigners simply cannot understand—a fact that is notorious. Thirdly, that much of this abuse

[1] *The Lion's Tail: An Anthology of Criticism and Abuse.* Compiled by DOROTHY K. COVENEY and W. N. MEDLICOTT. Constable, £3.

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arose in time of war, when foreigners are never at their best:

> The present war has proved that German culture is far superior to present-day British culture. (W. Franz, 1915)
>
> The English people seem to me to be rather constipated. . . . The English sometimes give you the impression that they haven't any memory at all. (Goebbels, *Diary*, 1942)

Fourthly, that the flavour of sour grapes is often to be detected:

> Generally speaking, they have little Education, a good deal of money to lavish, and all possible Incentives to vice. (L. de Muralt, *Lettres sur les Anglois*, 1725)
>
> England, by defeating her competitors on the sea one after the other, gained the mastery of the world and brought vast tracts of it under her sway. (T. Ishimaru, *Japan Must Fight Britain*, 1936)
>
> There was something fascinating about the British approach to the Indian problem, even though it was singularly irritating. (Nehru, 1936)

Fifthly, that a favourite target for calumny is Shakespeare, and it is self-evident that people who fail to admire Shakespeare are either pompous asses, abject clowns, or envious non-entities:

> I am certainly very far from being able to approve of *Hamlet* as a tragedy; it is a gross and barbarous play, which would not be tolerated by the lowest audiences in France or Italy. (Voltaire, 1749)
>
> I believe that Shakespeare cannot be recognised either as a great genius, or even as an average writer. (Tolstoy, 1904)

Sixthly, we shall observe that not a few of these aspersions have been rendered either void or ludicrous by subsequent developments:

> One of these days John Bull will turn against the English ruling classes and he will hang the lot. I shall not be there to see it, but you will. You will have an even more terrible revolution than ours. (Napoleon in conversation with Dr Arnott, 1821)
>
> In an English church, more than anywhere else, the thought occurs to the Russian, There are many good things here, yet I am thankful that I was born in Russia. . . . (K. P. Pobyedonostseff, 1898)

And seventhly, that many of these supposedly fatal strictures are in fact praise in slight disguise:

> Ignorance of Kantian philosophy, even after seventy years—a disgrace to Englishmen of learning—is chiefly responsible for this whole wretched isolation of the English. (Schopenhauer, 1844)

(Against this we should set a remark of Goethe's, a slightly more sensible foreigner: "While the Germans are tormenting themselves with philosophical problems, the English, with their great practical understanding, laugh at us and win the world.")

> The English mind turns every abstraction it can receive into a portable utensil, or working institution. (Emerson, 1856)
>
> England is the only country on earth that refuses to take the theatre seriously. (C. Hansen, 1935)
>
> A man from the Continent gives himself an air of importance by talking: an Englishman by holding his tongue. (Karel Čapek, 1932)
>
> The distinguished Englishman has something which is akin to the aristocracy of the beautiful and kindly dogs of his country. *(Le Journal des Goncourt*, 1851-70)
>
> The public schools breed no Hamlets. (G. J. Renier, 1931)

(This latter is commendation if you agree with Voltaire; and even, perhaps, if you don't.)

> The English proletariat is getting more and more bourgeois, so that this most bourgeois of all nations is seemingly aiming at a bourgeois aristocracy and a bourgeois proletariat, as well as a bourgeoisie. (Engels, 1858)
>
> English windows open only halfway, either the top half or the bottom half. One may even have the pleasure of opening them a little at the top and a little at the bottom. (Sarah Bernhardt, 1907)
>
> Next to unpunctuality, the most dangerous vice of the English . . . is the morbid abuse of letter-writing. (André Maurois, in—please note!—*Three Letters on the English*, 1938)

THERE IS, it must be frankly admitted, a certain residue which cannot be subsumed and accounted for beneath any of these heads, and which it would be difficult (though not impossible) to ascribe solely and wholly to the malice or the ignorance of foreigners. A breakdown of the adjectives applied here to the British nation indicates that the most frequently recurrent are the following: proud (or arrogant); contemptuous (of foreigners and foreign ways, naturally); envious (of what, then?); self-satisfied; uncouth; inhospitable (but why, since these people all know what we are like, do they come here?); unscrupulous; piratical;

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sluggish (what are sluggish pirates like?); snobbish; insular; suspicious (*i.e.*, of foreigners: what a self-centred lot foreigners are! One of them, more perceptive than the others, or perhaps more cunning, asks, "How can the English like foreigners when they do not like each other?"); drunken; gluttonous; debauched; ugly; suicidal (in the circumstances you would think they could forgive us that!); stand-offish (why not, with people who plainly don't like you?); hypocritical (they ought to welcome this!); and, of course, treacherous (*i.e.*, possessing the nasty habit of coming out on top). . . .

Only a little way behind in the Unpopularity Charts comes this batch of unkind epithets: cowardly; bloodthirsty; cold; apoplectic; fickle; stubborn; foul-mouthed; silent; characterised by big feet (and, in the case of the women, protruding teeth); gloomy; mad; idle ("The English need an astonishing amount of sleep", 1915); rapacious; brutish (from which the apellation *British* was believed to derive: so much for Continental scholarship!); dirty; and ill-dressed (especially the women):

> In America, if a woman appeared at dinner in a dress which was a mass of wrinkles, people would raise their eyebrows and assume that she had just come from being tumbled in a haymow; but in England that haymow look is a sign of the purest and most incontestable virtue. (Margaret Halsey, 1938)

The last and least recurrent group of accusatory adjectives shows the slightly more cultivated minority of our critics finding us merely unphilosophical; ignorant; obtuse; unintellectual; eccentric; inarticulate; unmusical; colour-blind; and generally inartistic. One of them—the one with the soul of a postman who accused us of writing too many letters—observes that the English stand criticism rather well: "They are too proud to be touchy." There is something in that. I can think of many a foreign country where the publishers Constable & Company Ltd. would have been promptly closed down or blown up.

Mind you, all this abuse, almost entirely from Europe, makes one wonder why on earth Europe now wants us to go into Europe. Nietzsche, for instance, maintained that "The European *noblesse*—of sentiment, taste and manners, in the best sense of the word—is the work and invention of France; European mediocrity, the plebeianism of modern ideas—is English," while in the *Observations sur le manifeste du roi d'Angleterre* of 1803 it was written that England had been driven from the Continent for her bad behaviour: "By perpetual violation of the rights of man and treaties, she has become an object of odium to the Continental

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powers." Why, then, this—only a foreign phrase will serve—this *volte-face?* Is it that these foreigners don't believe a word of what they say? Or can it be that perfidious Europe hopes thus to polish Britain off once and for all, so fulfilling the prophecy ironically referred to by the Fool in *King Lear:* "Then shall the realm of Albion/Come to great confusion. . . ."?—

> *Then all who pass this way will say*
> *Here was once England.*
> (Eustache Deschamps, "De la prophécie Merlin sur la Destruction d'Angleterre," late 14th century)

Incidentally, the patient and easy-going editors remark on the oddity whereby the English have been considered unfriendly to foreigners "in spite of having kept almost open house, both in peace and war, for refugees of every description and denomination (who at times have shown a curious nostalgia for the brutal disciplines from which they have fled)." This may remind us in passing that among those most energetically exhorting us into Europe of late were quite a number of fairly recent refugees from Europe. But perhaps they would consider that their case is described by Henry Theodore Tuckerman, 1853: "England nobly gives an asylum to the life, but not to the soul of the refugee."

THERE IS SOMETHING satisfying in this wealth and diversity of epithet. Since after all the book is specifically a "panorama of censure", commendatory references are excluded by definition, and that nonetheless there should be found here practically every derogatory term of any weight in the language is evidence that the British national character is indeed a well-rounded one. Yet the reader who makes his way to the end of this compilation will have to grant that finally there is something slightly deadening about it: its tedious conformity, its spiritless unanimity. So many people can't be right. Let us, as we put the book down, recall the well-known British respect for minorities and minority views. There is—isn't there?—a minority view that in some ways some of the British are not so bad, sometimes.

D. J. Enright

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Me Doctor, You Patient

R. D. Laing's "Politics of the Family"—By DAVID MARTIN

THIS LATEST COLLECTION of Dr Laing's sermons[1] will appeal to all those who follow the publications of the North London Pulpit. The rhetoric is brilliant, the expository style persuasive, the content intriguing. Unlike Dr Cooper, his fellow preacher, Ronald Laing is not so much a prophet of the death of the family as a student of its present reality. Like the preachers of the seventeenth century he provides an analysis of the soul on its way to the Light. His text is the dominical injunction against family piety, "Let the dead bury their dead", and his metaphors are those of awakening and rebirth.

His work is hortatory in style and content. In one sense it is—as I have written before[2]—gnomic and testamental, but in another it is most cunningly structured in the manner of the conventional sermon. For one thing it makes its impact by slight variations on constantly repeated themes. In the first essay one finds the following. The family consists of relations. It exists in each of its elements and nowhere else. The family is not an introjected object but an introjected set of relations. What is internalised are not objects as such but patterns of relationship by internal operations upon which a person develops an incarnate group structure. Relations are internalised and construed for significance. This family-in-common shared group presence exists in so far as each member has it inside himself. Thus in a mere 11 pages the basic phenomenological doctrine is hammered home: the family is not a *thing* but a more or less internalised pattern of relationships.

Similarly, the sermon technique is evident in the employment of another basic phenomenological mode: the slow preliminary exegesis of the framework of the obvious, the fundamental grammar of relationships. In the manner of Schutz he articulates the structure of the family in space and time: it is either close-knit or scattered in space, married once and now divorced in time. There is a relational grammar of we, me, you, us and them, hers, his and mine. All are members one of another as men may be members in the Party, the Nation, or the Church.

Again, sermons use analogy and word play. On p. 74 Laing is discussing "secondary transformations," *i.e.* what happens when one's inner experience has to be denied and when internal reality becomes out of phase with external definition. Wishes and memories are outlawed and excommunicated. Immediately the penal analogy takes over: the psychiatric "mind police" are called in; they take the criminal (patient) into custody (hospitalisation); he confesses by a show of insight and a therapeutic sentence is pronounced. Because his experience has been invalidated he becomes an invalid (word play almost worthy of Lancelot Andrewes or Donne).

A final characteristic of sermonising is vagueness. One moves very slowly and deliberately at the level of personal relationships, spelling it out carefully, repeating, illustrating, and then suddenly one spirals as rapidly as a firework up to a vague outer space comprising "the world" and "society." The mediating levels of all the various interstitial social spheres are traversed by the merest mention, and it is the total system which comes under prophetic judgment. From a discussion of familial rules which one is prevented from acknowledging (and from acknowledging, or even knowing, that one *is* so prevented) the rhetoric roars upward to the "Western conscience" into which we are all supposed to be so tightly knit and knotted together. As he says, in a final exordium, the more we comply with the rules the more we have to break them. He completes the sermon with the proper appeal to Scripture: "our righteousness is as filthy rags." (p.116)

CONSIDER FOR A MOMENT another successful series of sermons: the pieces delivered by Edmund Leach under the auspices of that

[1] *The Politics of the Family, and other Essays.* By R. D. LAING. Tavistock Publications, £1.50.

[2] David Martin, "R. D. Laing" in *The New Left*, edited by Maurice Cranston. (Bodley Head, London; The Library Press, New York).

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august presbyter, Lord Reith.[3] Certain points of comparison are worth making. Leach took as his theme the great Abelardian text "*I have said ye are gods*", and he called on us to awaken to our status as incipient godlings, masters of all we surveyed. It was yet another evangelical call to take full charge of our own destiny. Then, Leach attacked that vehicle of continuity the family, lashed out at those who obediently conformed to parental expectations, and confidently claimed that the family

> with its narrow privacy and tawdry secrets, is the source of all our discontents. . . .

By this he meant the competitive pressures of status and economic emulation. He also pointed to changes in the family from an extended kinship network to a primary nucleus. Now, there is little in Laing that suggests either this important *external* history of the family or to indicate that (in another scriptural phrase) "the love of money is the root of all evil." *Homo economicus* does not play any role on the family scene, whereas it is a fact that people *do* have jobs and that the role divisions and status tensions attendant on them *can* be crucial for the analysis of family dynamics. Perhaps Laing thinks so too but he makes almost no reference to the fact.

To be sure Leach and Laing conform to type in attacking conformity as well as in attacking the family. This much is *de rigueur*. Laing, however, goes further. In the process of attacking conventional wisdom he succeeds in illustrating it. Not everything in Laing is conventional, and some of it is very neglected common sense—neglected at least among psychiatrists—but in certain respects (which I shall indicate below) he repeats the contemporary wisdom about being a Real Genuine, Authentic Person and about the ontological deprivation of the desiccated bureaucrat as if it were revelation. That inverts the normal practice of sermons. In conventional sermons revelation becomes platitude; in *soi-disant* unconventional sermons platitude becomes revelation.

Sermons require a congregation if not a church. The Round House at Chalk Farm (N.W.1), may be regarded as the great Tabernacle of the North London Pulpit. Hither the tribes of Judah come: the graduate proletariat, shifting from unhappy liaison to unhappy liaison, wandering from bed-sitter to bed-sitter. All the young pseudo- and sub-intelligentsia congregate on the small, windy hills of northern London, fleeing their middle-class backgrounds, affecting authentic squalor, leading the messy lives that prove their rejection of achievement and their search for *spontaneous* —and hence real—selfhood. If Laing never refers to *homo economicus* it is not surprising: a large part of his congregation is in part-time employment. This sad, voluble, resentful and intermittently employed flotsam is Dr Laing's congregation, for whom the revelation provides a sort of validation of personal disorder by claiming it is the pre-condition of real life and creativity. The saddest thing about these people is the dreary predictability with which his disciples repeat the revelation in the name of the holy spirit of spontaneity. Dr Laing has many creative and interesting things to say: the *epigoni* are repetitive bores.

I SAID ABOVE that in a special restricted sense Dr Laing purveys conventional wisdom. The conventional wisdom is the prejudice against rules, roles and relations on the ground that they stultify the expression and achievement of the Real Self. To study the tragedies consequent on rules is not to invalidate the need for rules or the fact that equal and infinitely more numerous tragedies would arise if rules were absent. Dr Laing somehow sets rules against authenticity, personal experience against external rite, people against a structure of relations—when, in fact, rules and roles and relations are the necessary though not the sufficient condition of any kind of authentic person.

People thrown on the random resources of the unhedged psyche are set on a path where the achievement of authenticity becomes a passion which consumes its capacity to gain its own object—or rather its own subject. Furthermore, one person's pursuit of authenticity is another person's blasted possibility. It only needs one such liberated spirit to leave a trail of other people's broken potentialities behind him.

Over-development of the aspiration towards "the real" devalues the common, repeated, everyday in which the profoundest satisfactions can lie. Thus family life both breeds a sense of quiet desperation and suffocation *and* a common life of steady ritual, renewed confidences, demarcated privacies and deep familiarities without which people are lost souls. The familial is the familiar: that which defines, orders, and maintains the personal

[3] Edmund Leach, *A Runaway World* (Reith Lectures for 1967), Oxford University Press.

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world. People can die within that order; they can barely live without it or without some substitute which is usually more, not less, restrictive. Moreover, many of the processes he describes are general phenomena of life operating as the necessary ground of social existence: *e.g.*, partial reciprocity, focussed and restricted identifications, unacknowledged systems of rules, profferred ranges of distinctions, definitions and options, processes of prescribing not by directions but by attributions and labels. These processes have their costs, which are sometimes heavy and repressive, but they admit an amelioration in the way they operate, and *total* reciprocity, *absolute* openness and lack of demarcation are neither possible nor desirable. All viable culture is a restriction on "world-openness", and that restriction in turn makes possible (though not inevitable) the recovery of some openness to the world. To push for *total* openness is to fall over into an inherent contradiction. Kibbutzim replace the family only by being *more* restrictive; universal communities of love rigorously exclude the outside world; rejection of any Them which is Other ends up by identifying as a sub-human Them all who do not reject that division in the way you do. I'm not sure that Laing himself does not acknowledge as much.

I HAVE PREVIOUSLY characterised Dr Laing's condemnation of his own profession as exaggerated to the point where he destroys the likelihood of a favourable reception. Nevertheless, he is quite right about the deficiencies of a great deal of psychiatric practice, particularly the kind of individual therapy which inhibits wider explorations.

Thomas Hardy has a haunting poem where he describes the constant reduplication of "the family face." Laing documents the way in which generation after generation the fallen face of a family is projected down a hall of mirrors. He rightly draws on common observation of the way people recognise this partial re-duplication generation after generation and points out that the way this operates in any given family is often least understood by the participants. People *note* the fact of reduplication without *understanding* the process; and that process is such that it interdicts any recognition of itself. The process is only weakened by slow dilutions and the criss-crossing of one type of process by another, some of these processes being more benevolent than others. Laing does not tell us anything about *benevolent* family systems. For

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him particular pathology is the key to universal pathology. There is no variable incidence in the structural location of sin, unless maybe in the institutions of non-Western cultures. (When he is not condemning Society as such, the West does tend to be his particular malevolent Other).

LAING is a *social* psychiatrist in that he does understand the structural location of illness in the family and in wider networks. This, again, is a commonsense position which the practice of too many psychiatrists denies. The extraordinary resistance of the psychiatric profession to investigating the whole familial context is remarkable even in institutions dedicated to communal therapy.

Thus, pyschiatrists may rely entirely on treatment of the individual in that they make no provision for altering the context to which the "patient" returns, acknowledge no impact deriving from the real exigencies of social living at the time, and *avoid* alternative sources of evidence from other members of the system in which the patient is implicated. It is not merely, of course, that a parent may need treatment as much as a child but that there is a structure of relationships about which all the relevant perspectives need to be understood. To see the patient as a hall of mirrors apart from current constricting exigencies and without assessing the total distribution of psychic weights in the crazy structures in which he is implicated is, to put it correctly, a form of madness to which only a carefully trained doctor could aspire. Only the "Me Doctor, You Patient" syndrome (to quote Eric Idle) could lead to such monstrous professional deformation. When Laing says that psychiatrists often do little more than operate a few standard myths he tells no more than the truth. No wonder that the prestige of psycho-analytical procedures exists most strongly in the social work field where it acts as a myth of professional legitimation and is uniquely low in the academic world of the social sciences

Yet Laing does not carry his analyses far enough. The additional standard myth which he is proposing cuts off large segments of familial reality. For example, one of his primary modes of analysis is in terms of tragic drama—a Greek tragedy repeated with variations over generations in which the basic meaning is often hidden from the participants. He employs a dramatic image and aspires to study the "scene" as it unfolds in terms of multiple refracting perspectives and the reciprocal mutations of the story proposed by the participants. But even within this dramatic mode a crucial element is lacking: comedy. If one looks at his index there is no entry under "joke"; yet what the anthropologists call "joking relationships" are a very important key to the "politics of the family."

Partly this is because what is joked about is often no laughing matter. People can convey their meaning and their understanding of the situation through the joke when no other means are open. Yet it is also because jokes are based on a sense of incongruity, and it is the disjunction between experience as felt and as defined which is Laing's primary interest. His whole analysis turns on the dire consequences of the Inner not matching the Outer, and a primary mechanism of expressing this lack of fit is the joking relationship. Indeed jokes derive from the Inner not meeting the Outer and are actually part of the richness which can result from that disjunction. One suspects that the crusade against lack of fit is a crusade against comedy. Laing's analyses describe no comedy and contain none. The family is not only a tragedy but also a comedy, and anyone sitting down with a book called *the politics of the family* should be anticipating something pretty ludicrous.

The approach based on the unfolding scene parallels approaches in sociology (*e.g.*, Dalziell Duncan, or ethno-methodology); and like them, it neglects segments of the external. For example, the specific semi-discrete networks of work and status and their semi-autonomous processes are largely absent from Laing's analysis. These impinge on the family, often in quite a crucial manner. I suggested above that Laing's congregation is in part-time employment, which is why his internal mode of analysis appeals to them. But many of them also know themselves to be the consequences of "objective" external processes in the social system: their joblessness related to the overproduction of graduates, their emotional difficulties related to patterns of educational striving operative in their homes, or to the status tensions reflected in their families. Thus one knows of psychiatrists who on principle avoid not only knowledge of wider networks but any sensitivity to their *specific* sociological character.

IMAGINE, for example, a working-class family in which the mother retains middle-class connections and therefore practises certain varieties of social withdrawal from neighbourhood ties. Imagine, also, a father deep in work

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and trade union activities and, to that extent, partly withdrawn from the family. Impose on these a pattern of educational striving and a particular division of roles between son and daughter whereby the son is offered partial autonomy at the price of relative insensitivity.

Thus the psychic burden of family sensitivity falls on a daughter for whom the father does not provide the necessary degree of support and contact. The daughter receives the same cues demanding educational success as the boy, but in an emotionally charged situation which cripples her so that she feels unable to meet the call to daughterly and intellectual perfection. She feels incapable of feeling and becomes immobilised. Now, at this point the "double binds" so brilliantly described by Laing—the rules contradicted by other rules, the rules whose existence is denied, and whose denial is denied—begin to operate so that their incidence falls more on the daughter than the son.

Imagine, in addition, a psychiatrist who treats this all in terms of the father- or mother-aspect of the patient and who insists as a methodological *principle* on not knowing about, let alone understanding, the wider context of class, status, and educational striving. Consider what it must imply for a psychiatrist *not* to understand the role of educational striving in particular groups—and, in addition, to see all relationships in the wider network outside the family as pure extensions of the family images and, therefore, denuded of inherent relevance. Consider what it means if therapy is purely concerned with understanding and does not provide clues about how to cope with the maternal relation *in the future*, how to exist in a milieu likely to contain an unusual concentration of persons in a similar (or worse) condition, and how eventually to "pass that exam" to do the kind of job which would bring genuine interest. Laing partly mends this; it needs mending altogether.

Consider, too, one further point about the impact of Laingian ideas in the kind of milieu indicated of the loosely interlocking, partly employed, intellectually frustrated inhabitants of North London (and not only, of course, of North London). On the one hand, we have psychiatrists whom Laing rightly criticises for opting out of the real task of analysis. On the other hand, we have "patients" for whom the Laingian position comes as (literally) a god-send since they, defined as disturbed, are

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The poetry of D. J. Enright is published in the UK by Chatto & Windus.

Library Press **New York**

offered the counter-ideology of defining the world in general as mad. The world becomes defined as a malevolent Them with which no contact ought to be renewed and in which no job ought to be done. Thus unemployment and effortless sensitivity is ideologically legitimated. This separating out from the *body* of society, and the chronic fear of being re-attracted to it by fiendish subtleties—this confused, bizarre denunciation of society—is the analogue of schizophrenia, at the social level. Laing essays to cure micro-schizophrenia by inducing macro-schizophrenia. He calls for responsibility by legitimating its opposite. There is nothing more seductive than to see oneself as a "scapegoat" appointed by one's family and the system.

I HAVE SAID that Laing is a preacher and that his congregation consists of the shaggy prophets of bed-sitterdom. As a preacher he is a heretic, and heresy means choice: he is in fact the apostle of spontaneous choice. His theology is obsessed with the secular location of original sin, tracing its taint from familial generation to generation. Unfortunately, like so many contemporary intellectuals, he believes in original sin *and*—when he permits himself some optimism—Rousseauesque means of social redemption. Now, a secular version of original sin makes the whole world mad by defining man himself as innocent. Like Jeff Nuttall,[4] another prophet in similar vein, he holds to the Augustinian and Rousseauesque view at the same time and has the two in a state of misconceived relation. The great tradition of the church has been concerned to hold both original sin and the rational possibility open to man in creative relation. The rational possibility must not be denied, but it is made *impossible* if the fact of man's radical deviation from his centre is stood on its head. It is this radical deviation from his centre which not only "infects" all structures but also creates that radical incongruity which is the key to all movement and dynamism.

Laing's fundamental error is that he wishes to cure the "lack of fit" in human affairs and, therefore, attacks the common condition of man and the tragic comedy which legitimately belongs to it.

[4] See my comments on Nuttall's *Bomb Culture* (1969), in ENCOUNTER, August 1969.

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Children's Corner?

"THE DIFFERENCE between writing for children and for adults is, to me at any rate, only a quite small gear-change." It is Rosemary Sutcliff speaking, but over and over again in this volume[1] her view is echoed by her fellow-authors. I would certainly echo it myself.

It is not only for the writers that the dividing line between so-called "juvenile literature" and other imaginative work is blurred. Countless readers, too, pass effortlessly from one to the other, even less conscious than the author of that "quite small gear-change." Many children's authors know from the evidence of their post-bag that some of their most enthusiastic readers are nearer eighty than eight. It is only the bookseller, the librarian and the critic who cling to the tradition of a hard-and-fast frontier. The first two (though not all of them) plead administrative convenience and create some kind of Children's Corner, even if they do not use that phrase. The critic (by which I mean the critic, not the reviewer) evades the problem by ignoring children's literature entirely. Thus, in a monumental tome like Legouis and Cazamian's *History of English Literature* we find no mention in 1395 pages of Lewis Carroll, and the Thomas Hughes in the index proves to be not the immortal and influential creator of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* but the obscure Elizabethan dramatist who wrote *The Misfortunes of Arthur.*

Yet, as Mr Townsend argues in his introduction, "children are part of mankind and children's books are part of literature. . . . " The statement seems self-evident, but there are still many people who have never considered, still less accepted it. Nearly forty years ago, when I began writing, contemporary children's literature was dismissed as valueless, and with some justification, for most, but not all, of it was pretty poor stuff. Only the classsic, the work of the safely dead and buried, was acknowledged to have value as an adjunct to education. More recently, the living writer has been admitted to the same status of useful educational tool. He is grateful for that much recognition. But educational value is only a by-product, not the primary function, of creative art. Wistfully the children's author waits for the full status he feels he deserves, serious consideration by purely literary standards as strict as those applied to writers in other fields.

Does he—can he—deserve it? Mr Townsend would say yes, and in this volume he adduces some persuasive evidence. One of the authors studied is the American Paula Fox, who has written television plays and adult novels as well. She says:

> I never think I'm writing for children when I work. . . . What applies to good writing is, I think, absolute, whether for children or grown-ups . . . I am just starting another children's book and another novel—and I hope I shall remember which is which.

A story or an idea, she suggests, does not start "for" anyone. Even more than most writers she defies classification by intended age-group. She can only be said to be writing, Townsend suggests, "For whom it may concern." How can such writers be disqualified from critical discussion?

Let us make no mistake, some of the best writing today is being done, nominally, "for" children. For exuberant vitality, for poetic imagery, for sharpness of observed detail, for dialogue that has the authentic ring of life—to pick on only four qualities that spring instantly to mind—the best of the children's storytellers can hold their own with the most able of our novelists. This is hardly surprising, for sometimes the one writer ranks in both categories. Indeed, one reason (and perhaps a rather sad one) for the general rise in standards of children's fiction is the economic decline of the novel, which has forced its writers, while not deserting it, to turn for a useful supplementary income to the healthier market of the children's book. Such authors have enriched contemporary children's literature with their talents. Even so, it is not usually they who head the critical charts as the best children's writers of all.

"Ours is the golden age of children's literature," says Brian Jackson, director of the Advisory Centre for Education, and there has certainly been a revolution in my own working lifetime. Even in the last twenty-five years, never mind the forty since Arthur Ransome's first holiday adventures appeared, there has been a remarkable transformation. Few middle-aged people, other than specialist librarians and a minority of enthusiastic teachers and parents, have the slightest idea of what has been happening or of what new authors and new themes have come upon the scene since their own childhood.

MR TOWNSEND, an established children's author as well as a reviewer and lecturer on the subject, has tried to fill this gap

[1] *A Sense of Story: Essays on Contemporary Writers for Children.* By JOHN ROWE TOWNSEND. Longman, £1.75.

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in their knowledge, at least in part. Earlier surveys, one by himself, have taken the whole field of juvenile fiction, rendering full treatment of single books and authors impossible. In this volume he has confined himself to nineteen living writers, taking some from America and others from Australia, where a handful of outstanding children's authors has emerged in the last decade or so. He has confined himself, also, to those who have been first published (or first published in Britain) within the last twenty-five years. He is thus not concerned with Tolkien, Mary Norton, Alison Uttley and other long-service writers of unquestioned excellence, and even within his arbitrarily chosen period he makes no claim to have picked "the best." He has wisely chosen those, he says, "whose work particularly interests me and about whom I feel I have something to say."

He says it in a short essay on each individual, which is supplemented by a bibliography and a page or two in which the subject of the essay speaks for himself about his life, working methods and motivation. There is no attempt to relate the essays. Writers are arranged alphabetically. One of the pleasures of reading the book is to establish one's own mental cross-references, finding contrasts and similarities, and (not least) setting Townsend's comments against what the various authors say about themselves.

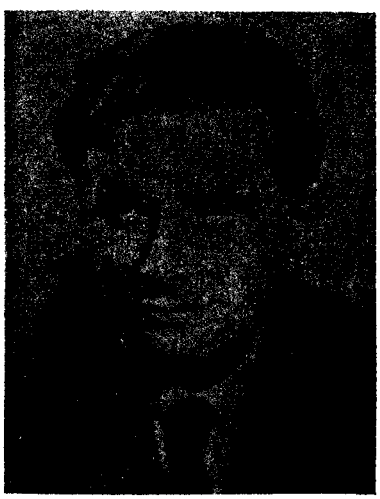
INSTINCTIVELY one turns first to the familiar names, to Alan Garner, for instance, at present (we are told) "the most discussed British writer for children." Townsend contrasts him with Tolkien, an author unknown to the younger man when he made his debut with *The Weirdstone of Brisingamen* in 1960.

> The great difference between Tolkien and early Garner is that Tolkien creates a world of magic apart from our own while Garner brings magic into our own world, here and now. . . . Garner's magic is at once enhanced and made more credible by the solidity of his settings. In *The Weirdstone of Brisingamen* . . . the background is the Cheshire countryside around Alderley Edge: firm, hard, topographically accurate.

His most famous book, *The Owl Service*, is rated by Townsend as the most remarkable children's novel published in the 1960s, though he thinks it has "come in for a great deal of uncritical praise" and he is not blind to its blemishes. The characterisation, he suggests, is "still a little patchy."

Weakness of characterisation is a criticism he similarly levels against such highly esteemed authors as Rosemary Sutcliff and William Mayne. Miss Sutcliff's heroes are all from the

WALTER LAQUEUR
Out of the Ruins of Europe



This is a wise and moving book by one of the world's most distinguished younger historians. It has a dramatic and personal point of departure—the memories of a teenager in the summer of 1938, as suddenly a German holiday ends and a desperate flight "out of the ruins of Europe" begins. In chapter after chapter Professor Laqueur ranges widely across the scene of our century: from Germany to Russia, from Europe to Israel, from the Middle East to an America racked by problems which for a historian with a vivid memory appear tragically familiar. Is that feeling of *déjà vu* a deception? With historical scholarship and literary force Professor Laqueur illuminates the similarities and differences. **$12·95**

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same mould—though he does not say so, he makes them sound uncomfortably like the Henty boy-heroes of yesteryear, "conscientious, reliable, true to their friends, stiff-upper-lipped," while her feminine characters "are thinly sketched, and only just exist as people." The villains "come straight from stock." Mayne, he thinks—and it is my own impression—has "a tendency to shy away from the passions", although "children feel strong emotion and can be deeply conscious of strong emotion in others, even when it is not understood." So, says Townsend later in the essay:

> The reluctance . . . to become involved with any depth of feeling may have something to do with Mayne's relative failure in the area of characterisation. Often one feels that the emotional life of his characters is weak or is simply left blank, and they are correspondingly enfeebled.

But, while laying his finger on such weaknesses, Townsend is generous in his appreciation of the qualities in which these writers excel. Mayne "writes superbly", is "a notable writer of dialogue", and "has a genuinely distinguished, if sometimes unduly whimsical, mind." Miss Sutcliff "has a splendid gift for the stirring account of swift action" and (he quotes Margaret Meek) a "total imaginative penetration of the historical material." Another comment, and a delightful one, he quotes—"Miss Sutcliff will always put down her harp for a battle." And, as they say, the children love it.

Other essays, generally perceptive and balanced, always informative, deal with such well-known British writers as Joan Aiken, that adept at wildly humorous fantasy, K. M. Peyton, Philippa Pearce, L. M. Boston of the *Green Knowe* books (who did not begin writing till she was sixty), and Leon Garfield, that highly individual historical story-teller who, Townsend aptly says, "treats the English language with a mastery that sometimes verges on outrage." People who imagine that the children's writer is fettered by a limited vocabulary can learn their mistake from a single page of Garfield, which, Townsend suggests, "it would be impossible to mistake . . . for a page written by anyone else."

PERHAPS, HOWEVER, the most useful part of this book is that devoted to overseas writers as yet insufficiently known in this country, such as Andre Norton of Ohio, regarded here only as a science-fiction writer though her sixty-odd books include historical fiction and fantasy, or Madeleine L'Engle, a New Yorker who still "has the nerve to present moral issues in black and white", or those very different Australians, Ivan Southall and Patricia Wrightson. "It occurred to me," explains Mrs Wrightson, "that if I, as a mother, had nothing worth saying to children, the outlook for my own children was pretty poor." She found plenty to say to her own son and daughter, and it gave her confidence to write for others.

Is it perhaps this kind of confidence, which has deserted so many adult novelists—this sense, however diffident, of having something to say—that gives contemporary children's literature its distinctive vitality, wins it so many older readers as well, and makes it altogether too good to be relegated patronisingly to a Children's Corner by itself?

Geoffrey Trease

SELECTED BOOKS

Of Pigs & Men

THE ART of mini-mastership is a demanding one; masters are never simple people and procrustean exercises easily prove fatal. But Raymond Williams' *Orwell*[1] is a success for all that. Orwell's development as a thinker and writer is carefully mapped; his representativeness of contemporary social and political attitudes and his uniqueness are reassessed. In addition two very good chapters deal principally with Orwell's literary skills and achievements. But Williams' analysis, bound by his rigid political perspective, is based upon three assumptions which should not go unquestioned: that it is possible to account for a man's intellectual development in terms solely of his social origins; that Orwell was a socialist; that his writings show a developing and final betrayal of socialism. Let us investigate these assumptions.

First, Williams lays great stress on the fact that Orwell was born into the bottom layer of "the

[1] *Orwell.* By RAYMOND WILLIAMS. Fontana Modern Masters, 30p.

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administrative class of imperialist Britain." This event alone was responsible for Orwell's paradoxical sympathy for both the oppressed and, when his guard was down, the establishment. Williams ignores the catalytic importance of Orwell's personality—his almost masochistic sympathy for failure. As a schoolboy Orwell discovered that virtue consisted in being bigger, handsomer and richer than others. He (quite unjustly) considered himself poor, weak, ugly—and so doomed. Consequently he desired to associate himself with failure and "failures." The basis for Orwell's unsystematic politics then is mainly psychological —not sociological.

Second, Williams accepts Orwell as a socialist and criticises him (*a*) for lack of systematic socio-economic analysis and (*b*) for apparently deserting the cause. Williams is unfair because Orwell was not truly a socialist: he was a moralist. This is a question of emphasis certainly but fundamental for all that. A statement of what might be called "Orwellian socialism" does not exist; he fought for the underdogs, not for organised socialism. In his complete rejection of any form of central control he is surely closer to some elements of the New Left than to orthodox socialism. As for Orwell's "revolutionary socialism" of 1936, it could be argued that his passion for revolution was not entirely a socialist one. He believed it impossible to change society by revolution; but the effort was an ennobling one and, its failure inevitable, doubly alluring.

Third, Williams' view of Orwell's development needs to be reassessed. We ought to be able to detach Orwell's early pro-worker (*i.e.*, underdog) sentiment from socialism—as he does himself in *The Road to Wigan Pier*; to recognise that the commitment of *Homage to Catalonia* is to the *act* of revolution, not to its success or the successful establishment of socialism; to understand that Orwell did not finally sell out to the capitalists but merely pursued his theme of the inevitable injustices of rule by caste—social *or political* (the humans or the pigs!). And we ought to remember that Orwell did not plan to die after completing *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. He did not regard this as his political testament; neither should we.

Interpretations apart, the author provides a succinct, often sympathetic account of Orwell's ambition to "get right down among the oppressed, to be one of them", and of the literary and politico-philosophical achievements which followed. But finally Williams' treatment substantiates precisely Orwell's own view of his reception by the Left: "at the most, an unwelcome guerrilla on the flank of the regular army."

By comparison with Williams' closely worked and necessarily selective study, Miriam Gross offers us a Cook's Tour of the world of Orwell.[2] Eighteen essays are interspersed with ninety-eight illustrations, giving an overall impression of the dubious relevance of some of the essays and many of the illustrations.

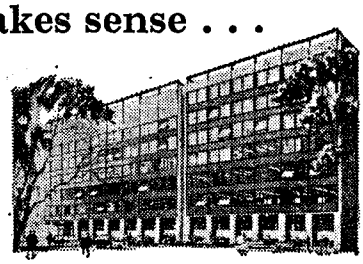
Yet the first and most important point to make is that this book is better than it looks. One of its great assets is that it brings together people who under normal circumstances might never have put their often valuable memories into print. For example, the first essay entitled "The Young Eric" puts into perspective Orwell's sense of personal failure: "The picture painted of a wretched little neurotic . . . was just not Eric at all." (Compare this with "Such, such were the Joys"!) We learn also that Eric had his heart set on going to Oxford and regarded his being commissioned into the Burmese Police as exile. This is an insight into Orwell's early years which has previously been lacking.

There was also much that we needed to know about Orwell's stay in Burma. Unfortunately we remain in ignorance, learning only of his skills as a free-scoring centre-forward with a police football team. On the other hand, John Gross deals with Orwell's attitudes to imperialism in a more comprehensive manner than previous writers.

Other ground covered by the book is more firmly trodden and although the traditional themes are often reworked with considerable skill, not many new insights emerge. D. A. N. Jones and others hammer away at Orwell's inconsistencies, but their criticism never matches his own awareness of his shortcomings as a political philosopher

[2] *The World of Orwell.* Edited by MIRIAM GROSS. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £3·75.

It makes sense . . .



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or prophet. In the context of these criticisms, it is important to bear in mind that Orwell's reference group was the left-wing intelligentsia, so when he took pacifists to task during the war he really did feel himself to be in a minority. And it ought to be remembered that he supported victims of the post-war witch-hunt. Orwell's gestures were not consistent but they *were* sincere. This is what we should expect of a moralist.

All in all the collection contains some new and interesting material and some valuable restatements of old arguments. To my mind it lacks thematic design; it might have been better simply to have explored certain major themes in Orwell's thought by referring to his work and various life experiences. Having completed the book the reader may feel he knows more about the world of Muggeridge, Jones, Empson and other contributors than about the world of Orwell.

S. J. Ingle

This Way Out

FOR THOSE trying to watch the revolutionary changes in our society it must, I think, be increasingly hard to read politicians' memoirs, even those of a man as nice, well meaning, always a-bit-of-a-phantast and unlucky as George Brown.[1] In his concluding paragraph, he complains that British society of today makes for mediocrity, with advertising as the villain forcing the ratings-chasing media ever deeper into triviality, and with the start of commercial television the great landmark in the decline. Yes, but wait, one wants to say, surely the causes of the decline of individualism lie deeper! In our post-bourgeois affluent society, *structurally* dependent upon mass production and consumption, advertising is surely only a link between the two, with mass entertainment equally inevitable. Can there in such a mass society still be room for George Brown's bourgeois-style "great men" and "characters"? Is there scope for them in a society where the individual is dwarfed by ever larger organisations and computerised technology—indeed, in such an era what role still remains for Parliamentary social democracy?

From the perspective of such questions, Westminster as the meeting-point of politicians has begun to look a shrunken and insulated world, in some ways curiously dated; George Brown's account of his way provides some but not much exception to this datedness. For me the proportions of these memoirs are upside down. His glimpses of social hardship in his childhood (no ambulance to take his sick mother to hospital before approval from the Poor Law Guardians) or of his youth as a kind of Wellsian, boisterous clerk, fur-trade worker and trade union official, are far more interesting than his rehash of Labour politics at Westminster, yet are dismissed, alas, in a few pages. He is similarly too brief about his spell at the Department of Economic Affairs, compared with his lengthy meanderings about Foreign Affairs. For in the DEA, which he founded, in his National Plan for British economic growth with its regional councils, Prices & Incomes Board, etc., he *had* something—today's British situation underlines this. In his way, George Brown reveals fairly frankly how his unwillingness to admit that others, that is, Wilson and other Ministers, industrial and union leaders, might ever fail to share his enthusiasm handicapped his efforts. Still, looking back, it is clear that only *if* the Labour Government in 1964 had devalued the pound and decided on at least 4% *p.a.* growth, and only *if* Wilson and the Treasury had unequivocally backed them, could Brown's DEA and National Plan for growth have taken off. Without such support and, indeed, with Wilson backing the traditional, orthodox deflationist view of the Treasury which put the parity of the pound before economic growth, the National Plan was just never on.

I wish George Brown had enlarged on this, instead of going on and on about his time at the Foreign Office where in spite of UN Resolution 242 and photos showing our hero with Kennedy, Johnson, de Gaulle, Gromyko, Nasser, etc., he and his enthusiasms were out of place. One small example from his favourite foreign field, the Middle East. Just before the Six Day War, he says, he laboured hard to break Nasser's siege of Israel peacefully by sending an international convoy through the Straits of Tiran; but after the sudden Israeli attack annihilating the Arab air force, it was pointless to continue. This is cloud-land. George Brown knows that when in May 1967 in the White House grounds LBJ put his arm round Abba Eban's shoulders, it was to tell him that for the U.S., this siege-breaking convoy was a non-starter, and the Israelis struck because they knew that.

Altogether, George Brown is less good on events than on people, where he has some nice asides. He rightly says that for his Master, Ernie Bevin, the tragedy was that power came too late in life, when ill health came, too. Cripps in his view had more Christian hope and faith than charity; after a quarrel he never spoke to Brown again, not even when they stood side by side in the lavatory. Aneurin Bevan had a natural magnetism; some people, says Brown, are bigots but can deliberately turn on the charm: Bevan in reverse had deliberately to turn on the bile. Among Conservatives, Brown preferred Eden ("a good man") to Macmillan, who seemed to prefer the acting to the part. He thinks that Butler destroyed himself by hesitations, yet would have made "a considerable Prime Minister," under whom the country would have taken no morally wrong decision. Nice touches—but one comes back to the ingrownness, the insulation that has come over the world of British politicians. During Labour's six years in office, stormy events were transforming the world outside Westminster. There was the accelerated rise of the giant

[1] *In My Way*. By GEORGE BROWN. Gollancz, £3.

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international firms, from Ford's to Hilton Hotels, mostly American-based, and the new problems their power posed. There was the international radicalisation of student youth, which began at Berkeley in the year when Wilson went to No 10 and changed the whole climate of the Sixties. Of these and similar trends one finds scarce an echo in George Brown's bland political pages. It is not that his general comments on society are less clever than the next man's, but that social change has become very complicated indeed, and to glimpse its trends one has to work rather harder than George Brown in his off-the-cuff way seems to think.

T. R. Fyvel

Not So Grateful

IN A LETTER to me dated 11 December 1968, Mulk Raj Anand wrote: "The American lady, Dr Margaret Berry, has taken the tip from Dr Gowda [a Professor of English at Mysore University] and detected the hand of Moscow in my work. She accuses me of following a doctrinaire aesthetic." This remark was occasioned when Anand received from Margaret Berry a copy of her M.A. dissertation, inscribed with these words: "With grateful good wishes." She had every reason to be grateful to him for the thirteen letters he wrote to her, discussing his aims as a novelist, his humanism, his brand of expressionism, poetic realism, and much else, from which she has quoted sumptuously in her thesis and which make interesting reading.

Dr Berry's study[1] is based on the thesis, which was completed in 1968, and shows little evidence of having been revised for publication. Anand's *Morning Face,* published in 1968, is stated to "be due from Kutub Publishers, Bombay, this fall, 1968." No mention is made of Meenakshi Mukerjee's "Beyond the Village", included in *Critical Essays on Indian Writing in English,* also published in 1968. It is understandable that Dr Berry could not include studies on Anand which appeared after 1968, but some of the important work done on Anand in 1968 should have been referred to in her book (the first on Anand, and perhaps the first on a contemporary Indian novelist), and their absence can only be put down to carelessness.

I have other reservations to Dr Berry's book. Bent on proving that Anand is a propagandist, she comfortably dismisses what does not suit her purpose. She is not impressed with V. S. Pritchett's and C. Day Lewis's arguments that Anand is not a propagandist, and she does not mention other notable scholars who agreed with their views, such as Stephen Spender, Walter Allen, Bonamy Dobrée and E. M. Forster (none of them, by the way, Marxists). She dismisses the insights offered by K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Jack Lindsay and others as "undermined by exaggeration, idealising, wishful thinking, induced it may be by personal, patriotic, or party loyalty." And as she herself rarely gives reasons for her own conclusions, it is almost impossible to refute them.

Only in the last chapter, titled "Evaluation", does she come near examining the novels as literature. Here she gives us what she terms "an original definition" of the novel: "A good novel presents interesting and believable human beings in reaction with their environment so as to suggest richly and intensively the universal experiences of man." One would have thought that by now one has had enough definitions of the novel, Mr Anand himself having added several! But I guess it is both Mr Anand's and Dr Berry's genius to turn up old earth and look at it as fresh soil. And not only that: Dr Berry's phrase "the universal experiences of man" shares some of the fuzziness of mind we have lately come to associate with Anand.

Despite the foregoing, there is much to arouse enthusiasm in Dr Berry's book. She has given us a clear-headed analysis of Anand's faith as a writer: a difficult task considering the nonsense written on the subject. She points out how before 1932 Anand viewed literature and the arts "mainly as religious and philosophic derivatives," and that it was only after he had come under the influence of Marx that his concept changed radically. Her discussion of the other influences that shaped his mind is also good, and in her study we come across some sharp comments on *The Village* and *The Big Heart.* I wish she had discussed Anand's short stories as well, which are on the whole free from some of the defects to be found in the novels.

Saros Cowasjee

[1] *Mulk Raj Anand: the Man and the Novelist.* By MARGARET BERRY. Oriental Press, Amsterdam, f30.

The Tragedy of Yasnaya Polyana

ELIZABETH GUNN'S title for her book on Tolstoy, *A Daring Coiffeur,*[1] is one of the most puzzling things about it. No more inappropriate analogy could be found for Tolstoy, who hated Parisian sophistication, than that of the *perruquier.* As her own quotation from Gorky's *Reminiscences* shows, Tolstoy applied the phrase "a daring coiffeur" not to himself, but to the philosopher Shestov, whom he disliked. He even went on to explain to a puzzled friend that the phrase meant that Shestov (who, by the way, had made some penetrating criticisms of him) was "a fashionable dandy" of thought.

[1] *A Daring Coiffeur.* By ELIZABETH GUNN. Chatto and Windus, £1.50.

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Tolstoy, the "great writer of our Russian land" as Turgenev movingly called him, remains just too big for his critics. Elizabeth Gunn speaks of him (as Turgenev too sometimes did) as a Philistine and a hectorer and yet when she writes of history she falls back on Tolstoy's own contention (a *non sequitur*?) that an historian's account of events must, of necessity, to some extent be false since much that occurred went unrecorded and much was accidental. It may be, as she claims, that it is characteristically Russian to be "pregnant with intolerance, with irritation", but my surprise at her claim that *War and Peace* and *The Kreutzer Sonata* are more connected than we think is somewhat moderated when I reach her fantastic hypothesis that the motive for the countess Rostov's cruelty to Sonya is—of all things—jealousy. Only two pages before this we have been told that Nicholas' parents "resemble grandparents" because "they are safely out of the sphere of sexual relations", but now it seems that the count has failed the countess "as a man", so that she has to compensate for this in her feelings for her son Nicholas. Shades of D. H. Lawrence! Elizabeth Gunn finds that "we" do not believe in Pierre's debauchery and are unmoved by Prince Andrew's death. I, for one, opt out of the authorial "we" here. She tells us that in *Anna Karenina* Kitty is not merely pedestrian, but "ceases to be human", that Vronsky has "tragic stature" *because* he is "conventional", and that Tolstoy sinks to the "cheap device" of making Karenin "the villain of the piece." She sees Levin's not uncommon reluctance to speak of his deep feeling for nature as showing us that Tolstoy was curiously miscast as a protagonist of the "inner world." I would ask her to consider Tiutchev's poem "Silentium" with its line "Thought uttered is false", and Tolstoy's constant puzzlement about consciousness in his diaries. It is impossible not to score some critical hits with a target like Tolstoy, but *A Daring Coiffeur* does not just miss too often, it sometimes even seems to be pointing in the wrong direction.

Tolstoy's secretary Gusev was exiled in 1909 and Valentin Bulgakov came to act as his secretary in 1910, the year of Tolstoy's flight and death. Bulgakov kept a diary of that year which has now been translated into English for the first time.[2] We must be grateful to the translator for making available this account of what Bulgakov called "the tragedy of Yasnaya Polyana", a tragedy all the more tragic in that one feels "nobody's fault" is, in the end, its most fitting epigraph. Both Gorky and Pasternak rightly rebuked those who, like Tolstoy's disciple Chertkov, blamed the countess. It is a pity, therefore, that Dr Steiner, in his introduction, cannot refrain from referring to Tolstoy's "inhumanity" and "utter tactlessness" simply because Tolstoy told Bulgakov that he had made a note of the fact that it was easy for him to pity his wife "when she suffers and does not make others suffer." Actually both count and countess emerge from Bulgakov's diary as pretty decent human beings. Again, why does Dr Steiner feel called on to speak of "the frequent dogmatic banality" of Tolstoy? Tolstoy could be banal and fatuous no doubt, but the dominant impression left by Bulgakov's diary (as by the notes of Gorky and Goldenweiser) is of a penetrating, vigorous and resilient intellect. How many 82-year-olds could have their slightest *obiter dicta* recorded and escape so lightly, particularly when they were at the centre of a family power struggle? It is true that Tolstoy sometimes deceived himself as to his motives and that this on occasion led him to forget that even Christianity at its most extreme calls only for the imitation of Christ and not for his supersession, but Bulgakov recalls little in the way of such delusion that I can remember. What remains with me rather is Tolstoy's sensible remark apropos of a preacher visiting Yasnaya: "In him the religious feeling is combined with a desire for fame, and the superstition that it is possible to arrange other peoples' lives." No doubt it was all too human of Tolstoy not to see how aptly such a shrewd observation sometimes applied to himself. Before his death he was to learn that he would not find it easy to arrange his own life either.

E. B. Greenwood

[2] *The Last Year of Leo Tolstoy*. By V. F. BULGAKOV. Translated by ANN DUNNIGAN with an introduction by GEORGE STEINER. Hamish Hamilton, £2.25.

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EAST & WEST

Letter from Italy

The Giraffe

By Arrigo Levi

"SPAGHETTI WITH CHILE SAUCE": how credible is C. L. Sulzberger's gastronomic absurdity, as a prophecy (spiced with Allende's triumph in Santiago) of Italy's political future? Is the era of the Centre-Left really over? Are the Communists only "*à trois étapes du pouvoir*", as *L'Express* thinks? Indeed, aren't they already enjoying the benefits of power, without having to share the costs? Such questions seem to be increasingly worrying Italian as well as foreign observers, though they still receive quite different answers from different people. Important political forces in Italy deny the irreversible character of the crisis of the Centre-Left and are engaged in a strenuous effort, with the Colombo Government, to launch a new wave of fundamental reforms which would greatly strengthen democratic Italy. Even if political confusion were to prevail, some analysts believe that a "turn to the Right" would be more likely than an "opening to the Left"; and the neo-fascist successes in the June 1971 administrative elections lend credibility to this hypothesis. In any case, I can in this article only attempt to provide an indirect answer to such momentous questions, *i.e.* by means of an analysis of the intentions, ideology, and political strategy of the *Partito Comunista Italiano (PCI):* the largest and most influential Communist party in the West, and the one with the best chance of achieving power through democratic means.

Do the Communists really believe that a new majority on the Left is shaping up? What is behind their offer to "converge", that is, to withdraw from Opposition and join forces with a new, "more advanced" democratic Government? What do they actually mean when they declare (as Secretary General Luigo Longo did last January, celebrating the party's 50th anniversary) that they already feel *partito di Governo?* These are related to other questions —what would *Comunismo all' Italiana* look like, what is the *PCI*'s foreign policy, how are its international relations with Moscow—which are the subject of my inquiry which has been based on some twenty interviews with leading members of the Communist leadership.[1] This is an attempt to portray Italian Communism as it sees itself at the end of its first half-century: a powerful, but quite extraordinary political body, engaged in an unprecedented task, that of trying to invent Communism for a (relatively) developed country and in a (substantially) democratic environment.[2] No one knows yet whether this can be done, and what the final results of the *PCI*'s efforts might be. They could very well be quite different from its intended aims.

Adapting the rigid patterns of a dogmatic ideology to the changing reality of a fast-growing society is an excruciating task, and a not altogether predictable one. In the process, the *PCI* has grown into a queer political animal: a Communist "giraffe", as Togliatti once said, when he was trying to convince non-believers that the *PCI* was a democratic party in spite of its being Marxist-Leninist. Those who deny it, Togliatti claimed, are like those ignoramuses who could not believe that a giraffe was real when they first saw it because it was just too different from all other animals. Although the *PCI* has not yet fully convinced most Italians that it is indeed a democratic party, in a wider sense Togliatti's definition is shrewd. From whichever angle you look at it —from East or West, judging it as a Communist party or as a Western workers' party— the *PCI* remains a giraffe. No other living thing in the whole political zoo is quite like it. To try to describe it is not easy.

[1] Among others, with Berlinguer, Amendola, Barca, Bufalini, Chiaromonte, Di Giulio, Galluzzi, Napolitano, Natta, Reichlin, Segre, Tortorella, Ferri, Spriano, Peggio, Lama.

Berlinguer is deputy Secretary General of the party, Lama is Secretary General of the CGIL (Confederazione Generale Italiana del Lavoro).

Nearly all the others are members of either the *Direzione* or the Secretariat of the Party. Political commentators, leading economists, and non-Communist party leaders were also interviewed during my research.

[2] The historic task of the *PCI* has recently been defined even more ambitiously as that of "inventing Communism for the West." In his 50th-anniversary speech, Berlinguer said: "Our task is to face and solve the awesome problem of developing the proletarian revolution beyond the limits, inside which history made it victorious in the East. It is our task to work, think, and fight in order to make the Revolution victorious in Italy, so contributing to its success in Western Europe . . . to win in Italy, in Europe, in the West, in the countries of advanced capitalism, is the decisive fact for the future of the whole of human society" (*L'Unità*, 1.2.71).

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TO BE SURE, THERE ARE SOME who are satisfied to explain the *PCI* in simple terms. According to the extreme Right, the Communists "haven't changed at all." They still constitute a totalitarian revolutionary party which plays Moscow's game in a rather clever way, *i.e.* with Togliatti's famous *doppiezza* (duplicity). It has adopted a "low profile" in order to get hold of power more easily; but once in power the "giraffe" would turn out to be exactly the same as all other animals in the Communist herd. According to the extreme Left, the *PCI* has become (or is becoming, or has always been) a reformist party. Today it is "the spare wheel of the capitalist system." It is not only unable to create a revolutionary crisis, but it is actively engaged in preventing one.

Both these views are too simple-minded to be true. According to almost everybody else, "Something has indeed changed in the *PCI*"; and so say the Communists themselves. The problem is to define what has changed, and how. I shall state in advance my conclusions by saying that the *PCI* is going through a great transformation, and this makes it particularly susceptible to contradictions in its policy and its ideology. The *PCI* has announced that it definitely intends to follow the path of reforms, and it is in point of fact more amenable than ever in the past to a reformist policy. But it often seems unable to give up its old favourite sport of riding the tiger of Protest even when, by so doing, it weakens its own reformist strategy and only strengthens the extreme Left. The *PCI* states that it is a democratic party, but makes its conversion unconvincing by continuously saying that it will never change its *"scelta di campo"*—the chosen camp being, of course, the "monolithic" one. The *PCI* claims that it has autonomy from Moscow, but keeps suggesting that Italy should follow a neutral policy which would only help to make the Russians masters of Europe.

In my own view, the *PCI*'s "contradictions" are by and large genuine and not just a matter of opportunistic tactics. Sorting them out will take quite some time, and in the meantime the direction of Italy's development, during this fateful decade of the nation's rise to maturity, will remain in other, democratic hands—though the *PCI* is greatly tempted to offer its help, and this could indeed be useful. But more on that later.

THE PARTY—as a political body, in reasonably good health—faces a period of fast change, deep self-analysis, and difficult alternative choices. Some signs of stress show. The *PCI* still has more members than any other Italian party, and it is the largest mass Communist party outside the USSR. The claimed membership (as of 31 December 1970) was 1,507,047. But it is widely recognised that this membership is considerably less active than it was 10 or 20 years ago. It is also down 1.1 million from its top level of 1954; a continuous decline has just been halted in this last year.

On a nation-wide basis, the *PCI* reached its top level in votes and percentage in the 1968 election: 8.5 million votes (or 26.9%). The percentage went down to 26.8 in the regional elections of 1970. Though the reduction was minute (a further reduction was noticeable in the partial administrative elections of 1971) this was the first time since the War that the *PCI* did not increase its share of the vote. With its allied parties, the *PCI* has regularly controlled nearly one third of the electorate: 31 per cent in 1948, 31.4 per cent in 1968.

All this is, of course, not bad at all. Still, it is, by any historical standards, very slow progress. According to one calculation, this rate of growth—the *PCI* received 18.9 per cent of the vote in 1946—would assure the Communists a majority only in 2008. "The parliamentary road to Socialism is longer than the way to Mars", Maria Macciocchi has complained to Louis Althusser in her "Letters from Inside the *PCI*." In practice nobody really believes that the *PCI* has the slightest chance of winning a majority by itself in Italy. (Aside to Mr Sulzberger: real differences between Italy's parliamentary system and Chile's Presidential system also make it impossible to win power through a minority coalition).

So the Communist aim must be—and is—the creation of a "Left alternative", *i.e.* a new majority of the Left which would include the *PCI*. The Communist leaders themselves recognise, however, that "this is unthinkable now, the parties and their policies being what they are. . . ." Amendola told me: "As a party, our interest is to depend on long-term developments. . . ." In the meantime, the Party's strategy is to stay in the opposition, with a readiness, in Longo's words, "for all agreements and convergences, even with forces of the present Government coalition", and a willingness to support policies designed to meet "the just popular demands for urgent reforms." The *PCI* would like to see the present Centre-Left four-party government replaced with a new one based on "a more advanced political balance." This is also the

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declared aim of the majority of the *Partito Socialista Italiano*. According to the *PSI* a two-party coalition, made up of *Democrazia Cristiana* and the *PSI*, should be formed after the next elections of 1973, leaving out the Right-Wing Socialists and the Republicans.

IT IS NOT YET CLEAR how realistic such a proposal can be. At the moment a large majority of the *Democrazia Cristiana*, the Nenni wing of the *PSI*, the Social Democrats, the Republicans, and apparently President Saragat, are all against it. A two-party coalition, they feel, would depend too much on the Communists. Many people believe that Saragat (whose term ended in December) will now engage actively in party politics and that his presence will further restrain the Christian Democrats from turning to the left too sharply. Much will also depend on the electorate, and how it judges the Communist offer to the democratic parties. In substance, the *PCI* promises to cooperate in bringing about some fundamental economic reforms; but it demands that a new, "more advanced" Coalition should first of all declare itself ready to accept Communist cooperation in Parliament and in local government. The traditional anti-Communist *Preclusione* should be abandoned.

A curious situation would then arise. The *PCI* would still keep up its general opposition and would give its support only to those Government measures for which it would have been partly responsible. The boundaries between Government and Opposition would be quite blurred, and Italy would become some sort of new and "atypical" form of democracy. This, the Communists claim, is "the only way to reconcile the Nation with itself," to "meet the crying need for reforms," to "remove the widespread unrest" and to "strengthen Republican and democratic institutions." This is also the road to follow, they readily admit, in order to make the "new majority of the Left" possible. There is no doubt that somewhere along this road the break-up of the *Democrazia Cristiana* is expected to take place.

THIS IS THE DECLARED political strategy of the *PCI* at the beginning of the '70s, at the outset of what might be Italy's great decade of Reform. As a matter of fact, the reforms are now being inaugurated by the Colombo Government, after intensive and constructive consultations with the Trade Unions, including the Communist ones. The new reform bills—some of them already approved—make up a kind of Italian New Deal: they provide for pension schemes; a statute on workers' rights; a national health service; new programmes for housing, transport, schools, the "Mezzogiorno"; a new approach to economic planning and fiscal reform. This imposing programme is being debated in Parliament, with very active Communist participation. On a number of occasions the final drafts have taken into account Communist suggestions, although the *PCI* officially "abstains."

Such being the situation, the Communist offer to become an *opposizione convergente*, while waiting for a new majority to arise, can mean quite different things. According to the new radical Left, the *PCI* is already a *de facto* member of the coalition and the strongest support for the reform policy of the Centre-Left parties. Di Giulio himself told me: "Unless the *PCI* had thrown all its weight in a certain direction, we would have had a very serious political and economic crisis in 1970." It is clear that some forces of the Government Coalition are already in favour of greater cooperation with the *PCI*. Others believe that the *PCI* can be "made use of", on condition that the coalition itself remains strong and able to keep the *PCI* at arm's length. Some democratic elements are, frankly, very worried: they fear that the Communists will cleverly succeed in disrupting the democratic Centre-Left coalition, will manage to break up the *Democrazia Cristiana*, and will come to power through a new Left coalition, based on the *PCI*, the *PSI*, and the Catholic Left. Indeed, this would be the real purpose of the whole operation. (The Christian Democratic losses, in favour of the neo-fascists, in the 1971 Rome and Sicily administrative elections, have definitely increased resistance by the party's right-wing against any "opening to the Communists.") Another widespread fear is that the Christian Democrats and the Communists may come to an agreement, forming a *"Grosse Koalition"* the Italian way (the so-called *Republica Conciliare*). The result might well be gross confusion.

The prospect of Communist "convergence" towards the Governmental area, whichever form it might take, raises one fundamental problem. Of course, the *PCI* could help the policy of reforms by assuring it a wider popular support. But there is a real danger that all the normal checks and balances of parliamentary democracy, based on the existence of a Government and an Opposition, would practi-

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cally disappear; and they are already weak enough in Italy's *bipartitismo imperfetto*. The *PCI*'s "converging opposition" could lead to the spread of what Alberto Ronchey has called a "merry demagogism." The "populist wave" (which Nicola Matteucci has recently denounced in *Il Mulino*) would make it impossible for a Government ever to say no. The notorious inefficiency of Italy's political system would fall to abysmal depths; general chaos and anarchy would prevail. What would be left of "economic growth"?

This fear is greatly aggravated by the awareness that, although the *PCI* may talk wisely, it often acts wildly. The "oppositional mentality" is deeply embedded in the Party's way of life. Franco Ferri, the head of the Gramsci Institute, told me: "The spirit of opposition is a structural element of the *PCI* as well as of the whole Italian popular movement. It is a vocation, springing from the consciousness of the workers' and peasants' unhappy condition. . . . " How can the *PCI* become co-responsible for the management of a society and a system which it has for so long fought with all its forces?

WHAT, THEN, IS THE REAL Communist aim in the offer of their partial cooperation to the democratic parties in this decade of Reform? When a given policy lends itself to totally opposing interpretations, the likelihood is that the policy itself is ambivalent and that it will in fact lead to the most contradictory developments. Indeed, contradictory motivations and aims appear to co-exist in the *PCI*'s political strategy. It is designed to satisfy both the moderate wing of the Party, anxious to join in the work of reforms and to get more real power in the land, and the more intransigent wing. The Party line promises to some Communists the reforms they want, to others that final overturn of the power structure which is their deepest wish. Which of the two results will prevail—in certain scenarios, both!—depends on many unforeseeable factors outside the Party. For the time being both Communist factions can be seen to be following the same line.

For my own part, I do not see the *PCI*'s political strategy as a purely tactical compromise. On the contrary, it is the result of genuinely conflicting perspectives. The Communist desire to participate in the enterprise of reforms is real. So is their fear that "the country may become so unruly as to fall apart" (though they would not be without responsibility for this). Genuine, too, is their hope that by blowing alternately hot and cold on the Centre-Left coalition they will finally succeed in disintegrating it. Then the revolutionary urge still strong in the Party's soul will be appeased.

Of course, if the *PCI*'s policy has such ambiguous implications, the final result will depend more on the others than on the Communists themselves. The Party is evidently available for a role in two opposite political scenarios. It is for the others to make the choice. In such conditions, political forecasting is nearly impossible. There is a chance that the *PCI*'s effort will make it possible to achieve the great reforms which are necessary to strengthen Democratic Italy. It could also be that some day, through the *PCI*'s "convergence" and participation, power will just fall in its hands "as hot as a brioche" (to quote the *PCI*'s famous humorist, Fortebraccio). One gets the uneasy feeling that the Party itself does not know what will come about, or even that it does not know what it really wishes.

LOOKED AT FROM OTHER ANGLES, the *PCI* offers equally conflicting images. Soon after the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 an unofficial poll organised by the Party leaders showed how deeply the faithful were split: 50 per cent of Party members were pro-Russian, although the leadership at the time strongly condemned Brezhnev! This partly explains why the *PCI* can become no more than a "loyal opposition" inside the Soviet camp. Unless it is expelled one day, the Party has no intention of leaving the Russian orbit. Indeed its attitude to Moscow is not at all so critical as it appears to be if one reads only the international press, where every small criticism or deviation is reported—while the countless occasions when the *PCI* loudly reaffirms its unalterably pro-Russian, anti-Western position are consistently ignored.

The *PCI*'s loyal membership inside the Russian camp is not merely the fulfilment of the nostalgic feelings of the old party faithful, or even of the need to maintain some material advantages. Deep down, the Russian choice is a kind of pledge of the seriousness of its revolutionary intentions. "If the *PCI* were to break away from Moscow", Lama told me; "it would become a mere Social Democratic party. Our choice of camp means that we *really* want Socialism. . . ."

At the same time the *PCI* has indirectly recognised (in a famous article by Berlinguer in *Rinascita*) that the Bolshevik Party, such as it is today, is "a stumbling block on the road to real

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democratic Socialism"; that Russia is preventing the other Eastern countries from following their own "national road to Socialism and independence"; that the Brezhnev doctrine of interference is unacceptable. In spite of this analysis of Russian power, it keeps insisting that Italy should veer from the West toward "neutrality." This is contradictory. The *PCI* cannot really believe that the dismantling of the NATO bloc would *weaken* Russian power; it surely comprehends that a weakened Western and Southern Europe would mean the emergence of reactionary Russia as the dominant power in Europe.

I believe it to be true, as A. Reichlin told me, that "it's perfectly clear, in Longo's and Berlinguer's minds, that Italy must never suffer the same fate as Czechoslovakia." So it is quite possible that the Party preaches "neutrality" so easily only because it feels sure that its suggestions have no chance of being followed. Still, if Moscow puts up with the undoubted nuisance of the *PCI*'s non-conformity, the reason must be that it puts a higher value on the *PCI*'s usefulness as a weakening element in the Western camp. And if the *PCI* cannot break away from Moscow now, how could it ever do so once in power? The *PCI*'s foreign policy (and the umbilical cord still connecting it to Russia) remains as one of the main reasons, if not the only one, for the democratic parties' refusal to accept the *PCI* as a possible Governmental partner. The Communist leaders are perfectly aware of the extent to which this makes their offers of "convergence" unacceptable. Why, then, do they follow such a self-defeating line?

My impression is that they are not really too displeased with this situation. "Staying out" still postpones choices which could be painful and costly to Party unity. In the opposition it is so much easier to get away with contradictory policies.

WITH REGARD TO economic policy, Communists have recently made considerable changes in their traditional line. They have definitely abandoned the Soviet "command economy" model and have accepted, *de facto,* the Italian model of a mixed, planned market economy: one which is, as a matter of fact, the most heavily nationalised in the West. (More than three-quarters of all industrial investments in Italy, as the *PCI*'s economist E. Peggio has pointed out, are in some way controlled by the State.) The *PCI*'s new economic policy is somewhat demurely defined by Barca as "not revisionism—but the revision of some dogmas." Berlinguer and others have said that they see no need to enlarge, except "marginally", the public sector. Barca told me that he "believes deeply" in the market as "an instrument of control of the efficiency of economic choices" and this, not just for now, but "in the long run." The Communists are more radical than the democratic parties in their demand for a deep change in the "consumption model", *i.e.* emphasising the public services as against private consumption. Their view of "democratic planning" could lead to the upsetting of the power structure inside the world of Italian business enterprise.

Still, the *PCI* has accepted, in practice, the West's "mixed economy", including the principle that the trade unions should remain personally independent of the political powers that be. Needless to say, left to itself, the Communist version of the mixed economy would lean heavily in the direction of a state-controlled economy. The private sector would, in the end, be quite limited; the market would exist more in "micro-economics" than as a vehicle for decisions on the macro-economic level. In truth, one cannot say exactly what Italian Communists have in mind, because both in the economic and in the institutional fields they have not clarified their ideas; there is as yet no description of an "Italian Communist model." Theoretically, it would be a multi-party, parliamentary system; a private sector and the market would, to some extent, survive; there are promises of freedom both for trade unionists and for the intelligentsia. But the whole design is vague, and the *PCI*'s connections with the Russian bloc make the whole picture of an indigenous "Western Communism" hazy and ill-defined.

What is surprising, on the whole, is not the fact that so many elements of the Italian Communist model are missing; but rather the weakness of efforts by the Party and its intellectuals to fill in the gaps. Though the *PCI* has a rather good publishing house (Editori Riuniti) there is an almost total lack of books on all fundamental issues involving Italian Communism (with the only exception of Party history, on which subject some interesting works by Paolo Spriano and others have lately appeared). No deeply innovating work of social research or political theory has emerged, comparable (say) with those by Lukács, Djilas, Adam Schaff and others, not to mention the serious contributions from Eastern European economists. Nor has there been any new light shed from the Italian Communist side on the understanding of Soviet Communism. Surely,

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this is deeply disappointing. Although Italian Communism appears to be bright and lively in comparison with other Western parties (the French, the British), the truth is that it has always followed—it has never led—in the development of the more creative currents of the Communist movement. A history of Communist revisionism after Stalin could be written with practically no reference to Italian contributions. The *PCI* has been taken by surprise by each successive crisis of the Soviet World. It has produced nothing which could be compared to the great cultural revival of Poland and Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1967-8, or Yugoslavia all through the last twenty years. One wonders why.

IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND the weakness, immaturity, and contradictions as well as the more constructive characteristics of the Italian Communist party, one must look, beyond the *PCI*, at Italy: the last among the "developed" countries, the first among the "developing" ones. Somebody has said of Italy that it is like a Centaur—and when it is ill one doesn't know whether to call a doctor or a veterinarian.

Italy seems to be sharing all the weaknesses of developed as well as of backward countries. The old *ribellismo* of Italy's popular masses has been coupled with the new *contestazione*, now growing in the urbanised, highly industrialised societies of the West. Add to that the great spontaneity, vitality, and inventiveness of an ebullient people. Caught in the middle of these trends is the Communist party of Italy. In such a proliferating environment, even a giraffe-like party can look quite normal. Is the *PCI*'s idea of a "converging opposition" a piece of geometrical nonsense? Perhaps; but then so was Aldo Moro's formula of the *convergenze parallele* which helped to bring about the Centre-Left. On the whole, both the *PCI* and Italian society appear to be moving slowly towards some kind of "new normalcy." In that event couldn't the *PCI* be used as a sort of homeopathic treatment for shared ills? Or would such a therapy only multiply the maladies? Put in the simplest political terms, would the *PCI*'s assumption of national responsibilities facilitate—or, on the contrary, would it thwart and interrupt—Italy's evolution towards greater democratic maturity and social stability?

AFTER HAVING TAKEN a look at the *PCI* "from the inside", I have been led to the conclusion that the answer does not depend on the *PCI* itself, but on the other political forces of Italian society. The *PCI*, though 50 years old, still appears to me to be too immature, too uncertain about its real identity and destiny. It does not seem at all ready to take over greater political responsibilities inside the Governmental area. Indeed, it is obviously in no hurry to face its "moment of truth." "We are a bit worried", Giorgio Amendola told me, "by the void in front of us. . . ." The *PCI* is worried, as well as tempted, by the weaknesses which have revealed themselves in the democratic camp, by the feeling that a certain political "disaffection" and tiredness is spreading among those parties which have borne, for a quarter of a century, the burden of leading the Italian Republic into modernity.

It would be little less than tragic if these political forces were to abandon their responsibilities right now, when the means (and the general will) exist to reach a higher and more civilised stage of economic and social development. It is my own belief that the democratic parties, in spite of their quarrels and indecisions, will in the end go on carrying their burden. In this case the *PCI*'s evolution, the sorting out of what has been called (by Donald Blackmer) its "identity crisis", will have better chances of reaching some positive conclusion. Together with the popular masses of Italy, which it largely represents, the *PCI* might, if given enough time, manage a reconciliation with a State and a society which had, at long last, undergone a reformation. Even the rise of a radical, revolutionary Left among the students, which is a notable new factor of Italian life, can in the end be absorbed. Indeed it may even prove useful as a natural feed-back mechanism to reveal the weakest points in the social structure, *i.e.* those most in need of urgent repairs. The existence of a new challenge from the far Left to the *PCI* is, obviously, another factor which makes it difficult for the party to "converge" too quickly towards the democratic Centre.

All things considered, the "spaghetti with Chile sauce" hypothesis (meaning the formation of a new majority including the *PCI*), is both an unappetising play on words and an unlikely political theory for Italy in the 1970s. The opposite theory, that Italy will follow Greece towards a nationalistic neo-fascist régime, is still not taken seriously; Sr Almirante's *M.S.I.*, in spite of its recent successes, has no chance of taking power. In my view, the likeliest scenario for the '70s still casts the Centre-Left parties in the governmental role and the *PCI* in the role of opposition,

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deeply involved in clarifying the problems of its historic past, its loyalties, and its image of itself. I do not feel that this will necessarily prevent it from making some significant contribution to the achievement of reforms which are so necessary for the modernisation of Italy.

Open questions remain: will the democratic parties be able to keep reasonably united and strong? Is it likely that the Communist Party will gradually escape from its net of grievous contradictions? The New Leftists of *Il Manifesto* have recently pointed out that "Berlinguer's opportunism" by "loosening the reins too much" (that is, on the neck of the wild horse of Left extremism) has partly paralysed the *PCI* in its efforts to move towards the democratic Centre. There is a real danger that the *PCI*, faithful to its traditional *doppiezza*, uncertain, as it has always been, between the competing attractions of Reformation or Revolution, will fall between two stools. Putting through reforms will become very much more difficult, and there will be a strengthened impetus to the revolutionary extreme beyond the Communists. This, too, is possible.

A Concise History of
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With the aid of a superb collection of nearly 200 illustrations, Ronald Hingley, Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford, brilliantly unfolds the entire history of Russia from her early beginnings as an illiterate pagan community of eastern Slavs grouped around Kiev, to her present position as an industrial-military colossus—one of the three great powers of the modern age. 198 illustrations, 4 maps. £2·50

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AUTHORS

Robert Ardrey's famous anthropological trilogy comprises *African Genesis* (1961), *The Territorial Imperative* (1967), and *The Social Contract* (1970). He is also the author of a number of novels and plays, including *Thunder Rock* (1940) and *Shadows of Heroes* (1958). He lives in Rome. . . .

Desmond Stewart, who has written extensively on the Arab world, now lives in Cyprus. He is the author of, among other works, a novel trilogy, *The Sequence of Roles;* his latest book, an historical study called *The Middle East: Temple of Janus,* was recently published in America (Doubleday) and will appear here early this year (Hamish Hamilton). His translation of Abdul Wahab al-Bayati's poem on the Six Day War, "Lament for the June Sun", was published in the October 1971 ENCOUNTER. . . .

Richard Mayne's article on Wyndham Lewis is based on his William Vaughan Moody Lecture given at the University of Chicago in March 1971. Among Mr. Mayne's recent articles in ENCOUNTER are "Après Moi le Dauphin" (June 1969), "Demi-Monde" (Oct 1969) and "The Case of Old Bordeaux" (December 1970).

Arrigo Levi is one of Europe's leading journalists. As a foreign correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera* he spent nine years in London and two years in Moscow. He is at present a special writer for *La Stampa* of Turin, and the political commentator for RAI (Italian television). He has been awarded a number of the leading European prizes for achievements in both newspaper and television journalism.

As Arrigo Levi writes: ". . . Was born in Modena, in 1926. Spent the World War II years in Buenos Aires and later served as a volunteer with the Israeli army in the 1948 war. Have a Ph.D. degree from Bologna University. . . . Among my books are an account of my years in the Soviet Union, a study of Italian television and an analysis of the Italian Communist Party . . . . Am married, have an 18-year-old daughter, live in Rome. . . ."

The interview with **Dennis Gabor** will shortly appear in *Can We Survive Our Future?*, a symposium edited and introduced by George Urban in collaboration with Michael Glenny (The Bodley Head, £3). . . .

James Morris' books include *Hashemite Kings* (1959), *Venice* (1960) and *Pax Britannica* (1968).

David Martin is Professor of Sociology at the London School of Economics. Among his books are *Pacifism: An historical and sociological study* (1965) and *The Religious and the Secular* (1969). He contributed a study of R. D. Laing to Maurice Cranston's *The New Left* (Bodley Head, London; Library Press, New York). . . .

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LETTERS

"Ireland, Again"

JOHN GRIGG'S musings on "Ireland, Again" [ENCOUNTER, December] proceed through a series of concealed contradictions. In dealing with the period 1919-21 he writes: "At the time of secession majority opinion in the South was probably neither republican nor separatist." The results of elections in 1918 and 1922 clearly demonstrate the majority both in the "South" and in Ireland as a whole was separatist. Such a historical inaccuracy might be ignored were it not for Mr Grigg's later assertion:

> In contrast with the 1919-21 experience, the British Army is now operating against an enemy who cannot be said to have democratic right on their side.

Mr Grigg's second contradiction concerns the role of the British Army. He argues that the Army's initial role was that of a "shock-absorber between the communities, and protector of the minority." In speaking of the change in this role he refers to the *appearance* that the Army now gives of being on the side of the majority (in the North). Later he drops such subtle distinctions.

> At first the Army were under orders to handle the minority with tender care and to do nothing which might ruffle its susceptibilities. In retrospect, one can see that this was a serious military error . . .

Thirdly, Mr Grigg seems anxious to refute the charge that any imperialist motive is involved—"The partition of Ireland is seen, even now, as a manifestation of British imperialism, rather than as a true reflection of Irish realities." Had he simply left it at that one might merely argue against him the possibility that partition is *both* a manifestation of imperialism and a reflection of Irish realities—assuming that he had heard of "dividing to rule." However, later he clarifies his priorities:

> Besides, we have a strong strategic interest in the Province, which was vital to us in the last War and is highly relevant to our security. The Russians are ceaselessly developing their naval power, and their submarine fleet is a most formidable threat to Britain.

This Cold War logic is introduced, you will notice, by a dismissive "besides" aimed at the preceding argument; this preceding argument happens to be about "democratic right."

In conclusion may I comment on John Grigg's attitude to British Army conduct? As for the present crisis he writes: "The public in Britain is right behind them and allegations that they have 'roughed up' suspects are treated either with scepticism or with understanding." On this matter I simply refer him now to Sir Edmund Compton. His conflicting priorities are better revealed in his reference to 1919-21:

> . . . there was a limit to what British public opinion was prepared to concede for the sake of ending violence. If the Treaty negotiations had broken down, coercion would have been resumed with strong public backing in Great Britain.

I take it that Mr Grigg in speaking of the limit to what the British public were prepared to concede refers to the growing revulsion against the Black and Tans. Perhaps he means a limit to the democratic rights of the Irish majority. Perhaps he wishes to appear to mean both. So long as Mr Grigg—and British Tories in general—assume that such illogical "glides" as this are acceptable in discussing the Irish Question there is no hope of convincing Northern separatists of the benevolence of British intentions. They can see themselves, in Mr Grigg's argument, simply as a buffer between the Foreign Office and those ghostly Russian submarines.

W. J. MCCORMACK

Magee University College,
Londonderry, N. Ireland

THE CONTRADICTIONS referred to by Mr McCormack are not "concealed"; they are imaginary.

1 It goes without saying that in 1919-21 majority opinion in Ireland as a whole wanted something more than Asquithian Home Rule. To that extent the terrorists had "democratic right on their side." But there is no reason to suppose that the Irish people, as distinct from a fanatical minority, wanted total separation from Great Britain or repudiation of the Crown. That is why I said, and why I repeat, that "majority opinion in the South was probably neither republican nor separatist."

2 The Army's present tactics make it appear to be on the side of the majority, only because the violence that it has to counter is, at present, one-sided. If the terror campaign were being waged by thugs from the majority community, unquestionably the Army's attitude towards that community would be the same as it now has to be towards the minority community in areas where the IRA is operating in strength. The Army's initial role was ostensibly impartial, but in practice loaded in favour of the minority.

3 I mentioned Britain's strategic interest not as an argument *overriding* democratic right, but as a strong *supplementary* argument. Hence the word "besides". If majority feeling in Northern Ireland were anti-Unionist, the democratic case for pulling out would, in my view, have to prevail over the strategic case for maintaining the *status*

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quo. Unlike the IRA, I prefer the ballot to the bullet.

Finally, I have no doubt that British opinion in all parties strongly supports the Army, and that confidence in the Army has been very little affected by the Compton Report.

JOHN GRIGG

London

"The Survivor"

FROM ENCOUNTER one expects accuracy. A word should evoke an image, a feeling which belongs to that word alone.

Of course there can be occasions beyond the power of words to describe. Then the groping for words shows the futility of the search, and says what the specific could close and conceal.

In the centre of the front cover, September 1971, ENCOUNTER did not hesitate nor compromise. There, bold is "The Survivor, A Brilliant Theory of the 'Extreme Situation' in our Times."

Brilliant is a special word. It is specific but not final. It holds forth hope. It promises guidance through shadows and around pitfalls.

Who today does not need help? Who has all the answers? I turned to the text. The subhead stopped me. "On the Ethos of Survival in Extremity". Was Terrence Des Pres, the author, going to mix a salve for consciences whose owners were interested first in saving their own skins?

Jumping to conclusions before starting I felt was unfair. I read on.

As a trained, disciplined mind should, Des Pres proceeds in an orderly fashion. He knows where he is going before he starts. For examples to prove his thesis he needs only to look at what is around him, to glance back a few years, and to look ahead to a programmed future. ". . . A-bombed cities, death camps, erosion of faith in civilisation and the breakdown of social structure", they are all ready to use as he needs them.

Des Pres does go back a ways to call in Christ, Socrates, Sophocles, Prometheus, Samson, Nietzsche, Spinoza, Darwin to repeat that history is a continuum. These "old boys", Des Pres realises, do not have answers posed "within a landscape of total disaster." There is no "dignity of death" in "places like Auschwitz, Hiroshima, the hamlets of Viet Nam." Courage is stupid, "dying . . . a kind of complicity with aggression."

Repeatedly and rightly Des Pres spurns death as a worthy goal. It proves nothing. It advances nothing. "Men in power like to think that to kill an idea we need simply to kill those who hold it." Therefore "the man who survives may be more valuable than the thousands who die."

Heaping example on example, with quotes from author after author Des Pres exudes awe-struck admiration for the man who can rise above torture, hunger, disease, unspeakable horror, and live. Yet as Des Pres strides along, probing here, pulling forth proofs there, building his monument to the Survivor, Des Pres begins to hesitate. The reader senses doubt. Des Pres is not sure of himself. He is afraid. Logic stemming from conditions in the world today is forcing him to conclusions which at the least are uncomfortable, and could be dangerous.

Des Pres says "the survivor . . . is the victim who . . . fights as best he can . . . who will not . . . consent to the death of himself or anyone else." He points out that the survivor's experience "includes the discovery of values and capacities which further establish the survivor's claim to dignity."

At about this point in the discussion Des Pres' mind begins to boggle. What within the Survivor enables him to carry on? Amost as if he were forced to say it, but clearly with a sigh of relief, Des Pres reaches into his own background for an answer. The survivor has had

> something close to what we speak of as the religious experience, that unique liberation and concentrated fulfilment of the saint . . . of those who having passed in pain beyond family, possessions and self-will find themselves face to face, in joy and in peace with the numinous power of life in itself.

Now Des Pres can proceed in comfort. True, he condemns by implication "a few men, evil or well intended, stupid or the pawns of ungovernable power." Still, even the worst of men are not all bad. They do leave the would-be survivor some alternative. The man who confronts gigantic forces of evil which he is powerless to fight can at least "choose not to compromise. . . . Like the saint his example is invested with a power that moves others to thought and inspiration."

FROM THIS KIND OF REASONING scholars, theologians, and practical men content to stay outside the struggle may draw comfort. Others, however, may ask how many survivors of Belsen, Buchenwald, Auschwitz considered themselves as more than lucky to get out alive.

Did the rest of the world acclaim the survivors as saints? Did the ovens and the gas chambers prevent an aftermath of Korea, Viet Nam, Biafra, Pakistan, Sharpesville, Kent State?

I am sure that what bothers me in "The Survivors" also troubles Des Pres. He knows that he cannot, or he dare not point the way to end the horror, whose sole admirable product is the rare, saintly survivor.

In the next to last paragraph Des Pres says ". . . since the survivor loses everything except life, life and his capacity to see an absolute value therein, we cannot but wonder what it is he finds, what is *there* to hold and sustain him."

The answer comes in a spate of hortatory words. They call up traditional memories of brave men, who fought, often unwillingly, so that others could be free to stand by, and watch the fight, and praise the survivors.

Des Pres is an honest man. He cannot help himself. He must close with an admission that the task he set himself is beyond him. All his soul

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searching, his meandering through the inhuman offal of human behaviour leads him to a clear and simple end. Man wants to live.

Why then did Des Pres need sixteen and one-half pages to state what to any normal person is obvious? A poet, alive today, puts it more concisely.

> *The heart's wish for life. . . .*
> *. . . is ourselves, and is the one*
> *Unbounded thing we know.*
> (Richard Wilbur, "In The Field", 1969).

No one suggests that poets should be entrusted with finding a cure for the evil that racks the world. I do suggest that the editors and the readers knew better than did Des Pres why "The Survivors" could close only as it did.

"Brilliant" is the right word to describe the essay. The light coming from "The Survivors" shines not on the subject. It glares on the author and his like, ourselves, spectators. We watch. We cheer. Our hearts go out to the brave, to the suffering. We praise. Asked to help, to take part, even to suggest how to end the slaughter, we plead helplessness, inability to understand. We say we must think and look at all sides.

We end as does Des Pres, grandiloquently ". . . aware of . . . power and holiness . . . the fundament of flesh . . . upright in innocence. . . ."

RACHMIEL FORSCHMIEDT

Seattle, Washington

Palestine & Zionism

IN HIS LETTER Bent Hansen [ENCOUNTER, December] has some hard things to say about Zionism and some of them at least, are unjustified. Thus: "In creating a Jewish state in Palestine injustice was inflicted by Zionism upon a people who had no share in the anti-Semitic excesses of Christian and not so Christian Europe." The Jewish state was created as the result of a United Nations Resolution, which Zionism accepted. The Arabs did not, and their invasion of the infant state of Israel ended the uneasy peace.

It is nonsense to say that the Jews display "nothing but callous cynicism about the fate of the Palestinian people." I was in Israel last month and Palestinian nationalism was the political topic most discussed by Israelis concerned in politics. I heard plenty of expressions of sympathy and interest, but also of grave doubt as to what could be done. Give greater local self-government on the West Bank or in Gaza? Create a "Palestinian" entity of some kind? Or simply carry on, with the mundane task of raising living standards, which has already been done with marked success in the occupied territories? This, at least, is being done in any event; and it may surprise Bent Hansen to know that the average Palestinian Arab is showing signs of appreciating that this is much better than nothing. Politics is not his daily bread.

A gibe about the "colons" in Jerusalem is somewhat out of place. There has been a Jewish majority in Jerusalem since 1872. There has always been a Jewish presence there, save when the Romans razed the city to the ground and the Crusaders butchered its inhabitants. Jews have sought, down the centuries, to come back to their Holy City and it was natural for them to make the centre of their faith the capital of Israel. No Moslem occupier of Jerusalem ever made it the capital of anything.

As for Palestinians being "oppressed", they have never been allowed to have a state of their own. Palestine was treated as one of the most backward provinces of the Ottoman Empire, and King Hussein kept the Palestinian West Bank as, industrially, the backward part of the Kingdom of Jordan. Israel gave the 300,000 Palestinian Arabs within her borders full democratic rights and the highest standard of living of any Arab community in the world. Some injustice, of course, there has been; but on all sides, in the Middle East as elsewhere.

TERENCE PRITTIE

London

Australian Epistle (as Received)

MR J. L. B. PHILLIPS appropriately draws attention in the December issue to Richard Neville's lack of awareness of what is occurring in the "Over-ground." But how am I, as a self-respecting Australian academic, supposed to react to the following? "In Neville's case one suspects it is the fault of a mediocre Australian education (Plenty of reason for Neville to have stayed Down Under and stage his revolt there)". Does one! Is there! This one is not tempted to suppose that the grammar of Mr Phillips' outburst is the fault of a mediocre English education. But he does suspect that the letter writer has no knowledge at all of the intellectual demands made upon the students of Australian secondary schools, he's sad to think that Mr Phillips is actually encouraging, by example, Neville's tendency to erupt into untested generalisations, but he hopes that statements like Mr Phillips', emanating from a place like Oxford will encourage our Richard to feel at home in England and to stay on indefinitely.

D. R. BURNS

London

Darlington's "Genetics & History"

C. D. DARLINGTON'S comment on his work on genetics and history [ENCOUNTER, December] provides certain insights within strictly confined limits; but his application of such methods over large areas and masses results in crude and grossly simplified generalisations. Nor are these generalisations an unimportant part of his conclusions; and they are sustained only by fundamentally mistaken assumptions which he either does not know or intentionally ignores.

One of his important conclusions by his own admission is "the contrast between the mixture of

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SOMETIMES *the light is hidden under a bushel, and a reader writes in to say that she found much illumination about nothing less than "the spiritual malady of our time" in, of all places, our correspondence columns—namely, in Mr J. L. B. Phillips' letter on "the Ozzian Mind" (*ENCOUNTER, *Dec., pp. 95-6). No, it is obviously not the easiest of intellectual exercises to come to grips with the contemporary radical temperament. And if an editor may make a self-conscious confession, I, like the rest of our readers, have pondered the various contributions to the illumination of "revolutionism" over recent years. In the earlier period—happily (and prophetically!) pronounced dead and over with by Robert Nisbet in his "Who Killed the Student Revolution?"* (ENCOUNTER, *February 1970)—there were helpful pieces by Lewis Feuer, Maurice Cranston, Norman Cohn, Bruno Bettelheim, Richard Lowenthal, Edward Shils, among others. Of late the issues have shifted somewhat, and the incendiarism has had a change of venue. Not that the fire-brands of Ulster and of* Oz *can be seriously compared, but from one point of view here is where human extremism—in thought and in action—is having what the Nazis, in their own cant phrase, used to call the "break-through" (Durchbruch).*

*And so, may I say, I found Edmund Burke's letters (*ENCOUNTER, *January) profound, Keith Botsford (and especially the Phillips letter) incisive, John Mander and John Grigg interesting. But there seems to me to be a factor of great importance which is possibly being overlooked. Botsford's dependence on Tom Wolfe's notion of "Radical Chic"—itself, for the moment, rather a modish idea—is surely not enough. Nor are even Burke's brilliant formulations completely satisfactory. "Such ever will be the issue of things," he notes sadly, "when the mean vices attempt to mimick the grand passions, . . . For this they must be in a state of inflammation and in a manner out of themselves." I wonder if this is not taking valid psychological analysis a little too far into abnormal-psychopathological extremes. Further, Burke underlines the basic difference between an angry ideology, "which arises from Penury and irritation [and] has deeper roots", and "that Jacobinism, which is Speculative in its Origin, and which arises from Wantonness and fullness of bread." Once again we have a striking bit of prophecy, an adumbration of all those revolutionary passions which our own mentally-desperate Affluent Society has thrown up. Yet if, as Burke himself observes, "Fashion governs the World", is there not a special style of language and emotion which is at work here?*

IT IS HARD TO FIND *an adequate name for it, but there used to be one; and perhaps it has passed out of usage because it was itself too old-fashioned, possibly too patina-laden, to appeal to our spirits which, even in our own critical circle, want new, bright, and shiny insights. I refer to* Snobbery. *And I am thinking of William Makepeace Thackeray's explication of the modern phenomenon in his once-famous* Book of Snobs *(1846), now so widely unread. It could be, I am almost persuaded, a basic text for political sociologists today. Indeed, Thackeray in later pieces went on to discuss certain political and ideological elements in Snobbery. So much of this is penetrating, and hence relevant, today.*

Think, for a moment, of the spectacle of the Socialist Left in the Labour Party making a turn-about and rejecting both the European entry and the Rhodesian settlement—and both on the terms which it had supported in office! What Thackeray wrote about Whig Snobbery reveals the simple, if unfortunate, attitude at work:

> *"To be a Whig you must be a reformer—as much or little of this as you like—and something more. You must believe not only that the Corn Laws must be repealed, but that the Whigs must be in office; not only that Ireland must be tranquil, but that the Whigs must be in Downing Street; if the people will have reforms, why of course you can't help it; but remember, the Whigs are to have the credit."*

Thackeray's own attitude is worth noting, and I suspect it remains characteristic of the English Mind, then as now.

> *"I can understand a man being anxious for this measure or that, wishing to do away with the sugar duties, or the corn duties, or the Jewish disabilities, or what you will; but in that case, if Peel will do my business and get rid of the nuisance for me, he answers my purpose just as well as anybody else with any other name. I want my house set in order, my room made clean; I do not make particular inquiries about the broom and the dust-pan."*

Practical change, yes; abstract snobbish attitudinising, no. But as Thackeray went on to point out in his essay "On Radical Snobs", the excess of modish nonsense serves in the end only to buttress conservative opinions: for

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. . . Thackeray & "Radical Snobbery"

this is the consequence of "your outrageous Radical Snob."

> *"When a man preaches to you that all noblemen are tyrants, that all clergymen are hypocrites and liars, that all capitalists are scoundrels banded together in an infamous conspiracy to deprive the people of their rights, he creates a wholesome revulsion of feeling in favour of the abused parties, and a sense of fair play leads the generous heart to take a side with the object of unjust oppression."*

Clearly, Thackeray sensed here that strange pendular motion of political passion and intellectual persuasion which today we refer to grimly as the "Black-Lash." It was no less earnest in his own day: "This is the use that Radical Snobs, or all political Snobs, are made for. . . ." And he confessed to the pendulum swing in his own mind and heart—"I often think, that if the world goes on at its present rate—the people carrying all before them; the aristocracy always being beaten after the ignominious simulacrum *of a battle; the Church bowled down; the revolution triumphant; and (who knows?) the monarchy shaken. . . ."—then he suspected he would be finding himself "in opposition as usual, and deploring the good old days. . . ."*

NOR WAS ALL THIS *without pertinence to the Irish Question. He went on to argue that "Perhaps the most dangerous specimen of the Radical Snob to be found in the three kingdoms is that branch of Snobs called Young Ireland, who have been making a huge pother within the last fortnight, and who have found a good deal of favour in this country of late years." This whole section is worth quoting (and I am taking my text from Vol. VI of the 1906 edition of Thackeray's Collected Works)—*

> *"I don't know why we have been so fond of this race; except that it wrote pretty poems, and murdered the Saxons in melodious iambics, and got a character for being honest somehow, in opposition to old Mr. O'Connell, to whom the English prejudice denied that useful quality. We are fond of anything strange here, and perhaps our taste is not very classical. We like Thom Thumb; we like the Yankee melodists; we like the American Indians; and we like the Irish howl. . . ."*

Nor was it all merely amusing, even for an Editor of Punch *in its wittier years. There were the Irish Troubles, then as now; and Thackeray, no less than Burke, tried to confront the spectacle of "utter weakness accompanied by tremendous braggadocity" and, worse than that, the "braggart violence of soul" which finds its peace only in a little murdering.*

> *"A martyr without any persecutors is an utter Snob; a frantic dwarf who snaps his fingers (as close as he can lift them) under the nose of a peaceable giant, is a Snob; and the creature becomes a most wicked and dangerous Snob when he gets the ear of people more ignorant than himself, inflames them with lies, and misleads them into ruin. Young Ireland shrieking piteously with nobody hurting him, or waving his battle-axed hand on his battlemented wall, and bellowing his war-cry of Bug-Aboo—and roaring out melodramatic tom-foolery—and fancying himself a champion and a hero, is only a ludicrous little humbug; but when he finds people to believe his stories, that the liberated Americans are ready to rally round the green banner of Erin—that the battallioned invincibility of France is hastening to succour the enemy of the Saxon, he becomes a Snob so dangerous and malevolent, that [one] loses one's usual jocularity in regarding him, and would see him handed over to proper authorities without any ill-timed compassion."*

HERE INDEED IS THE POINT *at which the careers of "radical chic" and "radical snobbery" appear to meet—the point at which ugly consequences overwhelm pretty sentiments. Thackeray would have had no difficulty spotting the "Snobbish" figures of our own time: from Senator Edward Kennedy and Maestro Leonard Bernstein to Miss Bernadette Devlin and the IRA couriers of Russian arms from Brussels. ". . . And as for pitying the Young Irelanders any longer because they are so honest, because they write such pretty verses, because they would go to the scaffold for their opinions—our hearts are not tender enough for this kind of commiseration." What it came down to was nothing less than "a regard for our throats". The moment of disagreeable truth becomes inescapable when it becomes clear what the real consequences are of "publishing a paper advocating arson, or pointing out the utility of murder. . . ." Namely (and Thackeray would not have been surprised by this morning's headlines from Belfast and Derry), ashes and corpses.*

Still, this would have been rather strong stuff for Mr Punch who only wanted to "laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin—never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all."

Perhaps, then, "Snobbery" is not the right or useful word, after all. Alas, something grimmer appears to be needed.

M.J.L.

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races and cultures in Europe and India". Whereas in Europe the great migrations resulted in the ultimate increase in "the gross complexity and diversity of culture", the reverse was the case in India, conquered and governed by Brahmins, and stratified by their caste and *apartheid*. This is a grotesque distortion of the caste system to suit his argument. First of all, there is no consensus whatsoever in Indian historical scholarship that the caste system is based on colour discrimination, only that it has played a certain part. One of the reasons for this is that although the Sanskrit word for "caste" or "class" is *varna* meaning colour, it can also have the other very significant implication of choice from its root *vr*, to choose. Therefore, the *varnashramadharma* may connote the classification of society according to profession equally by choice as by colour. Furthermore, owing to the largely undocumented and immense complexity and antiquity of caste, empirical investigation into its origins with respect to choice and colour, is virtually impossible, or at any rate yet to be done. The ethnic confusion is so profound that caste may not be equated with race even if a large number of exceptions be allowed. It makes no more sense to talk of Brahmins and "their race" than of a Jesuit race. One could as well posit a racial similarity between Chinese and European Franciscans.

Finally, his statement that migrations or invasions were not followed by hybridisation is equally absurd. Until the coming of the Muslims, every newcomer was assimilated into the caste system. Such assimilation cannot occur without mixing unless an entire tract of land were vacated for the visitors which did not happen. Such mixing occurred even with the Muslims, though only limitedly, through conversions to Islam, and less, through direct intermarriage. The most outstanding example of the latter is to be found in the case of the Imperial Mughal Dynasty itself; and Dr Darlington, with his penchant for genetic analyses of Royal Dynasties, could afford to investigate with profit this remarkable case.

His ignorance of Indian history, indeed non-European history, is matched only by the naïveté of his Europo-centricism, a feature more characteristic of the ignorance and confidence of the scholarship of the nineteenth century than of the relativism of the twentieth. To quote him:

> During the last four millennia there has been the flow of the creators of successive civilisations out of the Ancient East. It has been a great flow into Europe; a small flow into Asia; and hardly any flow at all into Africa. This new talent . . . has passed through channels created by the Jewish religion, the Greek language, and later the Roman Church.

Is he unaware of the creative significance of the spread of Buddhism all over India and the resurgence of Brahmanism to the virtual exclusion of Buddhism from India? of its spread over all of South-east Asia, Tibet, China, and Japan? of the expansion of Hinduism into South-east Asia and of Islam eastward from its source, with each of these embracing more land and peoples than were touched by the Jewish religion, the Greek language and the Roman Church at any time before the eighteenth century? Perhaps, from his seclusion in Oxford, these movements mean no more than a day-return to London. He also makes irritating use of the term "Asia" which is meaningless in all senses other than geographical.

Such indifference to what happened East of Suez invalidates many of his conclusions since he is attempting to generalise from the total experience of Mankind, not from that of Christendom alone. Above all, he must abandon his assumption that Europe was the only area of complexity, diversity, and ferment whereas others, *e.g.* India, were stagnant before the Industrial Revolution. The *prima facie* evidence of the fluctuating fortunes of Brahmanism, Buddhism, Jainism, and Islam is enough to convince any but the most ignorant and contumacious. Refusal to recognise this is akin to ignoring the revolutionary impact of the rise of Christianity and of the Protestant Reformation in the history of Europe. Perhaps Dr Darlington's attitude is due to a genetic determination after all, and nothing can be done about it.

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INDEX TO VOLUME XXXVII

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London

ACID COMMENT: *There is [Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper writes] a revolting new hybrid word which seems to have been bred recently in transatlantic journalism. It invaded* The Times *of October 2 (p. 2, "War Diary of a Diplomat"). It seems to have no useful function, being merely a vulgar novelty. The word is "acerbic" and is used where an Englishman would write "sharp" or "acid". May we not continue to use these inoffensive words?*

ACERBITY: *Professor Trevor-Roper objects [writes David Phillips] to the word "acerbic", which he describes as a hybrid bred in transatlantic journalism.*

Could Professor Trevor-Roper kindly explain to me how the word "acerbic" is any more hybrid than the words, say, "transatlantic" and "journalism", the first of which is bred from a Latin preposition, a Greek god, and a Greek suffix which passed into Latin, and the second of which consists of a French noun derived from a Latin adjective, to which a Greek suffix, coined I suspect by Demosthenes, has been added. THE TIMES

London

BOREDOM: I never thought [Alan Brien writes] the day would come when I would get bored by sex books. Now I begin to react as Noel Coward is said to have done about television—"it is something you appear on, not watch". Sex is something you do, not read about. There is scarcely time for both.

NEW STATESMAN

Hollywood

IMMACULATE: *Chicago Seven defendant Tom Hayden has been hired to teach a political science course on Vietnam and the protest movement at Immaculate Heart College, a Roman Catholic school for women.*

"He is controversial and the subject matter is controversial but this in no way lessens its validity as an undertaking of higher education", said Dr Mary Jean Pew, chairman of the college's history and government department.

Hayden was convicted with the others of the Chicago Seven on charges of crossing state lines to incite rioting during the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago. He is free pending appeal.

PALO ALTO TIMES

London

CONFUSION: *Looking at the chief speakers in the House of Commons yesterday, casual visitors may have found it hard to decide who was who and which was what.*

On one side there was a rather elegant chap with a snooty voice and a way of looking down his nose at things. This rather superior person turned out to be Mr Crosland, Labour's housing spokesman and the friend of every council tenant.

Another principal speaker was a chap (well, more of a bloke, really) with a forceful manner and an accent which sounded very commonplace compared to Mr Crosland's. He turned out to be Mr Peter Walker, Conservative Secretary for the Environment. There was something confusing, too, for traditionalists in the subject matter of the debate, which was the Government's Housing Finance Bill.

It was Mr Crosland who spoke of the Englishman's home as his castle. And he complained that the Government's way of acting against the occupants of these crenellated council houses would involve a big growth in the bureaucracy and the possible use of "commissars".

It was Mr Walker who dubbed the Bill "a remarkable piece of practical socialism".

All very confusing. DAILY TELEGRAPH

Essex

A RIFT *has split the Women's Liberation Movement at Canvey Island in Essex.*

Two dozen militant girls are forming a splinter group to create a cleavage between them and the "bra-burning" image.

And they announce today they are so ashamed of some of the Women's Liberation tactics they have changed their group name but the aim remains "equality or bust."

EVENING STANDARD

London

THE HIGHER DEBATE: *Peter Fonda—the little brother with the big mouth, not a man of 31 who talks with all the rhetorical persuasiveness of a very clever politician, but who never says anything you're likely to hear coming out of the mouth of any successful politician.*

After years of family turbulence the Fondas (Henry, Jane and Little Big Mouth) appear to be as friendly as they've ever been, with dad going off to San Francisco to protest against the testing of America's latest method of superkill (which is quite a change for a firm LBJ supporter) and Jane running around shouting "power to the people."

"You know I love Jane, but when she comes on with all that I say 'so okay, you're a communist, a socialist or whatever. But how much did you get for Klute*? Was it four hundred thousand dollars? Come on Jane, don't give me any of that bullshit'."*

With an IQ of 160-plus his young life was one disturbance after another.

EVENING STANDARD

Paris

FIELD RESEARCH: Jean Bruch, aged 39, was sentenced to 15 years in jail today despite his plea that he only went along with a gang on a bank hold up because he was a crime writer researching material for his next book.

UPI

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Pan Am

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